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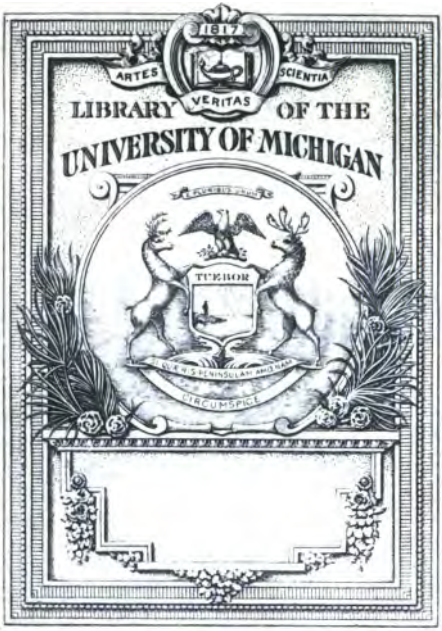
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# TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

# STORIES

OF

# INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

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VOL. II.

Genlis, Stephanie Félicité Ducrest de Saint Aubin, Comtesse de, afterwards marquise de Sillery

# TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

# STORIES

OF

# INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

## LES VEILLÉES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION, ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata sia,
Meno a chi l'udirà nojosa fia. ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the raviſh'd ear detains. HOOLE.

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THE

# TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

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OF

# INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

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## LEONTINE AND EUGENIA,

OR, THE

## MASQUERADE HABIT.

MADAME de Palmena, yet young, though long a widow, dedicated her days to the education of an only daughter, the beloved object of all her tenderneſs and all her attention. Her huſband dying left her deeply in debt, and Madame de Palmena had no other means of paying his debts, but by quitting Paris, and retiring to an eſtate ſhe poſſeſſed in Touraine, a ſhort league

from Loches (*a*); her Château was vaſt and antique, it's draw-bridge, moat, and towers, recalled the memorable ages of Dugueſclin and the Chevalier Bayard; thoſe days of Chivalry which ought to be regretted, if the valour and loyalty of good Knighthood could compenſate for the want of police and laws.

The inſide of the caſtle anſwered to the out; every thing there retraced the noble ſimplicity of our anceſtors; no gilding, no porcelain vaſes, no bawbles, ſuch as load our modern houſes; but beautiful tapeſtries, repreſenting ſome intereſting point of hiſtory, and long galleries, ornamented with family portraits, where the owner walked in the midſt of his anceſtors, and meditated on their paſt deeds; and whence he might diſcover through the windows a large foreſt on the one ſide, and on the other, the pleaſant banks of the Indre.

There it was that Eugenia, the daughter of Palmena, paſt her infancy, and the firſt years of her youth; there it was ſhe acquired her taſte for

(*a*) The town of Loches is ſituated upon the Indre, near a large foreſt; has a caſtle, in which Cardinal de la Balue was confined, and a collegiate church, in which is the tomb of Agnes Sorel. Loches is five leagues from Amboiſe, another ſmall town, celebrated for it's manufactories, and a conſpiracy that bears that name. It is ſituated upon the Loire.

country

country amuſements, and a peaceable and retired life. During the fine days of ſpring-time and ſummer, ſhe took long walks with her mamma; and when the heat of the meridian ſun made it neceſſary, ſought a cool ſhelter in the foreſt's ſhade.

Sometimes ſhe exerciſed herſelf with running, ſometimes gathered the freſh herbs, while her mamma inſtructed her in their names and properties; here ſhe often took her leſſons, here liſtened to intereſting tales; and as the day declined, would quit the foreſt to courſe along the ſmiling banks of the brook.

When Eugenia had attained her eighth year, ſhe became more ſedate; a thouſand different occupations kept her more in the houſe: but ſhe would riſe with Aurora, and *breakfaſt* in the park or the meadows, and in the evening would ſtill walk a league or two with her mamma.

The companion of her ſports was the daughter of her Governante, her name was Valentina; ſhe was four years older than Eugenia, and was poſſeſſed of induſtry, a happy temper, and a good heart. She took care always to be preſent when Eugenia received a leſſon, by which ſhe profited ſo much, that her young miſtreſs ever looked upon her, and with reaſon, as her friend.

When Eugenia was ſixteen years of age, her character was as ſtable as her heart was affectionate; the gaiety and ſimplicity of youth, a cultivated mind, and unalterable ſweetneſs, and the moſt perfect equality of temper, were all, in her, united. Her love and gratitude to her mamma were unbounded: ever thinking of, and taking every opportunity to oblige her, there was no employment, no occupation in which ſhe did not find the means. Had ſhe verſes to learn by heart? She would ſay to herſelf, how happy my mamma will be to find me ſo perfect! How much ſhe will praiſe me for my memory and induſtry! Did ſhe ſtudy Engliſh or Italian? How ſatisfied my mamma will be, ſaid ſhe, when ſhe ſhall ſee, that inſtead of one page I have tranſlated two! Writing, deſigning, playing the harp, the harpſicord, or the guittar, ſtill ſhe made the ſame reflections. This drawing will be placed in the cabinet of my mamma: every time ſhe looks at it, ſhe will think of her Eugenia. This ſonata, which I only thrum at preſent, will delight my mamma when I can play it perfectly. Such ideas, which ſhe applied to every thing ſhe did, gave an inexpreſſible charm to ſtudy, ſmoothed each difficulty, and changed her duties to delights.

In order to finiſh the education of Eugenia, Madame de Palmena reſolved to let her paſs two

years at Paris. She tore her from her agreeable ſolitude towards the end of September, and arrived in town, where ſhe hired a houſe, in which Eugenia often regretted the enchanting banks of the Indre and the Loire.

Madame de Palmena gladly renewed her acquaintance with ſeveral perſons whom ſhe had formerly known. Among them was one ſhe diſtinguiſhed above the reſt, an old friend of her huſband's, named the Count d'Amilly, worthy of that preference by his merit and his virtues. He had been ſeveral years a widower, and was poſſeſſed of an only ſon eighteen years of age, whom he had juſt parted from for two years. Leontine, (the young man's name,) had ſet off for Italy, and was afterwards to make the tour of the north.

The Count d'Amilly came every night to ſup with Madame de Palmena: at half paſt ten Eugenia went to bed. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, the Count uſually began to ſpeak of her, and it was always in her praiſe. He admired her talents, her modeſty, her reſerve, and that certain air of mild gentleneſs, yet freedom in her manners, which gave an inexpreſſible charm to her moſt trifling actions.

Madame de Palmena liſtened with tranſport to the praiſes of Eugenia; ſhe heard not without emotion the name of Leontine ſo often pronounced, and in this delightful converſe, time was frequently forgot; they frequently exclaimed with ſurprize, *Could you think it! it's paſt three o'clock!*

The Count d'Amilly continued his aſſiduities, but without farther explanation: he only ſaid one day, my ſon will have a conſiderable fortune, becauſe I am rich; but before I partake it with him, I would teach him to enjoy wealth; he will be twenty at his return; I will marry him, and give him an amiable wife, whoſe attractions and gentleneſs, will render all his duties pleaſant, and make him in love with virtue.

Madame de Palmena perfectly ſaw the portrait of ſuch a wife in Eugenia; but reflecting on the extreme diſproportion between her fortune and that of the Count d'Amilly, ſhe ſcarcely could perſuade herſelf he had really any views upon her daughter.

Madame de Palmena had now been almoſt two years at Paris, and Eugenia approached her eighteenth year, when one evening the Count d'Amilly came, and begged permiſſion to preſent his ſon, who was juſt arrived, to the family.

Scarcely

Scarcely had he ſpoke, before a young man appeared, of a moſt intereſting perſon, and advanced towards Madame de Palmena, with an air at once eager yet timid, which added new grace to his natural accompliſhments.

The Count and his ſon ſtayed ſupper; Leontine ſpoke little, but he looked much; his eyes were continually turned to Eugenia, and every word he *did* ſay, demonſtrated an earneſt deſire of pleaſing Madame de Palmena.

The next day the Count and his ſon returned, and Madame de Palmena, without circumlocution, declared ſhe made it an irrevocable rule, never to admit young men of Leontine's age as viſitors. Nay! But, madame, anſwered the Count, it is abſolutely neceſſary you ſhould ſee him, in order that you may examine if he be ſomething like what you could wiſh.

Sir! What do you mean?

Do you not ſee, madame, that his happineſs and mine depend on your approbation; take ſome time to know him, and if he be happy enough to pleaſe you, our wiſhes, our vows will be crowned with ſucceſs.

This was at laſt ſpeaking to be underſtood, and Madame de Palmena teſtified all the gratitude

which the Count's declaration had inſpired. She would not, however, enter into any poſitive engagement, till ſhe had firſt conſulted Eugenia, and enquired more particularly into the temper and diſpoſition of Leontine. All ſhe learnt, only redoubled the deſire ſhe had to have him for a ſon; and the Count again preſſing her to give him a deciſive anſwer, ſhe heſitated no longer. Every thing being agreed upon, the contract was ſigned, and next day Leontine received the hand of the lovely Eugenia with tranſport. The day after the marriage, the young couple went down to a delightful country-ſeat, belonging to the Count, ten leagues diſtant from Paris, whence it was determined they ſhould not return till the end of autumn.

Madame de Palmena paſſed three months with them; after which ſhe was obliged, for a while, to quit them. Determining to live hereafter at Paris, ſhe was forced to take a journey into Touraine, for the arrangement of her affairs; and though it was ſuppoſed ſhe would return before winter, Eugenia had need of all her reaſon to ſupport ſo cruel a ſeparation.

Her ſoft melancholy after the departure of her mother, made her ſtill dearer to the heart of Leontine: he found a ſecret kind of pleaſure in con-

contemplating her thus gently, thus tenderly dejected. What will one day be my power, said he, as the tears fell from her beautiful eyes, over a heart so feeling and so grateful! Eugenia, however, did not shew the whole of her grief before Leontine; but compensated for this constraint with Valentina, the young woman I have already mentioned, who had been the companion of her infancy. The consolation most effectual to Eugenia, was to speak of her mother, and write long letters to her every day, containing a full and circumstantial detail of her thoughts, employments, and pleasures.

Two months had already glided away, since the departure of Madame de Palmena, during which time Eugenia had not made a single trip to Paris. In the company of her father-in-law and her husband, she wished for nothing but her mother. Leontine was her best support, and Leontine became every day more dear. Often would they ramble arm in arm through the woods and fields, the while Eugenia would question Leontine of all his travels, and listen with sweet delight to his narration. Often would they sit upon the banks of the brook, the while Eugenia sang sometimes sprightly airs, and sometimes pathetic ballads. Her sweet and melodious voice, would often attract the shepherd and the reaper; the one left his work, the other his flock, and ran to listen; she,

like a divinity, ſuſpended labour, and buried fatigue in forgetfulneſs.

One evening Eugenia obſerved, among her ruſtic auditors, an old man whom ſhe had never ſeen before; his figure was venerable, his hairs were white, and his age upwards of ſeventy-five. Eugenia inquired his name, and was anſwered Jerome; ſhe learnt, likewiſe, that his ſiſter was paralytic, and that he was grandfather to five young orphans, all of whom were maintained by his labour.

Eugenia had only a ſmall allowance; for, though her father-in-law was rich, noble, and benevolent, wiſhing to give his children habits of order and œconomy, he had the prudence and the courage not to partake his fortune with them as yet.

When you ſhall have proved to me, ſaid he, that you know how to make a worthy uſe of money, we will then have but one purſe. If five years hence, for example, I am ſatisfied with your conduct, I will ſtrip myſelf with pleaſure to adorn a rational and domeſtic ſon; but I would never give up a fortune which I have acquired myſelf, and which I can juſtly diſpoſe of as I pleaſe, to a ſilly head-ſtrong Prodigal.

Oh!

Oh! my father, anſwered Leontine you have given me Eugenia, and in her you have given me the riches of the earth.

Eugenia, on her part, did not wiſh a greater allowance than ſhe poſſeſſed. Where reaſon and œconomy reſide, the ſmalleſt fortune is always ſufficient; and Eugenia was rich enough to be generous and benevolent. Totally occupied by the remembrance of the good old Jerome, ſhe told Valentina, as ſhe went to bed, that ſhe ſhould on the morrow carry him ſome aſſiſtance.

The next morning the Count d'Amilly came, as uſual, to breakfaſt with his children. Here, my dear, ſaid he to Eugenia, here is a maſquerade ticket for you; there will be a very fine one in a fortnight at Paris, and you are invited. I beg you will do me the favour to go. You will want a dreſs; be ſo kind, my love, as to buy yourſelf one. So ſaying, the Count toſſed a purſe of ſixty guineas into her lap.

As ſoon as Eugenia was alone, ſhe called Valentina to her, and ſhewed her the preſents ſhe had juſt received. I can buy a dreſs quite good enough, ſaid ſhe, for fifty guineas; I may very well, therefore, ſpare ten out of this ſum to poor Jerome; do you go Valentina then, and inquire in the village if all I have been told of this good old man be true; and, if there is no exaggeration

in what I have heard, I will carry him the money myſelf.

In the afternoon Valentina returned from the village, and told her young miſtreſs, that ſhe had not only inquired of the Vicar, and ſeveral of the inhabitants, but had likewiſe been in Jerome's cottage, where ſhe had ſeen his paralytic ſiſter nurſed by the eldeſt of his grand-children, a young girl of twelve years old; that the poor woman was in a chamber, kept very clean, while the beneficent old man lay in a kind of out-houſe upon ſtraw; and that Jerome was the honeſteſt, and moſt unfortunate peaſant in the village, as well as the beſt brother, and the beſt grandfather.

Come! ſaid Eugenia, come! I have the purſe, that my father-in-law has given me in my pocket, let us take him the ten guineas inſtantly.

She waited not for an anſwer, but took Valentina by the arm; told Leontine, who was ſat down with a party to whiſt, he would find her by and by at the walk of the willows, and away ſhe went.

Eugenia came to the field, where Jerome uſually worked till the decline of day, looked round, and, not ſeeing him, aſked where he was gone. They told her, that being overcome with heat and fatigue, he had lain down for a moment in the ſhade,

ſhade, and was fallen aſleep by the ſide of the brook, near the great arbour of eglantines.

Thither Eugenia and Valentina turned their ſteps, and ſoon perceived, at a diſtance, the good old man ſleeping, and ſurrounded by his little grand-children; they approached with the greateſt precaution for fear of diſturbing him, and ſtopt at a little diſtance, to contemplate a picture the moſt intereſting and the moſt affecting.

The poor old man was in a ſound ſleep; a ſweet little girl of eight or nine years old, lightly ſpread her apron over the wild roſe branches that ſurrounded her grandfather's head, to keep the heat of the ſun from his face; one of her brothers was helping her, while the other two, with branches in their hands, were occupied in chaſing away the flies and waſps whenever they approached. The careful little girl, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw Eugenia, made a ſign with her hand not to make a noiſe and diſturb her grandfather. Eugenia ſmiled, and advancing on tip-toe, kiſſed the dear little creature, and told her in her ear, ſhe wanted to ſpeak with her grandfather as ſoon as he awoke; therefore deſired ſhe would go and play with her btothers, and come back when ſhe called her.

The young girl at firſt was loath to go, and ſo were her little brothers; who only gave their conſent,

ſent, on condition that Eugenia would be ſure to drive away the flies.

This bargain being made, Eugenia took their branches, and ſitting down with Valentina upon the bank beſide their charge, the little family ſoon fell to their youthful gambles, and diſappeared.

Eugenia then drew her purſe, and put it in her lap to take out the ten guineas; but fearing ſhe ſhould make too much noiſe in counting her money, ſhe ſtopped, and fixing her eyes upon the old man, the ſweet tears of ſenſibility began to trickle.

How peaceable he ſleeps, ſaid ſhe, good old man; how reſpectable is his poverty; how venerable, how affecting his countenance! Seventy-five years old! Good God! during ſo long a career, how many labours, how many cares, how many croſſes, has he undergone! And now, when his ſtrength has left him, when age enfeebles the body and the mind, virtue, benevolence, make him labour without ceaſing!

The tears of gentle compaſſion flowed, while Eugenia whiſpered thus to Valentina.

Think, madame, ſaid the latter, think of the eaſe, the joy theſe ten guineas will give him.

This

This preſent, replied Eugenia, this ſmall ſum, cannot make him happy during the reſt of his life. Oh how tranſporting it would be, to give peace and tranquillity to his age! To what raptures ſhould he awake! Ten guineas would only give him a momentary relief, but fifty would procure him entire eaſe. Fifty guineas! 'Tis the price of a dreſs! And what great pleaſure will that dreſs give me? It will ſcarcely be remarked. Shall I, in a robe decorated with ſpangles, and trimmed with lace, ſhall I, thinkeſt thou Valentina, be more lovely in the eyes of Leontine! How much this morning did he praiſe my ſhape! And yet I was only dreſſed in white muſlin, and a few blue-bells and cowſlips, which I myſelf had gathered in the fields. Ten guineas, Valentina, will buy me a dreſs; ſimple, I own, but more becoming, perhaps, than one more rich. Flowers are more ſuitable to my age than gold. Doſt thou not think ſo, Valentina?

I confeſs, madame, I ſhould be delighted to ſee you in a rich habit.

Look at that poor old man, Valentina, look at him, and I am ſure ſuch vain ideas will vaniſh from thy mind! Delighted to ſee me richly dreſt, ſayeſt thou? Think of the delight, think of the tranſports of my heart, when I ſhall have reſcued

ſuch

ſuch a man, and ſuch a family, from miſery. Oh, Valentia, with what raptures will he ſup this evening, ſurrounded by his children! With what pure joy will he kiſs them, and receive their innocent careſſes; and what ſhall I feel to-morrow, when I write an account of all this to my mamma! Oh how happy will ſhe be; what pleaſure, what tranſport will ſhe feel at reading ſuch a letter!

But, madam, you will be the only one at the ball ſo ſimply dreſſed; may not this diſpleaſe your father-in-law; may not Leontine be angry? I own they are both very good, but ——

True, Valentina; I muſt at leaſt conſult Leontine: I muſt do nothing without my huſband's conſent. But come, let us remove hence; the very ſight of this good old man is too powerful to be reſiſted. Come, let us look for Leontine, we will ſoon return; come, come——

So ſaying, Eugenia aroſe; but as ſhe was riſing, ſhe heard behind her a ruſtling of leaves, which occaſioned her to turn and look round; there ſhe beheld Leontine, leaping the hedge, coming to kiſs her, to adore her, to caſt himſelf at her feet.

Leontine had left his card-party ſoon after Eugenia was gone, and come in ſearch of her; knowing

knowing Eugenia's firſt intentions reſpecting Jerome, he had followed, and hid himſelf behind the arbour, that he might liſten to her converſation with the good old man; he expected a pleaſure, and he received one, even beyond his expectations; for being only ſeparated from her by a light foliage, though Eugenia had ſpoke in a whiſper, he had not loſt a ſentence of all ſhe had ſaid.

Oh my dear, my charming Eugenia, cried he, what have I heard; how great, how ſupreme is my happineſs! ſentiments, feelings, benevolence like your's, are ineſtimable; I knew you lovely, and yet I ſcarce knew half your lovelineſs.

Leontine was ſpeaking thus, when Jerome awoke; Eugenia immediately diſengaged herſelf from the arms of her huſband, and drew near to the old man; he looked at her with aſtoniſhment, and, out of reſpect, was going to riſe; Eugenia deſired him to ſit ſtill, but he excuſed himſelf, by ſaying he muſt go to his labour. No, ſaid Eugenia, reſt yourſelf to-day.

But my day's work, madam——

I will pay it to you; here accept this purſe, and may the reception of it give you as much pleaſure, as the offering of it has given me!

So

So ſaying, Eugenia, with a tender and reſpectful air, put the purſe, containing fifty guineas, into the trembling hands of the old man, and turned her head aſide to hide her tears. Leontine ſtood before her, beholding her with rapture; never had ſhe appeared ſo lovely in his eyes; never had ſhe made ſo ſweet, ſo deep, ſo powerful an impreſſion upon his heart.

The old man, notwithſtanding, looked at the purſe that lay open upon his lap with a kind of amazement; in his whole life he had never beheld ſo great a ſum; he rubbed his eyes, feared he was yet aſleep, ſtill dreaming, while Eugenia ſilently enjoyed the delicious exceſs of his ſurprize. At laſt Jerome claſped his hands in a kind of ecſtacy, and ſobbing exclaimed, Oh God! what have I done; how have I merited ſo vaſt a gift! So ſaying, he raiſed his head, fixed his ſwimming eyes on Eugenia, added, May the God of mercies only grant, madam, that you may have children like yourſelf!

He could ſay no more; tears interrupted the power of ſpeech. Juſt at this moment his little family returned running, and Eugenia entreated the old man to put up his purſe and conceal the adventure, till ſuch time as ſhe permitted him to ſpeak, to mention it. She then embraced the little

little Simonetta, bad adieu to the good old man, and arm in arm with Leontine and Valentina, again returned to the Château.

Eugenia, from a very natural delicacy, did not wiſh that her father-in-law ſhould be informed of this affair before ſhe had been at the maſquerade, leſt he ſhould give her another habit. The day at length arrived, the Count remained in the country, and confided Eugenia to the care of one of his relations, and of Leontine, who went with her to Paris.

At the ball every eye was fixed upon Eugenia, not only by the charms of her perſon, which were very ſuperior, but alſo by the elegant ſimplicity of her dreſs, which diſtinguiſhed her from every other woman; nor gold, nor pearls, nor diamonds loaded her habit; nothing impeded her natural celerity, and ſhe carried off the prize of dancing, as well as of beauty; the ſweet remembrance of Jerome was often preſent to her imagination, and redoubled her gaiety; often did ſhe ſay to herſelf, as ſhe beheld the exceſſive and mad magnificence of young women of her own age, how much do I pity them; alas! they know not peace, they know not pleaſure.

At day-break, Leontine took Eugenia back to the country; he would have her appear before his father in her masquerade habit, for he burnt with desire of relating the history of the old man. The Count heard the recital with feelings equal to his joy; a thousand times did he clasp the amiable Eugenia in his arms, and from that instant conceived all the affection of the most tender father for her.

The next day Eugenia and Leontine went to see the old man. Leontine informed him, that he should take charge of two of his children, the pretty little Simonetta, and her second brother. The girl was sent apprentice to a Milliner at Paris; and the boy to a Miller in the country. The Count d'Amilly put the finishing hand to the happiness of good old Jerome, by giving him a cow, and an acre of land adjoining to his cottage. The happy mother of Eugenia, Madame de Palmena, returning from Touraine, received on the road a letter containing an account of all these events.

It is, my children, impossible, at your age, to conceive the impression, which a letter like this must make on the heart of a tender mother; the affectionate, the feeling, the charming Eugenia, was shortly after in the arms of Madame de Palmena, who passed the rest of her days with a daughter

daughter so worthy of all her tenderness; yes, Eugenia was the delight of her husband, of her mother, of her father, of her family; she found in her own heart, and in the world's respect, a just recompense for her conduct and her virtues; and to crown her felicity, heaven, attentive to the prayers of the good old Jerome, gave her *children, like herself*, in whom she found all the happiness she had occasioned to Madame de Palmena.

Here the Baronness ceased speaking, and Madame de Clémire taking up the conversation, said, Well my children, has not this story given you pleasure?

Oh, yes mamma, and I hope I shall one day resemble the amiable Eugenia.

And I too, because she made her mamma happy.

I, said Cæsar, will endeavour to imitate Leontine; but à-propos, mamma, permit me to ask you a question; Leontine hid himself behind the arbour to overhear Eugenia, you know; but pray was that right?

No;

No; and I love to ſee this delicacy, Cæſar, becauſe it is well founded. Leontine, it is true, was well convinced Eugenia would only ſpeak of Jerome; and that beſides, ſhe had no ſecrets which ſhe would conceal from him; but that does not excuſe the action: whatever may be our motive, nothing ſhould ever tempt us to become liſteners. It is my wiſh my children, to teach you to diſtinguiſh good from ill; and I am well aſſured, when you ſhall have acquired this precious knowledge, you will deteſt vice and love virtue, becauſe nothing on earth is ſo lovely; therefore if you would be happy, if you would be reſpected, ſay to yourſelves, I will never be guilty of the leaſt unjuſtifiable action, whatever may be my ſituation, motive, or excuſe.

Here Madame de Clémire aroſe, and after receiving and returning the embraces of her children, each retired to reſt. Madame de Clémire little ſuſpected at lying down, the ſhock ſhe ſhould receive at riſing. For two months paſt, whenever ſhe received news from Paris or the army, it always ſpoke of peace being proclaimed before the next campaign; but what was her grief the next morning at receiving letters, which informed her the two armies were met, and that a battle was inevitable.

When

When her children heard this cruel news, they partook of the chagrin and inquietude of their mother; play was ſuſpended, pleaſure forgot, and the hours of recreation were ſpent in grief and tears. This continued a fortnight; at laſt, on the eve of the firſt of May, they were liſtening with attention to the Abbé, who was reading aloud a chapter in the Teſtament, when ſuddenly they heard loud, yet broken accents and confuſed cries; among others, they plainly diſtinguiſhed the voice of their mamma; trembling, terrified, they all ran at once to the door, and at the ſame inſtant found themſelves in the arms of their mother, who, with a ſhriek of joy, cried, *The battle is fought! the battle is won! and your father is ſafe!*

The children leapt into their mother's arms with tranſport, unable to expreſs their joy, unleſs by their ſobs; Madame de Clémire, ſupported by her tender mother, and claſping her children to her boſom, diſplayed to the family a moſt affecting picture.

After a few moments ſilence, interrupted only by the ſweet tears which pleaſure ſhed, Madame de Clémire, ſurrounded by her whole houſehold, read aloud the letter ſhe had juſt received; every circumſtance added to the pure tranſports they enjoyed,

enjoyed, for it ſeemed certain that peace muſt be the conſequence of victory.

Happineſs and tranquillity returned to the caſtle, and with them the Sports and the Pleaſures. This intereſting day, was preciſely that on which they were to plant the May; this was to be performed in the caſtle-yard, and they waited with impatience for the hour when this ruſtic feaſt was to commence. Scarcely was dinner over, ere they heard the ſound of hautboys, bagpipes, and flutes; they all flew to the court, which was already filled by the minſtrels, and all the young people of the village; the lads in white waiſtcoats, decorated with ribbands, ſurrounded the May-pole that lay extended on the ground, and held cords in their hands to raiſe it at the appointed moment.

At a given ſignal, a troop of laſſes advanced, carrying baſkets full of flowers, in which they half buried the May-buſh; one buſied herſelf with twining a wreath round the pole, another placed a garland crown upon it's ſummit, and in an inſtant it was adorned with a thouſand feſtoons of white thorn and wild roſes, and a multitude of coronets, compoſed of the violet, narciſſus, and anemony.

Two

Two elderly peaſants then gravely approached, each with a bottle in his hand, and ſprinkled wine round the pole; after this libation, they drank to the health of the Lord of the Manor. Cæſar, the repreſentative of his father, muſt needs, according to cuſtom, *do juſtice* to the honeſt peaſants; he advanced boldly, made his ſalute, received a glaſs half full of wine, and drank to them with a good grace.

Then it was that they immediately reared the May-pole, and hand in hand the lads and laſſes danced around it, ſinging a roundelay in praiſe of the pleaſant merry month of May. Cæſar, Caroline, and Pulcheria mingled in the dance, and repeated the chorus with all their might; the *ſauteuſes* (*a*) ſucceeded the roundelay, and the feaſt finiſhed by a good game at priſon-bars in the gardens.

Cæſar was aſtoniſhingly agile and ſtrong for his age, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in this laſt game; in which agility may be diſcovered, quickneſs of foot, addreſs in putting the change on one's antagoniſt, ſincerity, or delicacy, in condemning oneſelf in doubtful caſes, and valour and generoſity in expoſing one's liberty for the delivery of the priſoners of one's own party.

(*a*) A village dance in Burgundy.

Nothing was wanting to complete this fine day, except a ſtory in the evening, which Madame de Clémire promiſed them on the morrow. At going to bed they agreed to riſe at day-break, on purpoſe that they might all together take a long walk in the fields. Morning being come, the children were called, and in a quarter of an hour Madame de Clémire left the Caſtle with them, followed only by the faithful Morel.

After about an hour's walk, the children began to find they had not breakfaſted: they were two miles from the Caſtle, and being preſſed by hunger, they determined to look for a cottage where they might get ſome milk. Morel ſhewed them one, and they followed eagerly the road he directed; they arrived in leſs than half an hour at the cottage, where they were ſurprized to hear a great noiſe, much laughing, and a numerous aſſembly of peaſants, all in their Sunday cloaths, except ſuch as had nuptial habits.

The huſbandman, who owned the cottage, had married his daughter that very morning: they had returned from church, and were buſy preparing the wedding-feaſt. Madame de Clémire went into the garden with her children, and ſat down upon a green bank, where, a moment after, the Bride brought them ſome excellent milk and

brown bread. Caroline, authorized by a ſign of approbation from her mother, took off a large golden croſs that ſhe wore round her neck, and paſſed the ribband over the head of the young Bride, as the latter ſtooped to her to preſent her with a nice bowl of cream: the Bride bluſhed, and looking at Madame de Clémire, refuſed to accept the preſent; but the latter ſaid to her, do not afflict Caroline, Manette, by refuſing ſuch a trifle; but pray go and tell your father, that I invite him and all his gueſts to come next Sunday and dine with us at the Caſtle.

Manette, delighted at this propoſition, and impatient to ſhew the company her croſs of gold, ran immediately, forgetting even to thank Caroline; ſhe ſoon returned with her father, and, after many ſimple, but ſincere thanks and apologies, they both went back into the cottage.

I am like you, mamma, ſaid Caroline, I am exceedingly fond of country people. How genteel Manette is! what ſweetneſs, what ſatisfaction in her countenance! how charming when ſhe bluſhes, and what excellent cream, and bread, and milk, ſhe has given us! I am ſure you have made all theſe good people very happy, by inviting them to come to dine at the Caſtle; they will long talk of the chance that brought us to-day to their cottage.

This little adventure, anſwered Madame de Clémire, calls to my mind an anecdote I have read in the Ruſſian Hiſtory.

Dear, dear mamma, do tell it us.

With all my heart. The Czar Iwan (*a*) ſometimes went about diſguiſed, in order that he might the better diſcover what the people thought of his government. One day as he was walking alone in the country, near Moſcow, he came to a village, and feigning to be ſpent with fatigue, aſked relief. His dreſs was ragged, his appearance miſerable, and what ought to have excited the compaſſion of the hearers, and inſured his reception, produced denial only.

Full of indignation at the hard-hearted inhabitants, he was about to quit the place, when he perceived one more houſe, at which he had not aſked aſſiſtance; it was the pooreſt cottage of the village; the Emperor approached, and ſoftly tapped at the door, when inſtantly a peaſant came, and aſked the ſtranger what he wanted? I am almoſt dying with wearineſs and hunger, anſwered the Czar, can you give me lodging for one night?

(*a*) About the year 1550. This anecdote has been taken from a work entitled *Faſtes de Pologne & de Ruſſie*, Tom. II. p. 40.

Alas,

Alas, ſaid the peaſant, holding out his hand to him, you will have poor fare; you come at an ill time, my wife is in the pangs of labour, her cries will hinder you from ſleeping; but come, come in at leaſt, you will be out of the cold, and ſuch as we have you ſhall be welcome to.

So ſaying, the peaſant made the Czar enter a ſmall place full of children; one cradle contained two ſleeping ſoundly; a little girl of three years old was laid upon a rug, near her two little brothers, aſleep likewiſe; while the two eldeſt ſiſters, the one ſix and the other ſeven, were on their knees, crying and praying to God for the deliverance of their mother, who was in the adjoining room, and whoſe plaints and groans were diſtinctly heard.

Stay here, ſaid the peaſant to the Emperor, I will go and get ſomething for you to eat; ſo ſaying, he went out, and ſoon returned with black bread, eggs, and honey. You ſee all I can give you, ſaid he, partake of it with my children, I muſt go and aſſiſt my wife.

Your charity, your hoſpitality, ſaid the Czar, ſhould bring happineſs on your houſe; I have no doubt but God will reward your virtues.

Pray for my wife, my good friend, replied the peaſant, pray to the Almighty ſhe may be happily delivered, that's all I wiſh.

Would that make you happy?

Happy! Judge yourſelf; I have five fine children, a wife that I love, a father and mother, both in good health, and my labour is ſufficient to maintain them all.

And does your father and mother live with you?

Certainly! They are within, with my wife.

But your cabin is ſo very ſmall.

Oh! it's large enough, ſince it holds us all.

So ſaying, the peaſant went to his wife, who an hour after was happily delivered. The good peaſant, tranſported with joy, brought his child to ſhew the Czar. Look, ſaid he, look, this is the ſixth ſhe hath brought me; may God preſerve him like my others! look how ſtrong and hearty he is.

The Czar took the child in his arms, and looked at him with a full heart. I know, by the phyſiognomy of this child, ſaid he, I am certain he will be

be happy; I would lay my life he will arrive at great preferment.

The peaſant ſmiled.

At this moment the two little girls came to kiſs their new-born brother, which their grandmother was come to take back: the little ones followed her, and the peaſant laying himſelf down on his bed of ſtraw, invited the ſtranger to do the ſame. In a moment the peaſant was in a peaceful and ſound ſleep, and the Czar, ſitting up, looked round, and beheld with tender emotion, the ſleeping children and the ſleeping father. The moſt profound ſilence reigned in the cottage. What calm! what tranquillity! ſaid the Emperor; virtuous, happy man; how peaceably he ſleeps on his ſtraw; ambitious cares, ſuſpicion, and remorſe, trouble not his repoſe; how delicious is the ſleep of innocence!

In ſuch like reflections the Emperor paſſed the night. The peaſant awaked at the break of day, and the Czar taking leave of him, ſaid, I muſt return to Moſcow, my friend, I am acquainted there with a benevolent man, to whom I will ſpeak concerning you; I am certain I can prevail on him to ſtand godfather to your child; promiſe me, therefore, that you will wait for me to come to

the baptiſm; I ſhall be back in three hours at the fartheſt.

The peaſant did not think much of this mighty promiſe, but naturally good-natured, he eaſily conſented to the ſtranger's intreaties; after which the Czar immediately took his leave.

The three hours, however, were ſoon gone, and nobody appeared; the peaſant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church. As he was going out of his cottage, he ſuddenly heard the neighing of horſes, and the ſound of many coaches. The peaſant looked out, and ſaw a multitude of horſemen and ſuperb carriages; he knew the Emperor's guards, and invited all his family to come and ſee the Czar go by; they all ran out in a hurry, and placed themſelves before their door.

The carriages and horſemen filed off orderly in a circular line, and at laſt the Czar's ſtate-coach ſtopt oppoſite the cottage of the good peaſant. The guards puſhed back the croud, which the hope of ſeeing their Sovereign had drawn together; the coach door opened, and the Czar deſcended, perceived his hoſt, and advanced.

I pro-

I promiſed you a godfather, ſaid he, I am come to fulfil my promiſe; give me your child, and follow me to church.

The peaſant ſtood like a ſtatue! looking at the Czar with amazement equal to his joy! In a kind of ſtupefaction he examined his magnificent robes, the ſparkling jewels with which they were adorned, the lordly train that ſurrounded him, and in the midſt of all this pomp, could not diſcover the poor ſtranger who had lain all night with him upon ſtraw. The Emperor for a moment enjoyed his perplexites and aſtoniſhment in ſilence, then ſpoke to him thus.

Yeſterday you performed the duties of hoſpitality; to-day I come to acquit myſelf of the moſt delightful duty of a ſovereign, that of recompenſing virtue. I ſhall not remove you from a ſtate to which you do ſo much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I regret; but I will give you ſuch things as you want: you ſhall have numerous flocks, rich paſtures, and a houſe, in which you may with eaſe perform the duties of humanity; the new-born infant ſhall become my ward, for you muſt remember, ſaid the Czar, ſmiling, I predicted he would be fortunate.

The peaſant ſaid not a word, but, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, ran for the child, brought him, and laid him down at the Emperor's feet.

The Czar was moved, took the child in his arms, and carried him himſelf to church; after which, not willing to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, ordering that the child ſhould be ſent to him as ſoon as it was weaned. The Czar faithfully kept his promiſe, had the boy educated in his palace, eſtabliſhed his fortune, and heaped benefactions on the good peaſant and his family.

Ah! cried Cæſar, how ſeverely muſt thoſe villagers lament, who inhoſpitably ſhut their doors againſt the diſguiſed Emperor; they were juſtly puniſhed for their hard-heartedneſs; ſhame and repentance are the natural conſequences of ill actions.

But how is it, ſaid Pulcheria, that the wicked do not think of that?

A bad heart, my dear, ſtifles the natural lights of reaſon. The wicked are much to be pitied; it was therefore that a Perſian Sage made the following prayer: "Have mercy, O God, upon the

"wicked.

"wicked. As for the good, when you made "them good, you made them happy."

So ſaying, Madame de Clémire quitted the cottage, and returned with her children to the Caſtle; they talked of nothing on their way but the Czar Iwan. Dear mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, I wiſh you would relate ſomething from hiſtory, every time that you are ſo good as to take us out a walking. Do mamma, ſaid the reſt, that is well thought of.

And ſo you would have me regularly every day tell you a ſtory in the morning, and a ſtory in the evening! It ſeems you depend very much upon my memory.

And upon your good nature too, mamma.

Well, my dears, I will do my beſt to juſtify your good opinion of me.

At hearing this, each of the children ran again and again to kiſs their mamma.

They were now almoſt at the Caſtle gates; as ſoon as they got home, Madame de Clémire gave her daughters their daily taſks, and Cæſar went to his ſtudies with the Abbé. After dinner Madame

de Clémire, having a letter to write, left her children in the hall with the Abbé, during the hour of recreation. In a quarter of an hour Madame de Clémire, having finiſhed her letter, returned; ſhe perceived Caroline and Pulcheria ſitting together reading in a corner.

What are you reading there, my dears, ſaid Madame de Clémire?

It is a book, mamma, that Mademoiſelle Julienne has lent us.

Mademoiſelle Julienne, is ſhe capable of directing you in the choice of books! And beſides, ought you to borrow books without informing me?

That's what I told theſe young ladies, ſaid the Abbé, who was playing at cheſs with the Curate at the other end of the room, but they would not believe me. Maſter Cæſar is more rational, he is overlooking our game, and reading the *Journal de Paris*.

Let me ſee what book it is, ſaid Madame de Clémire.

It is *Le Prince Percinet*, & *La Princeſſe Gracieuſe*, mamma.

A Fairy Tale! ſaid the Baronneſs.

How can you be pleaſed with ſuch a book?

I ſee, mamma, I have done wrong; but I confeſs I am fond of fairy tales; they are very amuſing; they are ſo marvellous, ſo extraordinary, and have ſo many changes from cryſtal palaces to golden caſtles, that it's quite delighting to read.

But don't you know that all theſe miracles are falſe?

To be ſure, mamma. They are fairy tales.

How does it happen, that this idea does not diſguſt you then?

We own, mamma, the ſtories you tell us are a thouſand times more intereſting. I could hear them for ever, and I ſhould ſoon be tired of fairy tales.

But if you are ſo fond of the marvellous, you might far better ſatisfy that inclination by reading books which are inſtructive.

How

How ſo, mamma?

It is your ignorance only, that makes you ſuppoſe the marvellous exiſts no where but in fairy tales. Nature and art afford phænomena as ſurpriſing, as the moſt remarkable incidents in *Prince Percinet*.

Is it poſſible, mamma?

I will prove it is; and for that purpoſe, undertake to write a tale the moſt ſtriking and ſingular you ever heard; the marvellous of which ſhall all be true.

Cæſar, who had overheard in part the converſation, left cheſs and the *Journal de Paris*, and approaching Madame de Clémire ſaid, are you in earneſt, mamma?

You ſhall judge yourſelf: I muſt have imaginary perſons, and fabulous incidents; but obſerve, *the marvellous ſhall all be true*: every thing that ſhall wear the face of prodigy or enchantment I will take from nature; the events ſhall be ſuch as either have happened, or do daily happen at preſent.

Well, that now appears incredible.

But

But I am ſure of one thing, mamma, which is, that you will have no cryſtal palaces, with pillars of diamond, in your tale.

Yes, ſince your defy me to it, I will have cryſtal palaces, with pillars of diamond; and what's more, a city all of ſilver.

What, without the aſſiſtance of magic, fairies, and necromancers!

Yes, without magic, fairies, or necromancers; with other events ſtill more ſurpriſing.

I ſhall never recover from my amazement! Dear, dear, how impatient I am to hear your tale, mamma!

It will take me three weeks at leaſt to write it, for I muſt look over ſeveral voyages and works of natural hiſtory.

What can you find in thoſe inſtructive books, things more marvellous than in Prince Percinet? How does it happen then, that fairy tales are not out of faſhion?

Becauſe the kind of tales I ſpeak of, require previous knowledge, which is only to be gained by ſtudy.

But

But how then, mamma, ſhall we be able to underſtand your tale?

I will employ no technical terms, and only relate the effects, without explaining their cauſes; ſo that if you had not been told it ſhould be all truth, you would have ſuppoſed it abſolutely a fairy tale; but you muſt wait three weeks, during which time our evening and morning ſtories ſhall all be ſuſpended.

O dear, O dear, three weeks!

Do yourſelves juſtice, Caroline and Pulcheria; have I not forbid your ever looking in a book that was not given given you, either by me or your grandmamma.

That is very true, and we deſerve a longer penance.

To conſole themſelves as much as poſſible, the children paſſed their time in their garden every evening, and Madame de Clémire with them. Look, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, at that bed of hyacinths; it is all mine, cried ſhe, with rapture; how happy, dear mamma, have you made your dear Pulcheria, by giving her that bit of ground: if I could but remember always to follow your inſtructions,

ſtructions, and never diſobey you, nothing would be wanting to my happineſs. Ah! mamma, I am ſure you are as good as the Sage who prayed for the wicked; do pray that I may be not ſo forgetful, nor ſo inquiſitive, and that none of my hyacinths may die.

Then you are not tired of your garden.

Dear! no, mamma, I am fonder and fonder of it every day.

That is not at all ſurpriſing; ſimple and innocent pleaſures alone are durable; the palace and the throne ſoon become tireſome; a garden, cultivated by our own hands never. Diocleſian, when ſolicited by his former colleague Maximian, again to take the imperial crown, which they had both long abdicated, only writ as follows in anſwer: "Come my friend, and ſee the fine lettuces I have planted in my garden at Salona (*a*).

Ah! but what would he have ſaid if he had had my hyacinths?

Take care, however, of being too fond of your flowers; beware of exceſs in every thing; beware of an *excluſive preference*.

(*a*) Hiſtoire de Charlemagne, par M. Gaillard, Tom. I. p. 287.

My

Why mamma, can one's fondneſs for flowers become a *paſſion?*

Every thing may be abuſed by thoſe who do not liſten to reaſon, and do not ſubdue their whims: would you think that there are people ſilly enough, mad enough, to give two or three hundred guineas for a flower-root?

Three hundred guineas!

I have ſeen ſeveral hyacinths, at Haerlem, in Holland, which have coſt ſuch ſums (1).

But what, mamma, could make a flower ſo dear?

The minute delicacy of amateurs; they, for example, ſeek for uncommon tints, and require a hyacinth ſhould have certain properties, on which they ſet an imaginary value, and into which they enquire with the moſt ſcrupulous exactitude.

Lord! mamma, amateurs are greater children than I am; their flowers of three hundred guineas do not ſmell better than mine, nor look better, it's my opinion; and ſo I would as lief have my little bed of hyacinths as any bed at Haerlem.

You are very right, my dear, to be ſatisfied with your own.

As they were thus converſing, a ſervant came to inform Madame de Clémire of the arrival of a coach. It was a viſitor's carriage, and contained M. and Madame de Luzanne, with their only daughter Sidonia, a young lady of fifteen. Madame de Clémire had never yet ſeen them, becauſe, though neighbours, they had paſſed the winter at Autun; and ſuppoſing them come back, ſhe had been to pay them a viſit in the beginning of April, which they were now come to return.

M. de Luzanne was about forty, and rather handſome, of which, and having in his youth been two or three times at Paris, he was very vain. He had a profound contempt for every body bred in the country, and treated his wife with diſdain, and his daughter with indifference, ſuppoſing himſelf utterly ſuperior to all ſuch petty people; and conſoling himſelf for the misfortune of living with none but his inferiors, by imagining that his ſuperiority was too evident not to be generally felt.

Having never lived in the faſhionable world, he conſequently was ignorant of its cuſtoms; he yet had the ridiculous vanity of pretending to know it well,

well, and piqued himſelf on his gallantry, which he expreſſed by phraſes collected from tales and novels; the authors of which, by endeavouring to paint the manners of the great, had repreſented thoſe only of their vulgar and humble imitators; this kind of erudition gave M. de Luzanne a tone of familiarity, a ſtrange jargon and manners, as diſagreeable as impertinent.

Madame de Luzanne had none of theſe fopperies: her behaviour was ſimple and amiable; though contemned by her huſband, ſhe loved him to exceſs; and, unable to overlook the ſingularity of his character, the blindneſs of her too tender affection made her ſuppoſe his ſilly antics ſo many graces.

Their daughter Sidonia was mild, modeſt, ingenuous, and ſenſible; ſpoke little, anſwered with timidity, and bluſhed often; but there was nothing aukward in her embarraſſment, nothing auſtere in her reſerve, and there was no company in which her behaviour, her perſon, and her diſcourſe, would have appeared miſplaced.

Madame de Clémire, followed by her three children, entered the hall, where ſhe found M. and Madame de Luzanne with their daughter. M. de Luzanne, ambitious of pleaſing a lady from Paris,

Paris, never diſcovered ſo much folly and extravagance. After the firſt compliments, uſual on ſuch occaſions, Madam, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Madame de Clémire, I dare not imagine that we can, may, or ought to flatter ourſelves with the hope of having you in our neighbourhood next winter.

I am in expectation, Sir, of not returning to town before the autumn after next.

You are in expectation madam! What a polite phraſe!

I am delighted with the country.

I hope, however, you will allow, madam that when one has once lived in the capital, the country is no longer ſupportable. "Life is at Paris! Vegetation only is here." But à-propos, madam, how does Verglan do?

Do you mean my brother, Sir?

Yes, madam, he was once one of my intimates; many a delightful evening have we ſpent together; a little elevated I own ſometimes; his adventure with Bleinville made a noiſe; he is married ſince, and marriage is an excellent cooler for the brain.

He

He has an amiable wife, Sir, and is very happy.

Yes, I know——she is very rich; I have heard that one of her old uncles was lately dead, and left her ten thouſand crowns a year (1250l.) That Uncle was once a man of great gallantry; the country produces few ſo polite.

My ſiſter, Sir, was greatly afflicted at the loſs of her Uncle; a worthy relation is a precious and a certain friend.

To be ſure, madam; but a groaning old Uncle, you will own, is no great loſs; each muſt have their turn to live, and the young would have great right to complain if the old were immortal. But do, madam, oblige me ſo far as to inform me, if Blandford be ſtill as fond of Champaign as formerly.

You mean my Uncle, Sir, I preſume.

The very ſame, madam.

Upon my word I don't know.

He had a moſt delightful country-houſe, it was a paradiſe. You, madam, are too young to remember

member the Countess de Blane in her prime. When I was at Paris she was *the rage*, *the ton*, the toast of the time! I remember she had a box at the Opera.

Madame de Clémire endeavouring to make the conversation general, addressed herself to Madame de Luzanne; but M. de Luzanne perceiving Caroline and Pulcheria, exclaimed, in pretended raptures,——There is beauty indeed! There are features! There are shapes! There are eyes! No, no; those eyes were assuredly not made to remain in the country! It would be a public robbery, high treason in the Court of Cupid, to keep them from the capital.

What age is your daughter, pray Sir, said Madame de Clémire?

*She* knows that, answered carelessly, M. de Luzanne, meaning his wife; for my part I always forget.

Madame de Clémire seized the opportunity of asking Madame de Luzanne the same question, and at the same time of speaking highly in praise of Sidonia; to which her mother listened with evident satisfaction, while M. de Luzanne, with a cold and absent air, tumbled over some pamphlets

lets that lay upon the chimney-piece; then turning ſuddenly to Madame de Clémire, ſaid, what think you madam of our old La Paliniére? Could it be believed that he had paſt his youth at Paris; but ſuch is the effect of the country air, it eats into and deſtroys that ſmooth varniſh, thoſe elegant graces, which can only be *conſerved* at the court, or in the capital; and I don't doubt, madam, but you find *us* a little ruſty.

Theſe words, pronounced in a ſelf-ſufficient tone, aſked for a compliment which they did not obtain: Madame de Clémire contented herſelf, with rendering juſtice to the underſtanding and merit of M. de la Paliniére; after which ſhe ſpoke on indifferent ſubjects, and in about a quarter of an hour M. de Luzanne made a ſign to his wife, which put an end to the viſit.

Returning home, Madame de Luzanne and her daughter ſaid, they thought Madame de Clémire exceedingly amiable; but M. de Luzanne, with a dry and diſcontented air, ſilenced them by anſwering, Madame de Clémire was abſolutely deficient in wit, judgment, and good breeding.

What an odd man, ſaid Cæſar to his mamma, M. de Luzanne is.

Which

Which way, Cæſar?

I cannot deſcribe which way, mamma, but he is ſo droll, his walk, his ſmile, his geſtures have ſomething in them ſo odd; and then he ſpeaks in ſuch an affected manner, that——that——

But what do you mean by an affected manner?

Something unlike every body elſe, mamma; ſomething at which one is every moment ready to laugh, and yet can give no reaſon why; juſt as one does you know, mamma, at the antics of an ape.

Your ſimile is a little hardy Cæſar, but very juſt.

And then, he ſays, *con*ſerved inſtead of *pre*ſerved; and the *capital*, inſtead of Paris or the town.

Very true, though your criticiſm is rather minute; theſe expreſſions are all in their own nature equally proper, but cuſtom determines which is to be preferred; and it is in reality theſe nice diſtinctions, which give one perſon's language a ſuperiority over another's. He likewiſe ſays, the *rage* and the *ton*, which are ridiculous

and affected words, and, like many other, that are at moments fashionable, should be carefully avoided by people who wish to speak with that easy elegance, so pleasing to the ear, and so honourable to the understanding.

And did not you observe, mamma, when M. de Luzanne enquired after my Uncle, he called him plain Verglan?

Yes; so in speaking of M. de la Paliniére, he said La Paliniére: and this is an affectation of ease; a thing in it's own nature exceedingly estimable in society, but exceedingly difficult to obtain, without degenerating into rudeness, as M. de Luzanne did in the above instances. And I am sorry to observe, that at present, M. de Luzanne is far from being the only person who mistakes rudeness for ease, though no two qualities can possibly be more opposite. But let us at present speak of Madame de Luzanne, and her daughter Sidonia: what do you think of them?

O, mamma, I think Madame de Luzanne exceedingly amiable; and her daughter appears to me quite charming.

You are very right; she is obliging, modest, and natural, and those are qualities which will please every person, and all nations.

I talked

I talked ſoftly with Mademoiſelle Luzanne, and ſhe anſwered me with ſo much gentleneſs and complaiſance, that to be ſure, thought I, ſhe would have been a miracle had ſhe had a good education.

But pray tell me what you underſtand by a good education?

Why, mamma——ours——

I am much obliged to you for the compliment, my dear; but it is not an eulogium, but a definition I demand.

A good education——a good education is——is——is to have——is to have a great many accompliſhments. Mademoiſelle de Luzanne told me herſelf ſhe neither underſtood muſic, drawing, nor dancing.

Don't you remember to have heard ſpeak at Paris of an Opera Singer, called Mademoiſelle Flora?

Yes, mamma, the perſon that my Aunt would not have at the entertainment ſhe gave you.

The ſame; and that air, which you remember was ſo ill ſung, would have been ſung delightfully had Mademoiſelle Flora come.

Yes, mamma; but you know Mademoiſelle Flora is not a woman of character.

Very true; and yet Mademoiſelle Flora ſings delightfully, dances well, plays on ſeveral inſtruments, and has *a great many accompliſhments*: thus, according to your definition, ſhe has received a good education.

No, mamma, I perceive ſhe has not.

I am glad you do; I would have you underſtand, that a brilliant is not a good education. I have a thouſand times repeated to you, that you ought not to place too high a value on things, which, in their own nature, are of no importance. A well accompliſhed perſon is poſſeſſed of a thouſand attractions, a thouſand graces, a thouſand reſources of pleaſure, both to themſelves and others. But can graces and attractions make us happy without virtue?

Certainly not, ſaid Cæſar; for to be happy, we muſt be loved and eſteemed.

Dancing, drawing, and muſic, cannot render us either eſtimable or beloved.

And are they nothing then, mamma, but trifling accompliſhments?

Even

Even ſo; though infinitely leſs trifling than beauty or perſonal charms; becauſe, beſides the inexhauſtible amuſement they afford us, it coſts great pains to acquire them: and it is with great reaſon ſuppoſed, that a young perſon ſo accompliſhed, is tractable, induſtrious, and perſevering; therefore, in this point of view, theſe talents undoubtedly merit a certain degree of eſtimation.

And what muſt we think of inſtructive ſtudies, mamma?

Whatever may inform the mind, extend it's powers, and give perfection to our reaſon, muſt neceſſarily make us better: an extenſive reading, a knowledge of various languages, of geography, geometry, and other ſciences, enlarge the faculties, conſequently erudition cannot be called trifling.

Certainly not, ſince it contributes to render us more eſtimable; it is therefore far above things which we call accompliſhments.

That cannot be diſputed; nor indeed is there any thing ſuperior to erudition, except the qualities of the heart. And now tell me, Suppoſe you were to meet a young woman, totally unaccompliſhed, ignorant of every language but her own, without the elements of any one art, yet a

lover of work and reading, never idle, always modeſt, of an equal obliging diſpoſition, fearful of doing wrong, deſirous of inſtruction; in fine, joining frankneſs to prudence, anſwer me, I ſay, Pulcheria, would not you allow ſuch a perſon had received a good education?

I ſee, mamma, I was wrong. If Mademoiſelle Luzanne is, as I believe her to be, all that you deſcribe, I aſſure you I now think her education has been excellent.

Yes, ſince the true end of every teacher, her principal object ought to be to weed out the defects, and encourage the virtuous propenſities of her pupil; if at laſt ſhe renders her a worthy and good woman, ſhe has well fulfilled the noble duty of the difficult taſk ſhe had undertaken.

I feel the truth of all this, mamma; but yet, if to ſuch virtues the pupil could likewiſe add knowledge and accompliſhments, education would then become perfect: and this ſeems very poſſible.

It aſſuredly is ſo; and I flatter myſelf with the agreeable hope, that you ſhall one day be a proof of it's poſſibility. I could cite ſeveral young perſons, in whom not only the good qualities of the heart, but thoſe of the mind and body are likewiſe

all

all united, without reckoning Delphine, Eglantine, and the amiable Eugenia.

Well, mamma, I hope I ſhall never forget this converſation. I hope I ſhall always remember, that we ought not to place a great value on any but eſſential things, and that I ſhall never again confound brilliant with good educations; that is to ſay, with thoſe which render us virtuous.

All this goes to prove, that a tender mother, though buried in the country, without fortune, and without the aſſiſtance of any maſter, may, aided by vigilance and reaſon, give her daughter an excellent education; affection, patience, and a few well choſen books, will be ſufficient.

The ſame evening that this converſation happened, Cæſar and his ſiſters at ſupper, allowed themſelves to take ſome liberties with the foibles of M. de Luzanne. Madame de Clémire reprimanded them very ſeverely on that account. What, ſaid ſhe, I imagined I had received a great proof of your confidence in me; I am ſorry now to find, it was nothing but the effect of your malignity.

O dear, mamma!

It is natural and neceſſary you ſhould conſult me, and tell me your opinions; acquaint me with the impreſſions you receive, in order that I may know if you judge well or ill. I, therefore, think it very proper you ſhould tell me with frankneſs and ſincerity, what you think of ſuch perſons as viſit here, provided your obſervations don't turn upon frivolous points. Thus, if in converſation, ſomething ſhould be ſaid which you think contrary to good manners or good ſenſe, I authorize you to acquaint me with your remarks; this liberty is nothing more than a proof of your confidence in me; but the ſame liberty taken in the preſence of others, are malicious, or at leaſt very indiſcreet.

Dear mamma, we have done very wrong.

You have, indeed. Malice is an odious vice, and is in youth eſpecially as ridiculous as it is hateful and diſguſting. Are you at your age, or will you be at the age of eighteen or twenty, capable of judging and deciding on things that are to be condemned? your reputation will not then be eſtabliſhed, and how will you obtain the general eſteem, if you ſhew yourſelves fickle, indiſcreet, and malicious? Without experience yourſelves, will you not ſtand in need of the indulgence of others? And who will be indulgent to youth, when malicious?

malicious? In giving way to the emotions of malice, you would loſe all the graces of ſuch an age, and prove yourſelves equally deficient in diſcernment, underſtanding, and principles.

This leſſon made ſo much the more impreſſion upon Cæſar and his ſiſters, for that Madame de Clémire terminated it, by declaring their conduct had retarded the recommencement of the evening tales.

For how long, mamma? cried they, mournfully.

At preſent, anſwered Madame de Clémire, I am writing the marvellous tale that I promiſed you.

And when it is finiſhed, ſhall not we begin again?

No; not till a fortnight after.

Dear, that will be very long.

It is occaſioned by your own error, for which you ought to be ſorry; murmuring, you know, would only prolong the penance.

Murmur, mamma! Could we be ſo ungrateful? No; we know your juſtice, and it is that which afflicts us ſo much.

A few tears were here ſhed, which were wiped off by maternal tenderneſs, while the gentle careſſes of ſo good a mother comforted them for ſo ſevere a puniſhment.

Madame de Clémire, however, continued buſily to employ herſelf in writing the tale ſhe had promiſed them; and the fifteenth of June, ſhe informed them it was finiſhed and copied. Their joy would have been very great, had they not ſighed to remember they muſt yet wait another fortnight, before they ſhould hear it read. The ſweet and varied pleaſures of the moſt delightful of all the ſeaſons, rendered this privation, however, much leſs painful than it would have been during the long evenings of winter: the cherries began to redden, and the woods already produced wild ſtrawberries: Cæſar had learnt from Auguſtin how to climb trees, and had ſeveral times brought home, in triumph, neſts of linnets or chaffinches, with half-fledged young. Happy was the ſiſter to whom ſuch precious gifts were deſtined: what joy! what gratitude did they excite! And yet in receiving them, they remembered with pity the poor mother, deprived of her young; but they treaſured up the neſts, and bought cages for the birds.

They

They busied themselves in making osier baskets, and coronets of rushes. These amusements did not make them neglect the cultivation of their garden: the jonquils and pinks had replaced the hyacinths; the lilies were no longer in flower: but who could regret them when the rose was half blown?

One morning, when Madame de Clémire was walking with the Abbé and her little family near the children's garden, Pulcheria asked permission to pay a visit to her rose-trees. Leave given, away she ran, entered the garden, and there unexpectedly found a fine full-blown rose; desirous of plucking it for an offering to her mamma, and the stalk being thick and thorny, and she without either knife or scissars, patience or strength, she thought she might wrap her hand in her apron, and without danger, thus defended, seize and pluck it. No sooner had she laid hold on it but she shrieked, drew back suddenly her bleeding fingers, and gave so violent a shake to the tree, that the beautiful rose shed about half its leaves. Pulcheria could not retain her tears at this sight; the loss of the rose was even more painful than were the wounds in her fingers; she was sorry that the blood, which had dropped from her hand, had tarnished the flower; she drew it away,

and found some relief by weeping over the remains of her rose.

Madame de Clémire, pale and trembling, ran precipitately into the garden; the Abbé, and her brother and sister followed; she heard the cry of her child, and hastened with fear to her assistance. Pulcheria, at the sight of her mamma, was ashamed of having cried so loud for such a trifle, and ran into her arms. After she had related her adventure, she added, it was the finest of all the roses, mamma, and I intended to give it you.

Well, but the loss of your rose could not be the ridiculous occasion of a cry which terrified me so greatly?

Dear mamma, I did not think I had cried so very loud.

It seems to me that I never heard a shriek so piercing.

That was because you knew the sound of the voice. Dear mamma, you can hardly stand you tremble so; pray sit down.

Well, well, I am very glad you wept only at the loss of your rose, and because you meant to give it me; the motive is so amiable.

Mamma!

What's

What's the matter with you my dear? Why do you ſeem ſo much embarraſſed?

- Becauſe——becauſe mamma I——I weep a little at the pain of the thorns too.

That frank confeſſion, procured the tendereſt careſſes and praiſes to Pulcheria. Always preſerve the ſame candour, the ſame generoſity, my dear little girl, ſaid Madame de Clémire, always tell the truth, and never accept of falſe praiſe. There is a meanneſs as well as injuſtice, in accepting praiſe we do not merit: a noble mind is happy becauſe it has done good, and not becauſe it is applauded.

It is certain, ſaid the Abbé, that Mademoiſelle Pulcheria has a natural frankneſs, which cannot be too much admired; but it is much to be wiſhed, ſhe ſhould be as courageous as ſhe is ſincere.

Happily for me, anſwered Pulcheria, courage is a quality not neceſſary to a woman.

It is true, replied the Abbé, that a woman, not having the ſtrength of a man, cannot have his valour; ſhe is not intended to wield the ſword, nor command armies; therefore may, without diſhonour, be deficient in courage: if, however,

ſhe

ſhe is abſolutely deſtitute of that quality, ſhe is much to be pitied, and indeed cannot be perfectly eſteemed: it is not required ſhe ſhould be a heroine, but abſolute puſillanimity is unpardonable.

Beſides, added Madame de Clémire, if you weep at the wound of a thorn, what would you do at the drawing of a tooth? How will you ſupport numerous other ills, inſeparable from humanity, ſuch as a violent head-ache, colic, or nervous attack?

I wiſh, mamma, I was more courageous.

It depends entirely on yourſelf, my dear.

On me, mamma!—How?

Imitate your brother, and learn to ſuffer without complaining, that is the whole ſecret.

But that is very difficult mamma.

Not in the leaſt; a little command over yourſelf, and a few reflections, will ſoon ſhew you it is very attainable. Complaints aggravate and augment our ſufferings, while our endeavours not to complain, divert the mind from dwelling on them.

The

The other day for example, during your walk, you were thirſty: what were you the better for repeating a hundred times, as you did, "How "thirſty I am! O dear, O dear, how thirſty I "am! I ſhall die with drowth!" You were very importunate, made every body uneaſy, took no part in the converſation, and yet all your complainings did not procure you a ſingle drop of water.

'Tis very true, mamma, it is a bad habit I have got; and what vexes me moſt with myſelf is, that I wearied you my dear mamma.

No, Pulcheria, it is not wearineſs, it is not that kind of ſenſation I feel; when you complain, I partake in all your ſufferings, whether real or imaginary; I am your mother, I am therefore afflicted when you are unhappy; but if you were not a child, I ſhould have more contempt than pity for you; for, generally ſpeaking, we have no compaſſion for trifling pains, except when they are borne with patience.

I will endeavour to correct myſelf, mamma; I promiſe you I will.

A few days after this, the penance being ended, Madame de Clémire promiſed, in the evening,

ing, to read them the tale she had written. After supper they ran directly into the hall, and Madame de Clémire, sitting by the side of a table, took her manuscript from her pocket.

Before I begin, said she, you ought to recollect, that I have undertaken chiefly to relate extraordinary, yet possible events; incidents which to you shall appear incredible, but which, however, have, or might have, all happened: in a word, phænomena, the existence of which, past or present, is well proved. I have only invented the plot of the story, that is to say, the sole part which to you shall appear credible; while all that you will think marvellous, all that will recall to your minds your *fairy tales*, is precisely true and natural.

O, that will be charming!

You will think my *incredible truths*, a thousand times better than your common well confirmed *every day truths*.

But what, mamma, must we continually believe what we cannot comprehend?

Do not think yourself humbled by that, Cæsar; that is a destiny common to manhood, as well as infancy; our capacities are too confined to comprehend all the truths which are demonstrable; and

it

it would be absurd to affirm a thing does not exist, because it is beyond the limits of our understandings. Let us not adopt errors, but let us not give way to that vain and ridiculous presumption which rejects, with disdain, and without examination, every thing that reason cannot conceive.

Well, mamma, you have told us, that every thing in your tale is well proved; therefore we may blindly believe and take the facts for granted, and that is as much as I desire.

I wish to understand what I hear, mamma, and therefore shall be glad of your explanations.

I will willingly explain whatever I can; but that will not be much. I am not learned, besides, as I have said: there is an infinity of phænomena in existence, of which the most learned men cannot explain the causes.

And will you interrupt your tale, mamma, at each marvellous circumstance, to give us an explanation?

O, no; for, as you may well think, such interruptions would spoil my story. I have written notes, which we will read with attention another time.

time. At preſent, if you will liſten, I will begin.

Ay, that we will, willingly, dear mamma. So ſaying, they drew their chairs nearer to Madame de Clémire, who opened her manuſcript, and read aloud the following tale:

ALPHONSO

# ALPHONSO AND DALINDA;

## OR, THE

# MAGIC OF ART AND NATURE.

## A MORAL TALE.

*Ce n'eſt point en ſe promenant dans nos campagnes cultivées, ni même en parcourant toutes les terres du domaine de l'homme, que l'on peut connoitre les grands effets des varietés de la nature: c'eſt en ſe tranſportant des ſables burlans de la Torride aux glacières des Poles, &c.* (*a*) M. DE BUFFON.

ALPHONSO, the hero of my hiſtory, was born in Portugal. His father, Don Ramirez, enjoyed riches and preferment becauſe he was a favourite. Born of an obſcure family,

(*a*) It is not by walking in our cultivated fields, it is not in riding poſt through any habitable country, that the great varieties and effects of nature may be known, but in tranſporting oneſelf from the burning ſands of the torrid zone, to the icy mountains of the poles.—M. DE BUFFON.

but

but with a ſubtile, intriguing, and ambitious character, he introduced himſelf at Court, found protectors, formed partizans, and became at laſt the idol of his ſovereign. The young Alphonſo was educated at Liſbon, in the ſumptuous palace of his father: an only ſon to the richeſt and moſt powerful man in the kingdom, adulation kneeled at his cradle, accompanied and corrupted his youth.

Don Ramirez, occupied by great projects and little cabals, could not be at the ſame time an aſſiduous courtier, and a vigilant father; he was therefore obliged to commit the care of his ſon's education to ſtrangers. Alphonſo had teachers of languages, hiſtory, geography, mathematics, muſic, and drawing, all of whom wondered, or pretended to wonder, at his prodigious capacity and ſtrength of genius. Notwithſtanding which, Alphonſo learnt little except to draw flowers, and play a few airs on the guittar.

This was ſufficient to charm all the ladies of the Court, eſpecially when he gave them to underſtand he was alſo a profound mathematician, an excellent naturaliſt, and a great chymiſt. Neither did he tell them any thing he did not himſelf believe; for his governor, his teachers, his valets, and the croud of complaiſant people

that

that paid their court to his father, all declared he was a miracle so repeatedly, he could not doubt of its being a certain fact.

He not only supposed himself the most distinguished young man at Court, by his talents, beauty, and knowledge, but he likewise believed his birth to be as illustrious as his fortune. Don Ramirez, during his leisure moments, had invented a list of his forefathers, as far back as the fabulous times of Lusus (*a*); which genealogy, every body but his son laughed at; the world is not apt to credit old titles, never heard of till the pretended owner is become rich. Alphonso, however, too vain not to be credulous on such a subject, saw no one superior to his father, except his sovereign, and the branches of the royal family; and yet Alphonso, inebriated with pride, full of ignorance, folly, and presumption, spoilt by pomp, flattery, and fortune's favours, Alphonso, I say, was yet not lost past retrieving; he was possessed of courage, a feeling heart, and a good understanding; and the inconstancy of fortune was preparing a lesson, that should teach him to know himself.

(*a*) The Portuguese were anciently called Lusitanians, from Lusus or Lysas, one of their kings, who, according to the fable, was either the son or companion of Bacchus.

As

As Don Ramirez owed his elevation only to intrigue, ſo a new intrigue unexpectedly changed his deſtiny; he was diſgraced and ſtript of all his employments, juſt as Alphonſo was ſeventeen. This unforeſeen revolution not only deprived Don Ramirez of titles that flattered his pride, but alſo of a great part of his wealth; and he was one of theſe little ambitious people, who equally regret titles and riches: beſides he was in debt, and his diſgrace made his creditors as preſſing and importunate, as they had been formerly moderate and forbearing; in fine, Don Ramirez ſaved nothing of all his fortune, except his magnificent palace at Liſbon.

It is true, that this palace contained immenſe riches, in furniture, plate, paintings, and eſpecially in diamonds; all which Don Ramirez only waited for a favourable opportunity to ſell, when a dreadful adventure happened, which gave the finiſhing ſtroke to his misfortunes. He had not yet ventured to tell his ſon, that the ſtate of his affairs forced him to ſell his palace, and return in the country. At laſt he determined to declare his real ſituation, and accordingly ſent for him one morning, to open his heart to him on that ſubject.

As

As ſoon as they were alone, tell me, Alphonſo, ſaid Don Ramirez, what effect has my diſgrace, and the loſs of my fortune had upon you? I have always thought, my father, ſaid Don Alphonſo, from having always heard, during your proſperity, that never miniſtry was ſo glorious as your's, nor ever minister ſo loved and reſpected by a nation: the love of the people, therefore, and the glory you have acquired, ought to conſole you for your unjuſt diſgrace. Beſides, you have ſo many friends, who, no doubt, will all return as uſual, the moment you ſhall wiſh them ſo to do. Don Nugnez, Don Alvarez, and many others whom I have met, have all proteſted as much to me; ſeveral of them have even told me, that they have only ſeemed to abſent themſelves, the better to ſerve you in ſecret: add to which, you ſtill have an immenſe fortune, and an illuſtrious birth; and in ſpite of the ſnares of envy, will ever remain the firſt Peer of the realm.

You are deceived, Alphonſo, interrupted Don Ramirez; what are you ignorant, that the name of my father was abſolutely unknown?

I know it was, replied Alphonſo; but I alſo know, that the old titles which you have retraced in our family, make it equal to any in the kingdom. You yourſelf, my father, have deigned to read

read those precious proofs of honour, which are contained in the casket that is locked up in your cabinet.

Don Ramirez listened and sighed; he had had the ridiculous vanity to purchase a genealogy, and never sufficiently felt, till his disgrace, how superfluous, unworthy, and contemptible is such deceit. At last he saw what flattery till then had hidden, which was, that, except his son, every body knew his birth, and laughed at his silly pretensions. He wished to undeceive Alphonso, but could not resolve to confess a falsity which must make him appear so mean.

He was in this mournful perplexity and silence, when he was suddenly staggered, and saw Alphonso reel; the colour forsook his cheeks, and he rose; save yourself, my father, cried Alphonso, support yourself on my arm, follow——come——

So saying, he impetuously hurried his father away; at the same instant a thousand confused cries were heard; they ran towards the stair-case, and as they ran, the floor opened beneath the feet of Alphonso, who, that he might not drag his father down to destruction, quitted the arm of Don Ramirez, instantly sunk, and seemed buried in the ruins.

Alphonso

Alphonſo had the good fortune, however, to be only ſlightly wounded; he roſe, and found himſelf in his father's cabinet: amongſt the rubbiſh which ſurrounded him, were two caſkets, one containing the jewels of his father, the other, the ſo much vaunted genealogy. Alphonſo did not heſitate, willing to ſave, amidſt this dreadful diſaſter, that which appeared to him moſt precious, he ſeized the box of titles, and fled into the garden; but recollecting the danger of his father, was determined, at the hazard of his life, again to enter the houſe, when he heard Don Ramirez calling him at the other end of the garden.

It was not without difficulty they rejoined each other; the earth on which they trod, like the ſea agitated by a violent tempeſt, roſe in mountains, or ſunk in dreadful vallies beneath Alphonſo's feet. His ear was ſtruck by a ſubteranean ſound, like the roaring of waves furiouſly breaking upon the rocks; he ſtaggered, fell, got up, and fell again, and unable to keep upon his feet, crept on all fours, with great difficulty, towards his father. He ſaw the earth open on all ſides, and forming gulphs, whence iſſued fire and flame, which roſe and vaniſhed in the air; the heavens became dark, the pale and livid lightning pierced through the black clouds that covered them, the deep thunders rolled, and Alphonſo beheld the bolts of heaven

ready to fall on his head, and hell opening beneath his feet.

Often when he imagined himſelf within a ſtep of his father, a new ſhock threw them at a diſtance; the ſweat ran down his face, his cloaths and hair were covered with ſand and duſt: yet, amidſt the ſcene of horrors, he never abandoned his dear caſket; he imagined Don Ramirez would receive it with tranſport: that idea ſuſtained his courage and his ſtrength. At laſt he rejoined his father, who received him with open arms, though with an aching heart. Oh my father! cried Alphonſo, look, I have ſaved the caſket.

The jewels! haſtily interrupted Don Ramirez.

No, no, replied Alphonſo, I knew better how to chuſe; it is your genealogy.

Don Ramirez, in dreadful conſternation, raiſed his eyes to heaven: I am juſtly puniſhed, ſaid he, for my ridiculous vanity. He could ſay no more, his tears interrupted his ſpeech. Alphonſo, too much prepoſſeſſed and agitated to comprehend the meaning of theſe words, continued in his former error, and thought only of ſaving his father. A moment's calm left them time to conſider the mournful objects that ſurrounded them.

They

They ſat down oppoſite their palace, now half deſtroyed: that magnificent palace, built within the laſt ten years, that palace ſo new, ſo rich, ſo admired, is now only a heap of ruins. Whoever had beheld the bare walls, the mouldered columns, the glaſsleſs windows, would have believed that time alone could have produced ſo terrible a revolution! Ages ſeemed neceſſary to deſtroy a monument built with ſo much ſolidity, and yet the fearful deſtruction is the work of a few minutes!

The garden too, that maſter-piece of art and nature, is now an unmeaning chaos of duſt, mud, and mouldered leaves. In the morning there was ſeen a ſuperb caſcade, where is it now? In the very ſpot where an artificial mount was raiſed, at a prodigious expence, gapes a dreadful gulph. What are become of the citron groves, the marble ſtatues, the vaſes of alabaſter and of porphyry? A few veſtiges ſtill remain, a few broken fragments, the reſt is ſwallowed up and loſt!

Don Ramirez looked at the ſurrounding diſſolution; he was ſitting near a little wood, that had riſen beneath his own eyes; the trees are all torn up by the roots, ſcattered here and there, buried or extended in the mire: thoſe trees, deſtined to ſurvive the hand that planted them, are torn from the boſom of the earth, with as much eaſe and

rapidity, as the verdure and yielding flowers that grew beneath their ſhade.

Oh! day of horrors! cried Don Ramirez aloud; loſt labours, treaſures interred in this place of terrors; why did not I make a better uſe of the money this building and this garden have coſt? But the earthquake is abated (2), let us endeavour to regain the ruins, let us ſave my diamonds if poſſible.

So ſaying, he aroſe, and at the ſame inſtant a new and dreadful ſhock extended him again upon the ground: the remaining walls tumbled, the rubbiſh was ingulfed, and the palace diſappeared; a whirlwind, and cloud of ſmoke and duſt roſe as it were at his feet; yet, amidſt this ſcene of deſolation, Don Ramirez perceived a moment after a band of hardened wretches, bearing lighted torches, and creeping towards the ruins of the palace, with an intent, before the laſt ſhock, to pillage (3).

Alphonſo wiſhed to puniſh ſuch unbridled villainy, and would have ruſhed upon them, had not his father caught and retained him in his arms. Oh! my ſon, ſaid Don Ramirez, bathing him with a deluge of tears, let us fly from this ſcene of horrid deſtruction; we are near the banks of the

the Tagus, let us ſeek ſhelter and ſafety on board the ſhips.

Alphonſo lent one arm to his father, held the caſket in the other, left the garden, and entered one of the public ſquares; the houſes were all in ruins, overthrown, or conſumed, by the flames of a general conflagration. After a thouſand fearful riſks, Don Ramirez and the young Alphonſo, at laſt, found protection on board a veſſel, commanded by the brave and generous Fernandes. The ſame Fernandes, who formerly had ſo much cauſe to complain of Don Ramirez, but who, in this time of public calamity, ſaw only in an ancient enemy, an unhappy man, to whom his aſſiſtance was become neceſſary. He ran to Don Ramirez, embraced and conſoled him; for compaſſion in great minds is ſo forcible and ſo delicate, that it can ſoften woes the moſt cruel. In the mean time, as Fernandes did not once bewail his own ſituation, Don Ramirez queſtioned him concerning it. You had, ſaid he, a great fortune, is it not all loſt in this dreadful day?

My houſe at Liſbon is conſumed.

The loſs is, no doubt, conſiderable.

No; the building was ſmall and ſimple.

Your jewels and diamonds; are they ſaved?

I had none.

You had a garden.

Yes; but far removed from Liſbon, where I paſſed the greateſt part of my time; it is in Alentejo (*a*).

I have heard of it, and hope to God the earthquake has not ravaged that province. Is your country-houſe a fine one?

No; but is convenient.

Have not you formed ſome advantageous eſtabliſhments there?

Some ſatisfactory ones; a manufactory, and a hoſpital. (Don Ramirez ſighed.)

Is your manufactory profitable?

Yes; it gives ſubſiſtence to a number of workmen, and defrays in part the expences at the hoſpital.

(*a*) A province of Portugal, between the Tagus and the Guadiana. Evora is the metropolis.

I ſee

I ſee you make a worthy uſe of your wealth; heaven preſerve it to you. It is, indeed, horrible, to be ruined with a benevolent heart, and to be obliged to relinquiſh ſuch honourable, ſuch glorious eſtabliſhments.

One ſhould find conſolation in the remembrance of the good one had formerly done.

Don Ramirez again fetched a profound ſigh, and bitterly regretted the uſe he had made of his fortune; his eyes at laſt were opened; but too late, alas! either for his glory or repoſe.

Thus totally ruined, Don Ramirez received from his ſovereign, thanks to the ſolicitations of the noble Fernandes, a ſmall penſion, though ſufficient to afford the means of ſubſiſtence. With this he determined to retire to the province of Beira, whither he departed with his ſon, and ſettled in an obſcure but pleaſant retreat, on the agreeable banks of the Mondego; but, followed by deep regret and inceſſant recollection, he found not the tranquillity he ſought.

Alphonſo, devoted to ambition, and nothing abated in preſumption and pride, conſoled himſelf for the loſs of fortune, by the hope, that in time, he ſhould eſtabliſh a more brilliant, and far more

ſolid one than what his father's had been. He formed a thouſand extravagant and chimerical projects, the abſurdity of which his ignorance and vanity did not ſuffer him to perceive: incapable of reflecting and employing his time in a uſeful and rational manner, he paſſed a great part of it in reading romances; theſe frivolous and dangerous books heated his imagination, and gave him falſe ideas of men and things.

Not far from the retreat he inhabited, was the famous Fountain of Love; a name it owed to two unfortunate lovers, who, in ancient times, often met on its brinks, drawn thither by an imprudent paſſion. There it was that Don Pedro, and the beautiful, the tender Ines, a thouſand times diſcourſed of their ſecret loves (*a*). Two antique palm-trees overſhaded the Fountain, united to each other by a flexible garland of vine branches and ivy. The water riſes impetuouſly from a majeſtic rock, returns in a caſcade, and forms upon a bed of ſhells, a large rivulet, which ſlowly winds, and gently murmurs among eternal verdures, ſhrubs of myrtle, of citron, and the laurel roſe.

(*a*) Such is the tradition. This fountain ſtill exiſts in Portugal, near the Mondego, and is called the Fountain of Love. Camoens, in his beautiful poem of the Luſiad, gives birth to this fountain, from the tears which the nymphs of the Mondego ſhed at the death of Ines.

Thither

Thither Alphonſo often went to read and ruminate. One morning, happening to go later than ordinary, he heard, as he drew near the Fountain, two perſons ſpeaking in an unknown tongue: in one of their voices Alphonſo found an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, which wonderfully excited his curioſity; he hid himſelf, with emotion, behind a myrtle buſh, through the branches of which he diſcovered an object moſt worthy of fixing his attention: a young nymph, for ſo ſhe ſeemed, ſcarce fifteen, of the moſt perfect beauty, was ſitting on the banks of the Fountain beſide a man, who appeared to be her father; to him ſhe was liſtening with the utmoſt attention, and by her looks it was evident, he was reciting ſome intereſting event.

As he proceeded, he often pointed to the palm-trees and the fountain, whence Alphonſo ſuppoſed he was relating the hiſtory of the unhappy Ines. The angelic liſtener had fixed her eyes upon the unknown relater, and kept a profound ſilence; but, from the expreſſion of her countenance, her thoughts might eaſily be divined; curioſity, fear, and pity, were ſucceſſively painted in her eyes; and with ſo much energy, that Alphonſo imagined himſelf was hearing a tale that ſhe was telling; he ſaw her tears, and wept with her the death of Ines. Preſently her eyes became ſuddenly dry,

her cheeks pale, and terror and indignation ſucceeded to pity. Alphonſo ſhuddered in ſympathy, deteſting the exceſs to which paſſion, and a deſire of vengeance, had carried the unfortunate Don Pedro.

The hiſtory of Ines is ended, and yet the ſtranger continues ſpeaking; no doubt he is making prudent reflections on the danger of the paſſions, and on the criminal and fatal imprudence of a young woman, who, without the conſent of her parents, dared to chuſe for and diſpoſe of herſelf.

The beauteous hearer ran to the arms of the ſtranger, with all the expreſſion of the ſtrongeſt feeling; then turned her gliſtening eyes towards that Fountain, which had formerly been a witneſs of the indiſcreet vows of love: ſhe ſighed, fell on her knees, raiſed her claſped and eager hands to heaven, and ſeemed to promiſe the author of her days an eternal obedience; her beauty in that attitude, had ſomething celeſtial and angelic.

Alphonſo could not contain his extatic tranſports; an exclamation eſcaped aloud, and fearing to be diſcovered, he haſtily fled from his hiding-place, full of the idea of what he had ſeen. He followed the firſt path he found, but preſently awaking from his dream, again returned towards the

the Fountain. The beauteous ſtranger was gone, and Alphonſo contemplated with grief the place where ſhe had ſat, and thought he ſtill ſaw her on her knees before her father. The next moment he remembers her abſence, his heart is oppreſſed, his eyes filled with tears, he is plunged into a profound and melancholy meditation, when ſuddenly he hears a cry of terror, which pierces him to the very heart.

He runs, he flies; but what does he behold! It is the ſtranger alone, pale, diſhevelled, and flying from a mad bull that purſues her. Alphonſo darts towards her, ſeizes her in his arms, and bears her off, at the very moment, when overcome by the exceſs of fear, ſhe was fallen, not ten paces from the furious animal.

Alphonſo, charged with a burthen ſo precious, rapidly turns aſide behind the palm-trees of the Fountain, and bears her ſenſeleſs in his arms in ſafety upon a high rock.

Here he perceived the father of the ſtranger running wild, and as ſoon as he ſaw his daughter in ſafety, bleſſing God and her deliverer. At the ſame inſtant the bull returned, and bent his courſe towards the father, who had not time to avoid him, or mount the rock. In vain did Alphonſo

ſtill hold his ſenſeleſs prize in one arm, and extend the other towards her father; the latter cried aloud to him in Portugueſe, not to abandon his daughter on that dangerous ſummit, and ran himſelf immediately behind one of the largeſt of the palm-trees of the Fountain.

The bull endeavoured to paſs between them; the paſſage was narrow, he was in full ſpeed, his body became fixed between the trees, and his head and horns entangled in the feſtoons of ivy and vine-trees. The ſtranger ſeized the moment, drew an etwee caſe from his pocket, opened it, took out a pin, and ran it in the back of the bull; but how great was the ſurprize of Alphonſo! when he heard the bull bellow dreadfully, ſaw him drop, ſtruggle to riſe, again fall down, and, after a few vain efforts, expire.

Nay now, but ſure, cried all the children at once, that is not poſſible.

Pardon me, ſaid Madame de Clémire, but it is.

What, mamma! cried Caroline, a bull killed by the prick of a pin!

Yes, my dear, it is very true.

Then

Then I hope you will not ſay, ſaid Pulcheria, I was ſo very wrong, to cry when the roſe thorns pricked my fingers.

That thorn was not quite ſo dangerous as the pin of the ſtranger.

Was it very long, mamma?

Much ſhorter than the pins with which I pin on my hat.

This ſeems incredible. Shall we find the explanation of this prodigy in your notes?

Aſſuredly.

That will be very curious.

Oh, I have many more things, far more aſtoniſhing, to tell you yet.

It is a delightful ſtory: do, dear mamma, have the goodneſs to go on, we will not interrupt you any more.

Alphonſo, declared Madame de Clémire, was not leſs ſurprized than you are at the ſudden death of the bull; amazement rendered him motionleſs, while

while the ſtranger aſcended the rock, and took his daughter in his arms, juſt as ſhe began to recover the uſe of her ſenſes and look round. Alphonſo was not an unfeeling witneſs of the pure joy teſtified by the father and daughter; the latter did not underſtand Portugueſe, therefore could not thank Alphonſo; but ſhe related to her father, in a few words, the dreadful danger from which ſhe had been delivered.

The ſtranger teſtified a lively ſenſe of gratitude towards the generous protector of his dear Dalinda, for that was the name of his lovely daughter; and while he ſpoke, Dalinda caſt a tender glance at Alphonſo, ſtill more expreſſive than the thanks of her father. Alphonſo, penetrated and enraptured, endeavoured to prolong a converſation ſo ſweet, by queſtioning the ſtranger, concerning the manner in which he had been ſeparated from his daughter; he replied, that he had been culling ſimples; that Dalinda, occupied after the ſame manner, was at ſome diſtance from him, but not out of ſight; that lifting up his head, he had ſeen her running with incredible ſwitneſs; that ſhe had already got above ſix hundred yards from him, and that at the ſame moment he perceived the bull purſuing her; that he ran after her with all his power, but had ſtumbled over the trunk of an old tree and fallen.

Having

Having finiſhed his recital, Alphonſo aſked if he intended to ſtay long in Portugal? No, anſwered the ſtranger, we ſet off immediately for Spain, being deſirous of ſeeing as much of that kingdom as poſſible. This intelligence threw Alphonſo into the utmoſt conſternation; he hung down his head, and was mournfully ſilent; the ſtranger, after again repeating his thanks and gratitude in the moſt affectionate terms, roſe, took his leave, and diſappeared with Dalinda.

Alphonſo remained, ſome time, petrified, and ſcarcely ſeeming to breathe; at laſt, coming to himſelf, he flung impetuouſly from the fountain, and flew to find the ſtranger once again, to aſk him a thouſand queſtions, and eſpecially to enquire what was his name, and what his country. He wondered how it was poſſible he could have let him depart, without firſt gaining ſuch intereſting information. He ran here and there, like a madman, but all his ſearches were in vain.

Overcome with fatigue and deſpair, he returned once more to the Fountain. As he drew near, he ſaw ſomething ſhining in the path, and approaching, found it was a large blue ribband, embroidered with gold; his heart beat, he knew it to be the ſcarfe of Dalinda. It was in that very place that Dalinda, overcome with terror, had fallen

fallen ſenſeleſs; and there it was that Alphonſo, raiſing her in his arms, had untied the ribband that girded her waiſt.

Alphonſo affected, ſtooped with tranſport and reſpect, to take up a ribband ſo precious; the ſaſh of Dalinda was the ceſtus of innocence, and the girdle of the graces. He ſighed, and vowed for ever to preſerve a pledge ſo dear to his heart, which he had thus acquired by chance. In the mean time the hours glided away, Alphonſo could not tear himſelf from the Fountain; and night and darkneſs had ſurpriſed him, ſtill plunged in his revery, if Don Ramirez had not come to ſearch for him himſelf.

Don Ramirez had never taken any part in his ſon's education; had never aſked, nor ever poſſeſſed his confidence. Alphonſo did not mention his adventure to him; but, on the contrary, carefully concealed the thoughts and emotions of his ſoul. Devoted to the romantic ideas which ſeduced his imagination, he had only one pleaſure, that of paſſing his hours at the Fountain, where he firſt beheld Dalinda; there every thing recalled the object, which reaſon ought to have eraſed from his memory; here Dalinda, at the knees of her father, was retraced in his fancy; here, in his fixed thoughts, ſhe ſtill lived in all her bloom of beauty, adorned with

with every charm of innocence and virtue; near this ſhrubbery, Dalinda owed to him her life; upon that rock ſhe opened her eyes, and caſt a look of ſweet thankfulneſs upon Alphonſo; beneath theſe palm-trees did ſhe ſit, and that clear water once reflected her ſeraphic form.

Thus did Alphonſo conſume his days, in vain regrets upon the dangerous brink of this fatal ſpring. Such does fable paint the wretched Narciſſus, a feeble victim of inſenſate love; and ſo did Alphonſo, pale, dejected, without force, without courage, fix his eyes, drowned in his tears, upon the Fountain of Love. The Echoes of this ſolitary place, which anciently ſo often reſounded with the name of Ines, repeat at preſent only that of Dalinda. Dalinda is carved upon every tree, even on the very palm-trees, on which formerly Ines alone was read. Alphonſo ſung to his guittar the verſes he had written on Dalinda, and engraved upon the rocks the rhymes that love and melancholy dictated.

Theſe romantic follies totally occupied him for ſome time: but as the pleaſures which reaſon diſapproves are never durable, his imagination cooled by degrees, and weariſome diſguſt ſucceeded enthuſiaſm; his ſongs and complaints began to ceaſe, the Echoes of the Fountain became mute, and

and the trees, the ſtreams, and verdure, no longer could inſpire him with poetry and profound reveries.

Don Ramirez obſerved the alteration of body and mind which had happened to his ſon; he queſtioned him, and Alphonſo confeſſed himſelf diſſatisfied, and conſumed with *ennui*. He had not forgot, that the ſtranger told him he ſhould remain ſome time in Spain; and Alphonſo added, he ardently deſired to travel through, and become acquainted with that country. Don Ramirez, who, for his own part, had none of thoſe reſources in himſelf, which make men fond of ſolitude, gladly ſeized this propoſition, and two days after they departed for Spain. After traverſing the province of Tralos-Montes, they entered Spain by Galicia; they then travelled through the northern part of Spain, the Aſturias, Biſcaye, Navarre, Arragon, and arrived at laſt in Catalonia (4).

Alphonſo's paſſion for Dalinda was relumined by this voyage; the hope and the deſire of once more finding her, acquired new force from thoughts, which an enthuſiaſtic imagination had at firſt produced. He was impatient to arrive at Madrid, thinking he could not fail to meet her in this metropolis; but Don Ramirez would abſolutely

lately remain ſome time in Catalonia, in order to viſit the famous Mont-Serrat; this mountain, compoſed of ſteep rocks, is ſo high, that, when arrived on it's ſummit, the neighbouring mountains that ſurround it, ſeem ſo diminiſhed, as to look little more than mole-hills; and the views from thence are the moſt majeſtic and extenſive poſſible (*a*).

At the foot of one of theſe ſolitary rocks is an antique monaſtery (*b*). "But the moſt intereſting part of the mountain is the deſert, in which "are ſeveral hermitages, affecting aſylums in the "eyes of true philoſophy; each of theſe retreats "contain a chapel, a cell, a ſmall garden, and "a well, dug in the rock. The Hermits, who "inhabit them, are moſt of them gentlemen, "who, diſguſted with the world, come to this "place of tranquillity and reſt, and give themſelves up entirely to meditation (*c*)."

(*a*) It is ſaid you may ſee the iſlands of Majorca and Minorca from this place, which are more than ſixty leagues diſtant. See *Nouveau Voyage en Eſpagne*, Tom. I.

(*b*) Saint Ignatius there devoted himſelf to penance, and there formed the deſign of founding the Society of Jeſuits.

(*c*) See the work laſt cited, Tom. I.

At

At break of day, Don Ramirez and his ſon began to aſcend Mont-Serrat; the aſpect of the mountain, might well have made them renounce their deſign; it's prodigious elevation, and the enormous and craggy rocks, which projected on every ſide, promiſed no agreeable walk; but in traverſing theſe menacing ſteeps, delicious vallies, meadows enamelled with a thouſand flowers, thickets formed by the ſimple hand of nature, and caſcades, which throw themſelves from the white and ſtoney ridges with animating tumult, give a thouſand varieties, and embelliſh this ſolitude, which is become the fortunate refuge of peace and virtue (5).

Don Ramirez in entering the deſert, met one of theſe Hermits reading as he walked. He was ſtruck by his noble and venerable figure; he paſſed near them, and as Don Ramirez was ſpeaking with his ſon, the Hermit hearing the Portugueze tongue, took his eyes from his book, and approached the ſtrangers. He told Don Ramirez, how happy he was once more to meet a countryman, and invited them both to reſt a while in his hermitage. The propoſition was gratefully accepted, and the venerable Recluſe brought them vegetables and fruits.

After the repaſt, Alphonſo, deſirous of continuing his walk, left them, telling his father he would

would wait for him in the desert. The old man led Don Ramirez to his garden, and there they sat themselves down beside a gentle water-fall, upon a rock overgrown with moss.

Don Ramirez, then addressing himself to the Hermit, said, what revolution, what cruel reverse of fortune, my father, can have torn you from our native country, and fixed you in this desert? It is easy to see by your manners, you were not born to end your days in a wilderness like this.

No, replied the Hermit, it has been my misfortune to know the world and the Court.

These words inspired Don Ramirez with the most ardent curiosity, which the Hermit consented to satisfy.

It imports you but little, said he, to know my name: I have been twelve years an inhabitant of this mountain. By this time they believe in Portugal that I am dead. I have devoted myself to oblivion, therefore I will not speak of my family, but in as few words as possible, relate my deplorable story.

Madame de Clémire was continuing to read, but the Baronness gave the signal of retreat; in vain

vain were ſeveral voices at once heard, entreating for one quarter of an hour more; the rule was abſolute.

The following evening Madame de Clémire again opened her manuſcript, and ſaid, we left off yeſterday, where the Hermit was going to recount his hiſtory. Don Ramirez liſtened; the Hermit ſighed, and thus he ſaid,

"My family is one of the moſt ancient in all "Portugal. I received a good education, in- "herited a tolerable fortune, and by my ſucceſs "in war, obtained the eſteem and benefactions of "my Sovereign, married a woman whom I "loved, became a father, and of courſe perfectly "happy.

"Such was my ſituation when the late King "died. This event deprived me of a beloved "maſter, a protector, and a father; for to a "faithful ſubject a good King is all theſe. I re- "tired from court to an eſtate in the country, "and dedicated my time ſolely to the education "of my ſon. This ſon, the object of a moſt "tender affection, was ſuperior even to my "hopes.

"As

" As ſoon as he was of an age proper to ap-
" pear at court, I entruſted him to the care of a
" relation, ſent him to Liſbon, and remained in
" my country ſolitude. I was now, for the firſt
" time, ſeparated from my ſon, and yet never was
" happier. I imagined his future ſucceſs, and
" indulged the fondeſt hopes of his future fame.
" ——Hope, though the moſt uncertain, the
" moſt deceitful, is yet, perhaps, the greateſt of
" bleſſings, and which the heart of a father only
" can properly eſtimate. When our own in-
" tereſt produces the flattering illuſion, it is mo-
" derated, enfeebled, or, perhaps, diſpelled by
" fear; but what father ever yet preſcribed bounds
" to the hopes he conceived of his ſon? Alas! I
" thought to have beheld ſome of mine realized!

" My ſon ſet out with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs.
" His name, his family, my ſervices, which his
" preſence brought again to remembrance, but
" eſpecially his underſtanding, good temper,
" and accompliſhments, obtained that reſpect at
" Court, which the jealouſy of courtiers looked
" upon as the beginning of favour.

" He ſaw a young lady of Liſbon, who, in
" addition to perſonal attraction, talents, and
" virtue, was of a noble family and large fortune.
" My ſon aſpired to her hand, I approved his

" choice, and this attachment, authorized by my " approbation, fixed the ſhort deſtiny of his life. " Her parents conſented to a union, by which his " happineſs would be enſured, but on condition " that he obtained a place at Court. My ſon " aſked a place, and he was promiſed one in " three months; it was only required he ſhould " keep his ſucceſs a ſecret, for reaſons aſſigned, " till the moment of actual poſſeſſion; with per- " miſſion, however, to inform the parents of his " miſtreſs of the event, which he inſtantly did.

" He was accordingly preſented to the young " lady as her future huſband, and ſhe at this in- " terview, thus authorized, confeſſed an affection " for him, which crowned his felicity.

" As the marriage was of courſe deferred, till " the period when he ſhould be in actual enjoy- " ment of his promiſed place, he tore himſelf " from Liſbon, and came to tell me all his hap- " pineſs. I had then the pleaſure to hold in " my arms, and preſs to my boſom, the child whom " I ſo dearly loved, and whom I conſidered as at " the height of all his wiſhes. Alas! while I " ſuppoſed myſelf the moſt fortunate of fathers, " a Barbarian, a Monſter, was forming the black " plot, which at once deprived me of wife and " ſon.

" My

" My ſon's natural candour, prevented him " from ſuſpecting the probity of a traitor, who " only wiſhed his confidence, that he might ruin " him with greater certainty. This wretch, who " had been dragged from obſcurity, by the caprice " of his Sovereign, imagined he beheld in him " a dangerous rival; but, diſſembling his jealouſy, " he ſought, and ſoon obtained the friendſhip of " the unſuſpecting youth."

Don Ramirez was greatly diſturbed at this part of the Hermit's recital, but the old man perceived not his emotion, and continued his ſtory.

" When my ſon ſolicited the place of which " he was ſo deſirous, he truſted the ſecret to that " abominable man, who not having, juſt at that " inſtant, the power to injure him, pretended to " ſecond his requeſt and participate his joy; but " the abſence of my ſon, gave him an opportunity " to exerciſe his fiend-like malignancy. He knew " his own aſcendency over the King; he calum- " niated my ſon, and inſpired a young and in- " experienced Prince with falſe fears; the gift " was revoked, the place given to a creature of " this unworthy favourite, and my ſon exiled the " Court. By his Majeſty's order, I was firſt in- " formed of this terrible calamity, which forbid my " ſon to quit his country-ſeat; and my ſon, at the

" ſame time, received a letter from the young " lady he loved, which contained theſe few words:

" You have moſt unworthily deceived us; we " know, from the beſt authority, the place now " diſpoſed of, was never promiſed you; forget, " therefore, the name of one, who will never for- " give herſelf for having once eſteemed you.

" After having read this fatal billet, my ſon " exclaimed, Thus then I have loſt the woman I " loved, and am diſhonoured! In ſaying this, " his knees violently knocked together, the blood " forſook his face, and he dropped into my arms. " He was taken to bed, whence he never roſe; " a violent fever for ever deprived me of him in " leſs than a week. Oh horrible remembrance! " Oh moſt unfortunate father!

" His unhappy mother, a witneſs of the vio- " lent emotions of her ſon, ſeemed equally ſtruck; " her reaſon became diſordered, in a few hours " ſhe loſt the uſe of it, yet appeared ſenſible of " her afflictions, and at laſt, a victim to maternal " love, ſunk into the ſame grave with her ſon.

" Condemned to live, I ſupported life only by " the hope of vengeance. Oh thou! cried I, " Sovereign Arbitrator of the fate of miſerable " mortals!

" mortals! Being Supreme! whoſe heavy hand " has fallen upon me! deign, at leaſt, from the " bottom of that abyſs in which thy wrath " has plunged me, deign to hear the cries " of my deſpair! The voice of the oppreſſed can " reach thee, and never haſt thou rejected his " prayer. I aſpire not to happineſs, that is for " ever loſt; 'tis vengenance I aſk, 'tis juſtice I " implore. May the perfidious wretch, whoſe " infernal arts have robbed me of my wife and " ſon, loſe at once fortune and favour. He is a " father; let him weep bitterneſs, like me, and " may he, above all, be unhappy in his ſon!"

The Hermit ſtopped, he ſaw Don Ramirez look wildly round, and riſe from his ſeat. You tremble, ſaid he; my exceſs of hatred, and deſire of revenge, has made you afraid of hearing the remainder of my ſtory; but fear not, I have nothing farther of tragic to tell. Heaven converted my heart; I ſoon abhorred the revenge which religion condemns.

Don Ramirez again moved, without anſwering; and, after a few minutes, aſtoniſhment and terror made him motionleſs; then ſuddenly ſtarting—— Where am I! cried he; in what aſylum!

What is the meaning, ſir, ſaid the Hermit, of the fearful agitation in which I ſee you? What imprudence have I been guilty of? Is my perſecutor known to you? Is he your friend?

This Perſecutor! this Barbarian! this Monſter! was Ramirez!

It was, ſir, I confeſs it; he was the author of all my miſery.

This Ramirez! this——

Repeat not that dreadful name, ſir, I ſhudder when I hear it.

Unhappy Alvarez! Learn, at leaſt, heaven has puniſhed your enemy.

What ſay you? Does he no longer govern Portugal?

Ruined, ſtripped, without relations, without friends, he has little left but vain regret, and never ending remorſe!

Does he ſuffer! I am ſorry!

Sorry! Is it poſſible?

Doubt

Doubt it not. But wherefore do you weep, ſir? What ray of light breaks upon my mind! Oh God! Can it be?

Yes!——I am that wretch, cried Don Ramirez, caſting himſelf at the Hermit's feet, who, penetrated with involuntary horror, drew back. Oh! reverend father, continued Don Ramirez, following on his knees, and ſeizing his veſt, Stop, hear me, holy man! I own I have merited thy hatred; no words can expreſs the horror with which my preſence ought to inſpire thee, but remember I now am unfortunate. And yet I have a ſon, who might conſole, might——Oh! ceaſe, holy father! to curſe me! Ceaſe to pray my ſon may make me more miſerable!

Oh God! cried the Hermit; Don Ramirez! in this place! beneath this poor roof! a ſuppliant at my feet, and giving me the ſacred title of father! a title formerly my greateſt glory and my bliſs! a title which he robbed me of!——Yet——fear nothing, ſaid he, caſting a look of compaſſion on Don Ramirez, I again repeat it, hatred has long been baniſhed this boſom. Thou calleſt thyſelf unhappy; complaineſt of fortune! Art thou perſecuted? Art thou proſcribed? Speak——This grotto ſhall become thy place of refuge; in partaking it with thee, I ſhall obſerve the holy rites

of hoſpitality. Fear no unworthy reproaches; if my ſuccour be neceſſary to thee, thou ſhalt find in me only the father and the friend.

Oh! greatneſs of ſoul, which confounds me! exclaimed Don Ramirez. Can man then raiſe ſelf to ſo ſublime a degree of virtue?

No, Ramirez, anſwered the Hermit; ſeek not for that generoſity in the heart of man, which is not in nature; admire not the feeble Alvarez, but acknowledge and adore the high hand of heaven.

Thus ſaying, he held out his arms, and advanced to embrace Don Ramirez, whoſe tears bedewed the boſom of the virtuous old man; that boſom, which formerly he had ſo cruelly torn.

A quarter of an hour after this reconciliation, Alphonſo returned to the Hermitage. Don Ramirez took his leave of the Hermit, and quitted the mountain, bearing with him remorſe the moſt grievous, and apprehenſions the moſt fearful; he could not remove from his mind, the malediction ſo ſolemnly pronounced againſt him by Alvarez; he ſaw it's effect already in the loſs of his fortune; and notwithſtanding the generous pardon he had received, he felt himſelf too guilty not to dread the

the wrath of heaven, and it's juſtice towards the injured Alvarez. Alas! cried Ramirez, in his height of anguiſh, he remitted vengeance to the arm of God! Such vengeance muſt be terrible! Oh my ſon! thou art to become the inſtrument of my puniſhment; Alphonſo muſt chaſtiſe his father; he is the avenger of Alvarez!

Full of theſe melancholy thoughts, Don Ramirez became abſent, ſilent, and gloomy; often as he looked at his ſon, would the tears ruſh to his eyes; a vague dread would come over him, and an inexplicable terror ſeize his heart. He no longer felt the happineſs of being a father.

They left Catalonia, after having viſited Tarragona and Tortoſa (6), and went to Madrid, where Alphonſo vainly hoped once more to meet Dalinda. He learnt, however, from the deſcription he gave of her ſhe had been there; that her father was a Swede, his name Theliſmar; that he intended to remain ſome time in Spain, and that he had taken the route to Grenada.

This intelligence, which he had been careful to procure unknown to his father, gave him an ardent deſire to go to Grenada; and Don Ramirez, who every where carried his inquietude with him, readily

conſented to leave Madrid ſooner than he had intended.

They went firſt to Toledo, where they ſaw the Alcazar, or ancient Mooriſh Palace (*a*); the architecture of which, is a mixture of the Roman, Gothic and Moriſcan. What they moſt admired in this palace, was an hoſpital for the poor of the city and it's environs, eſtabliſhed by the Archbiſhop of Toledo. This hoſpital contains manufactories and drawing-ſchools. They educate about two hundred children, to whom they give a habit of labour, and a love of virtue. Old men and women likewiſe find an aſylum in this ancient palace, thus conſecrated by religion to ſuffering humanity (7).

After a ſhort ſtay at Toledo, our travellers went to Cordova, in their route to which they croſſed the Siena-Morena (*b*), a wild and uncultivated tract of land, which the active and beneficent genius of a ſingle individual (8), has ſince metamorphoſed into an habitable and agreeable country.

(*a*) There is alſo an Alcazar or Moriſcan Palace at Seville, but not ſo beautiful as that at Toledo.

(*b*) A long chain of mountains ſo called, for that being covered over with roſemary, holly, and other ever-greens, it appears black at a diſtance.

Cordova

Cordova is built upon the borders of the Guadalquivir, and is overlooked by a chain of mountains, continually covered with verdure, which are a part of the Siena-Morena. This city, formerly ſo famous, retains little of it's ancient grandeur, except a large extent of ruins, and a ſuperb Moſque, built by Abderama (9).

Don Ramirez ſtaid three days at Cordova, and continued his journey. Alphonſo ſaw not the walls of Grenada without emotion (10); he flattered himſelf he ſhould find Dalinda in that city, but he did not long preſerve that hope. Notwithſtanding the cares of love, he was forcibly ſtruck with the delightful ſituation of Grenada, the beauty of its buildings (11), and the antique and curious monuments, the remains of which, at every ſtep, recall the remembrance of Mooriſh magnificence. Alphonſo viſited with rapture the Alhambra and Generalif, and amuſed himſelf in places full of inſcriptions and verſes, which retraced to his memory the ancient gallantry of Grenada's Kings, the misfortunes of the Abencerages, the perſecutions and triumph of a virtuous Queen (12), and all the marvellous adventures with which hiſtory and romance abound.

Alphonſo, however, more and more uneaſy about Dalinda and her father, ſoon learnt they had

left Grenada almoſt a fortnight, and were gone to Cadiz; and that they talked of ſtaying there ſix weeks, and afterwards of embarking for the coaſt of Africa. This news afflicted him much; he endeavoured not to perſuade his father to go thither, for Don Ramirez had declared Grenada ſhould be the laſt place he would wander to, and that he would afterwards return to Portugal.

The deſire of travelling, of finding Dalinda, the hope of making a great fortune, ambition, love, and eſpecially, pride, idleneſs, and curioſity, inſpired the culpable Alphonſo, with the imprudent and cruel reſolution of ſecretly flying to Cadiz, and abandoning his father. He felt great uneaſineſs in coming to this determination, but he ſuppreſſed ſuch ſalutary remorſe which he could not help feeling, and employed all his powers to find ſpecious reaſons that might excuſe, and even dignify this criminal act.

My father, ſaid he, has loſt his fortune; he has only a ſmall penſion, not ſufficient for both of us; in taking half his expence away, I ſhall double his income. I feel I am a charge to him; I even perceive my company is not ſo agreeable to him as formerly; he is become penſive and ſilent, my converſation fatigues, and my preſence lays him under reſtraint. Beſides, in ſeeking to diſtinguiſh

myſelf, and emerge from obſcurity, is it not for him I labour; if I can procure wealth, to him ſhall it be dedicated. My abſence may give him ſome uneaſineſs for a time, but my return will enſure his felicity.

Such were the reflexions of Alphonſo, who ſighed while thus he reaſoned, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears. Had he conſulted his heart, duty, honour, and reaſon would ſoon have reſumed their functions; but he endeavoured to deceive himſelf and he ſucceeded; without the power, however, of totally ſtifling the voice of conſcience.

He had taken care to ſeduce one of the ſervants into his deſign, and had conſulted with him on the means of flight. It was agreed that Alphonſo ſhould go off in the evening; that the ſervant ſhould wait for him at the city gate with two horſes, on which they ſhould ride without ſtopping as far as Loxe, to which place the ſervant knew the road.

Alphonſo had no money. Certain jewels, which he happened to have about him on the day of the earthquake had been ſaved, all of which his father had ſold, except two diamond rings which he had given his ſon. One of theſe Al-

phonſo privately ſold for four hundred piaſtres (about ſeventy guineas,) which he thought a ſum ſufficient to make the tour of the world if he pleaſed.

The day fixed for his flight he pretended a violent head-ache, in order to conceal his own anxiety, and induce Don Ramirez to go betimes to bed. Accordingly, about eight o'clock, his father retired. Alphonſo's heart was ready to burſt when he bade him good night, and he ran and ſhut himſelf in his chamber, whither he was purſued by his remorſe.

Bathed in tears, he writ to his father, to inform him of the motives of his flight, without mentioning what route he ſhould take, or his paſſion for Dalinda. He ſealed the letter, and left it on the table, that his father might find it on the morrow; then wrapping himſelf in a country-man's cloak, he put on thick-ſoled clouted ſhoes, took a ſtaff in his hand, with his purſe, and a pocket-book that contained his other ring, and Dalinda's ſaſh properly concealed, opened a window, leaped into a court-yard, and went out of a private door, of which he had procured the key. He paſſed haſtily along the ſtreets, got through the city gate by means of his country diſguiſe, found his ſervant waiting a little way out of town, mounted

mounted his horſe, followed his guide, and proceeded towards Cadiz.

The darkneſs of the night would not permit him to travel as faſt as he wiſhed, while the fear of being purſued, the grief of leaving his father, his inquietude, remorſe, and repentance, all ſtung him to the heart, and inſpired him with a certain inſurmountable terror, which was doubly increaſed by the blackneſs of night.

He had quitted Grenada about two hours, when he was awakened from his gloomy revery by a moſt ſurpriſing phænomenon, ſurrounded as it were by the deep, the profound obſcurity of night, darkneſs in an inſtant diſappeared, and light, the moſt radiant, dazzled the aſtoniſhed eyes of Alphonſo. He raiſed his head amazed, and beheld a globe of brighteſt fire in the heavens, precipitating itſelf ſome what horizontally towards earth, and augmenting as it fell. It exhibited a thouſand dazzling colours, and left a long train of light that marked it's path in the atmoſphere. Having traverſed a part of the horizon, it began to riſe again by degrees, and ſhot forth on all ſides ſparks, and blazing ſheaves, that ſeemed like vaſt artificial fire-works. At length, the enormous ball opened, and ſent forth two kind of volcanos, which formed into two prodigious rain-

bows;

bows, the one of which vaniſhed in the north, the other in the ſouth; the firey globe became extinct, and the moſt impenetrable darkneſs inſtantly ſucceeded to day-light the moſt fervent (13).

Alphonſo was forcibly and irreſiſtibly alarmed by this prodigy. All uncommon accidents are ill omens to a troubled conſcience. This was highly ſo to him; his grief and doubts were doubled, he increaſed his pace to get rid of his fears, and galloped the reſt of the night without ſtopping.

At day-break his Valet perceived they had loſt their way, and had ſtruck into a croſs road. Alphonſo looked round, and ſaw a barren mountainous country covered with rocks. Unable to diſcover any beaten track, he alighted, tied his horſe to a tree, and followed by his Valet, went towards one of the higheſt and neareſt rocks, hoping to diſcover from it's ſummit the town of Loxe, from which he imagined they could not be far diſtant.

Obſerve, his country ſhoes were clouted with hob-nails all over; and his ſtaff, being a Peaſant's, had a thick iron-ferrule at the end.

Scarcely had Alphonſo proceeded twenty paces upon the rock he meant to aſcend, when he felt his feet fixed to the ſtone! he could not lift! he could

could not ſtir them! and his ſtaff too heavy to move, ſtood upright, and ſeemed to take root on this fatal rock! (14)

Oh, my father! cried he, heaven has undertaken to puniſh my ingratitude by a new, an unheard of miracle.

He could ſay no more. Remorſe, aſtoniſhment, terror overwhelmed him; took away what little ſtrength he had left, made him immoveable and mute, cauſed his hair to ſtand erect, and ſpread a death-like paleneſs upon his cheeks.

Oh dear, mamma! cried Pulcheria, is he changed to a ſtatue?

Not entirely, anſwered Madame de Clémire ſmiling; though he himſelf dreaded he was, for that idea ſtruck him as well as you.

And well it might, mamma. That inviſible power that fixed him to the rock, might make him expect worſe.

However, my dear, that inviſible power was not ſupernatural. You remember I told you, the ſeeming marvellous in my ſtory ſhould all be true,

And

And yet the globe of fire, and the fatal rock, appear ſo extraordinary! But tell us, dear mamma, what became of poor Alphonſo?)

He remained petrified with terror in the ſituation I have deſcribed, when the ſky became covered with clouds, the winds howled in the air, and the rain began to ſhower. But how was the terror, how was the horror of Alphonſo increaſed, when he beheld that dreadful rain! When he ſaw, what he thought millions of huge round drops of blood, inſtantly cover the white rocks that ſurrounded him; felt them run in ſtreams from his face, hands, and all parts of his body, and viewed rivers of blood deſcend on all ſides to the green vallies! (15)

Uncommon terror gave uncommon ſtrength. Alphonſo quitted his ſtaff, which remained erect, planted on the rock, and with violent efforts wrenched his feet from the adheſive ſtone, and fell almoſt ſenſeleſs on the ſand.

His Valet ſoon after, ſhocked with the miraculous ſhower, came running, and aſſiſted his maſter. He had been ſeeking a track which he had diſcovered, and, as ſoon as they could ſufficiently recover their ſtrength and recollection, they once more,

more mounted their horſes, and left this ſcene of horrors.

Arrived at Loxe, he ſtaid two or three hours to recover, then ordered mules and a guide, and purſued his journey. He croſſed Mount Oreſpeda (16), paſſed the ancient city of Antequerra, and did not ſtop till he came to Malaga. He arrived without any remarkable accident at Cadiz (*a*), and put up at the firſt inn he came to.

As he was going up ſtairs he heard a female ſinging, and accompanied by the harp. Alphonſo trembled, and guided by the ſound, approached the door of the apartment whence it iſſued. It was ſure an Angel ſinging, and the harmony was heavenly! He could not miſtake the voice, it went to his heart. Delighted, raviſhed, aſtoniſhed, he haſtily deſcended the ſtairs, enquired for the maſter of the houſe, queſtioned him, and learnt his heart had not deceived him. Dalinda and Theliſma inhabited the houſe whither he had been conducted by chance.

Tranſported with the diſcovery, he went into the court-yard, found which were the windows of his

(*a*) In going to Cadiz, it is neceſſary to take a boat at Port-Sancta-Maria, a pretty town two leagues from Gadiz. The paſſage is dangerous, and the boats are frequently loſt.

Love,

Love, and then went and locked himself in his own room, that he might enjoy his unexpected felicity without reſtraint.

In the afternoon he ſent for a guittar, and in the evening, after ſupper, planting himſelf under Dalinda's window, with a trembling hand he ventured to ſtrike a few arpeggios. The window opened, and fearing to be overheard by Theliſmar, who underſtood Portugueze, Alphonſo durſt not ſing the verſes he had written on Dalinda at the Fountain of Love; but, in timid accents, and an irreſolute voice, he ſung the Torments of Abſence.

In about a quarter of an hour the window was ſhut, and on the morrow Alphonſo again began to ſing, but in vain, it opened no more: and this rigour afflicted him as deeply, as though it had deſtroyed hopes that had ſome foundation.

Alphonſo formed a thouſand projects relative to his paſſion, and executed none of them. He ardently longed once more to ſee Dalinda, but never could determine to preſent himſelf as an adventurer. His intention, when he left his father, was to offer himſelf as a companion to Theliſmar during his travels, not doubting but his knowledge and talents would make this propoſition very acceptable; and

and ſuppoſing, likewiſe, that gratitude, for having ſaved the life of Dalinda, would put his reception out of doubt.

When paſſion forms projects, it is blind to all obſtacles, will hear no objections; but fearing all reaſons which may deter it from what it is previouſly determined to do, it never diſcovers it's own folly and imprudence till they are paſt remedy.

Full of fear, incertitude, and heſitation, Alphonſo could reſolve upon nothing. He had carefully concealed himſelf from Dalinda and her father, when one night he was informed that Theliſmar had prepared every thing for his departure, and that he was to go on board the *Intrepid* at break of day, which veſſel was to carry him to Ceuta (*a*).

This intelligence determined the irreſolute Alphonſo; he ſold his remaining ring, went to the captain of the ſhip, obtained his paſſage, got on board before day-break, and took poſſeſſion of his little cabin. He had not been there a quarter of an hour, before he heard the voice of Theliſmar,

(*a*) A town in Africa, oppoſite Gibraltar. John, King of Portugal, took it from the Moors; after which it belonged to the Spaniards, to whom it was ceded by the treaty of Liſbon in 1668.

and

and presently afterwards the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail.

Before dinner-time, when the passengers must meet at the Captain's table, Alphonso collected force enough to desire a moment's audience of Thelismar, which was immediately granted; and with an anxiety and agitation impossible to paint, he entered the cabin. Thelismar was alone, and turning his head at the creaking of the door, he beheld Alphonso. He could not forget the deliverer of his daughter; he instantly rose, ran to Alphonso, and embraced him with all the warmth of the most tender friendship.

Transported with joy, Alphonso felt hope spring in his heart! He answered the questions of Thelismar, however, with more embarrassment than truth. Afraid to confess his faults, my father, said he, had formerly an immense fortune; but now, with barely what is necessary, he lives retired on the peaceful banks of the Mondego. He approves my desire to travel, and hopes, with the education he has bestowed on me, I may become known and acquire fame, and——

What is your age? And what are your projects in quitting your country and your father?

I knew,

I knew, ſir, you were in Spain, heard you intended to go to Africa, and flattered myſelf you would permit me to follow you as a companion in your travels.

You were not deceived in me; I mean to traverſe a great part of the known world; if you will be the aſſociate of my labours, I joyfully conſent.

Here Alphonſo, at the height of his hopes, embraced Theliſmar with tranſport, and ſwore never to forſake him.

But, continued Theliſmar, my travels will not end in leſs than three or four years at ſooneſt, how do you know your father will conſent to this long abſence?

Oh I am very certain——

Well, if you love ſtudy, if, as I have no doubt, you poſſeſs noble and virtuous ſentiments, you ſhall find in me a faithful friend, and a ſecond father, happy, too happy, if by my cares and affection I may ſhew a part of my gratitude. Dalinda owes her life to you, and your empire over me is abſolute.

Alphonſo

Alphonſo bluſhed at the name of Dalinda, and too much affected to reply, was ſilent.

I have need, added Theliſmar, of conſolation, and hope to find it in your friendſhip.

Of conſolation! Are you then unhappy?

I am ſeparated, and for four years, from objects the deareſt to my heart! from my wife and daughter!

From Dalinda!——

Yes. I durſt not expoſe her to the fatigues and dangers I ſhall undergo. We travelled through a great part of Europe together, I parted from her at Cadiz, and while we are riding towards the African coaſt, ſhe is returning with her mother into Sweden.

Oh heaven! cried Alphonſo in anguiſh; Africa and Sweden! What immenſe! what dreadful diſtance between her and——you! How I pity you!——

Alphonſo could no longer reſtrain his tears, and the converſation being interrupted by the entrance of the Captain, Alphonſo went into his cabin to hide

hide and aſſuage the agitation of his heart. In deſpair to think he muſt be four years abſent from Dalinda, he yet was in ſome meaſure conſoled by the friendſhip of her father; and he determined to neglect nothing, by which it might be confirmed and increaſed.

Theliſmar put ſeveral queſtions to him in the evening, and aſked if he underſtood the elements of any of the ſciences?

Oh yes, anſwered Alphonſo, with great ſelf-ſufficiency. There is nothing I have not been taught.

Do you know any thing of geometry?

I had a mathematical maſter ten years.

Have you any acquaintance with natural hiſtory and philoſophy?

Every thing of that kind is familiar to me: beſides, I am paſſionately fond of the arts, underſtand muſic, and delight in drawing. I draw *flowers* charmingly.

Flowers! Do you love reading?

Very

Very much.

Your language is not rich in good authors; but you know the Latin?

Oh perfectly! as you may imagine, for my teachers ſaid I conſtrued Virgil and Horace well at ten years old; ſo that I left the ſtudy of the claſſics at twelve, and have not looked at them ſince, having had other employment.

And I warrant you left mathematics alſo ſoon after?

I did. I then read generally, and ſoon began to write verſes.

And from a ſcholar became a wit. The metamorphoſis is not always ſucceſsful.

My poetry was very ſucceſsful.

Among your friends, I ſuppoſe.

Oh univerſally.

How do you know?

Every body that viſited my father told me ſo.

Alphonſo's

Alphonſo's anſwer's made Theliſmar ſmile, and he changed the converſation. Preſently afterwards the youth retired, perſuaded he had given Theliſmar a high opinion of his knowledge and genius. The next day Alphonſo recollected the adventure of the mad-bull, killed by the prick of a pin at the Fountain of Love, and aſked Theliſmar the meaning of ſo extraordinary a death.

Theliſmar replied, he had that very day received from an old friend juſt returned from America, a poiſon, ſo powerful and ſubtile as to produce the effect of which he had been a witneſs; that this friend had given him a caſe, which encloſed the fatal pin that had been dipped in the poiſon, and deſigning to make an experiment of it's power, he happened to have it in his pocket (17).

But what ſurprizes me, ſaid Alphonſo, is, that I have never heard ſpeak of this poiſon.

I do not think that ſo very ſurprizing, replied Theliſmar; for, if I am not miſtaken, there are many other extraordinary things of which you have never heard.

I will not ſay there are none, anſwered Alphonſo, but I dare preſume their number is very limited; for I have had teachers of all ſorts, and am not

ignorant; add to which, I have read much, and ſeen and remarked more.

What prompted Alphonſo to brag with greater confidence was, he ſuppoſed he might do ſo without danger of detection; he looked upon Theliſmar as a plain man, who had only one purſuit, that of botany, and imagined him to be exceedingly ignorant of every thing elſe; in which he was frequently confirmed, by the natural reſerve and modeſty of Theliſmar.

Here Madame de Clémire ſtopped, put up her manuſcript, and ended that evening's entertainment.

The next night, at the uſual hour, after having begged her children not to interrupt her any more by their queſtions, Madame de Clémire thus continued her narration.

At length they landed at Ceuta, and Theliſmar hired a lodging for himſelf and Alphonſo, at one of the beſt houſes they could find.

Alphonſo's firſt care, on his arrival, was to write to his father a long letter, very contrite and ſubmiſſive. In this he made a faithful confeſſion of all his proceedings, implored his pardon, and permiſſion

permiſſion to follow Theliſmar in all his travels; and as the latter intended to ſtay at Ceuta long enough for Alphonſo to receive an anſwer, he conjured Don Ramirez to ſend his orders inſtantly, promiſing they ſhould be obeyed, be they what they might. Not doubting his father had returned to Beira, his letter was directed accordingly.

Something eaſier, after thus in part relieving his conſcience, Alphonſo fell into his cuſtomary habits, ſung, played on his guittar, and drew various flowers, which he thought maſter-pieces, and which he conſtantly carried to Theliſmar, who he continued to believe was highly delighted with his talents.

Theliſmar ſent for him one morning, and ſaid, as I know you are exceedingly fond of muſic and drawing, I thought I might do you a favour, by bringing you to ſee two very extraordinary children. One is a little boy, who draws aſtoniſhingly in your ſtyle, and the other a girl, who plays charmingly on the harpſicord; come and ſee them.

So ſaying, he conducted Alphonſo into another room, but deſired him to ſtop at the door; for, ſaid he, youth you know is timid; and as you are

a connoiſſeur, you might diſturb them were you too near.

Very true, anſwered Alphonſo, the girl bluſhed as we entered.

And can you then obſerve her emotion, added Theliſmar?

Oh very plainly; ſhe can hardly breathe, though her boſom heaves.

All this paſſed at the far end of the room from the young artiſts, and Alphonſo happy in the ſuppoſition of his own repute, encouraged the muſician as ſhe played, calling out *brava! brava!* with as much pedantry and pride as any other demi-connoiſſeur, who ſuppoſes a word like that from him confers fame and ſatisfaction.

When ſhe had finiſhed her ſonata, the little muſician made a low courſtey; Alphonſo applauded, and Theliſmar advanced.

Come, ſaid he, now let us ſee the boy draw ——ſtand there, behind him, and then you will overlook his work with more eaſe. Alphonſo followed his directions, and remarked, it was odd enough the child ſhould keep his gloves on, and

ſurprizing

ſurprizing enough that he ſhould deſign from his own invention, without any drawing to copy from.

And yet, ſaid Theliſmar, ſee how that flower grows as it were, and is embelliſhed beneath his fingers.

Wonderful! cried Alphonſo; aſtoniſhingly correct! Courage, my little fellow! There, ſhade that outline a little: that's it! The little angel! I declare I could not do better myſelf.

All theſe praiſes gave no diſturbance to the child, who continued his work without remiſſion, except removing it, to obſerve it at a diſtance occaſionally, and blowing away the light duſt of the crayon.

When the flower was finiſhed, Alphonſo ran directly to kiſs the child, and as ſuddenly ſtarted back with an interjection of aſtoniſhment.

Gently, ſaid Theliſmar, laughing, take care leſt you ſhould demoliſh the young artiſt.

Good heaven! It's a doll! a figure!

It is an automaton (*a*).

And the muſician, what is ſhe?

Own ſiſter to the deſigner.

But did I not ſee her breathe?

You thought ſo; and you really ſaw her play with her fingers upon the harpſicord. Hence you may learn, Alphonſo, that it is unreaſonable to place too high a value upon accompliſhments which automatons may poſſeſs.

I will break my guittar directly, and burn my drawings.

That would be wrong, anſwered Theliſmar. We ſhould be aſtoniſhed to ſee a man paſs his life in playing on the guittar, and deſigning flowers; but no one would blame you, when you uſe ſuch things only as recreations, by way of agreeably ſaving time which would otherwiſe be loſt, and without being proud of ſuch trifling accompliſhments.

(*a*) Every body at Paris, in 1783, ſaw the Automatons, of which this is a deſcription. Another has ſince been ſhewn ſtill more remarkable, for it plays at cheſs with any perſon.

This

This leſſon made ſome impreſſion upon Alphonſo; but it was neceſſary he ſhould receive many more, before a thorough reformation could be effected.

Theliſmar was ready to depart from Ceuta, yet Alphonſo had received no letters from his father: imagining, therefore, that Don Ramirez approved his projects, by his not being in any haſte to recall him home, he determined to proceed with Theliſmar.

Some days previous to their departure for the Azore Iſlands, Alphonſo, who had obſerved workmen buſy about raiſing a kind of machine in the garden, the uſe of which he did not comprehend, learnt that it was done by the order, and under the direction of Theliſmar, of whom he therefore enquired it's uſe. The proprietor of this houſe has told me, ſaid Theliſmar, that the lightning has twice, within theſe twenty years, fallen upon and damaged the building, and I have promiſed him it ſhall do ſo no more.

And which way can you prevent it?

By means of the thing you have ſeen.

I confeſs I do not comprehend.

That I can readily believe; and yet it is not the leſs true, that the lightning will now fall at the other end of the garden.

Four or five days after, there was a violent thunder-ſtorm; Theliſmar went to the window, and pointing with his cane towards a black cloud, which was ſeen over the houſe, look, ſaid he, to Alphonſo, look at that cloud, it's going ſoon to remove from us, and follow the path which I ſhall direct: I intend that it ſhall open, and be diſperſed at the end of that walk; ſo ſaying, Theliſmar raiſed his cane towards the ſky, while the cloud ſeemed obedient to his will, and durſt not depart from the path which he preſcribed in the air; at that inſtant he had the appearance of an Enchanter, who, by the power of his magic wand, commanded the elements.

Good God! cried Alphonſo, what do I behold! You direct the clouds and they obey, they go to the ſpot that you ordain.

You ſee them aſſembled, ſaid Theliſmar, and now they ſhall deſcend, and the lightning ſhall fall not thirty feet from yonder ſpot. Scarcely had he ſpoken, but the thunder began to roar, and it's bolts were diſcharged exactly as Theliſmar preſcribed (18); who then ſhut his window and went

went out of his room, leaving Alphonſo petrified with aſtoniſhment.

The next day Theliſmar, in preſence of Alphonſo, read aloud a letter he had received from Dalinda. Alphonſo had by this time learnt the Swediſh language, to the ſtudy of which he had applied with great aſſiduity, ever ſince he had firſt been told Dalinda was a Swede; and ſince he had travelled with Theliſmar, his progreſs in that language had been aſtoniſhing. He was enchanted at the letter of Dalinda, and could not repreſs his feelings while he heard it read; he found an inconceivable delight, in underſtanding words traced by the hand of Dalinda; he heard the ingenuous detail of her thoughts and ſentiments, and imagined he heard her ſpeaking; he obtained a knowledge of the goodneſs of her heart and underſtanding, and that knowledge fixed for ever in the boſom of Alphonſo the moſt inconſtant of all the paſſions.

Alphonſo was very deſirous of having the letter in his own poſſeſſion, and ſeeing Dalinda's writing; but Theliſmar, after having read, put it in the drawer of his bureau. Alphonſo, with his eyes fixed upon this drawer, heard no longer the diſcourſe of Theliſmar, but fell into a profound

muſing; Theliſmar therefore took up a book, and Alphonſo recollecting himſelf left the room.

In the evening Alphonſo returned to the ſame chamber, and Theliſmar riſing as he ſaw him enter, ſaid, As you know we ſhall embark to-morrow morning for the Azores (*a*), I have various orders to give, if you will ſtay here I ſhall be back in half an hour; ſo ſaying, he left Alphonſo ſitting oppoſite the bureau.

This bureau encloſed the letter of Dalinda, and the key was not taken out of the drawer: Alphonſo felt a temptation, which at firſt he did not give way to; he paſſionately deſired to open the drawer, and once more read the letter. He felt how much ſuch an action was to be condemned, and yet, ſaid he, this is not to pry into the ſecrets of Theliſmar; he has read me the letter, I ſhall learn nothing new; I only wiſh to ſee, to contemplate the writing.

(*a*) The Azore Iſlands are ſituated between Africa and America, about two hundred leagues from Liſbon. Gonzallo Vello firſt diſcovered them about the middle of the fifteenth century, and called them Azores, or Hawks, from the number of thoſe birds he ſaw there They are nine in number; the town of Angra, in the iſland of Tercera, is the capital.

At laſt, after various ſtruggles, Alphonſo ſtifled his ſcruples, approached the bureau, and tremblingly took hold of the key; but ſcarcely had he touched it, before he received a ſtroke ſo violent that he thought his arm was broken. Alphonſo terrified, ſtarted back, and fell into an arm chair. Juſt heaven! cried he, what inviſible hand is it that ſtrikes (19)?

The door opened, and Theliſmar appeared; what have you done Alphonſo? ſaid he, with a ſevere tone of voice.

Oh, ſir! replied Alphonſo, you, whoſe ſupernatural art produces ſo many prodigies, you ſurely have the power to penetrate my moſt ſecret thoughts, read them at the bottom of my heart.

I can read nothing there, anſwered Theliſmar, that can excuſe an act like this. Remember Alphonſo, to betray a truſt is unpardonable, and that a ſecond fault of this kind would for ever deprive you of my eſteem. As for the myſterious key, cried Theliſmar, it is only hoſtile to indiſcretion; it ſtrikes none but thoſe who would turn it without my leave. I now give you my permiſſion to open the drawer, which you may do without danger.

Alphonſo advanced, as he was deſired, towards the bureau; opened the drawer, and cried, yes Theliſmar, I ſee that nothing is impoſſible to you; your diſcourſe is full of wiſdom, and your actions of aſtoniſhment: deign, ſir, ever to be my guide, my tutelar genius! My ſubmiſſion, affection, and gratitude, will, I hope, render me worthy of your cares. So ſaying, Alphonſo, with a tender and reſpectful air, drew near to Theliſmar, who only anſwered him by holding out his arms, and embracing him with affection.

The next day, after this adventure, Theliſmar and his young travelling companion embarked for the Azores. After a happy voyage they landed at the iſland of St. George (*a*), where they reſted for ſome days.

Theliſmar lodged in a ſmall houſe, the aſpect of which pleaſed him; the owner was a Swede, who had been ſix years in the iſland. As they had only one agreeable apartment, Theliſmar partook his bed-chamber with Alphonſo, and had a bed made up for him beſide his own. One night as Alphonſo and Theliſmar were in a ſound ſleep, they both awaked, and leaped up at the ſame moment; they imagined they felt the violent ſhock

(*a*) Twelve leagues from Angra.

of

of an earthquake, and fled into a ſmall garden, whither the maſter of the houſe, and ſeveral ſervants, who had likewiſe experienced the ſame ſenſation, ran for refuge; the latter brought flambeaux, for the darkneſs of the night was extreme; and in expectation of a diſaſter, like that of Liſbon, they remained there in great anxiety for the ſpace of three hours; not having, however, felt the leaſt motion during this whole time, they determined then to return again to the houſe. Theliſmar and Alphonſo did not go to bed again, but converſed till day-break.

Alphonſo, who now no longer hid the name of his father from Theliſmar, and who had often related to him the circumſtances of the earthquake at Liſbon, did not let this occaſion ſlip; but again gave a pompous deſcription of the magnificent palace of Don Ramirez, and an emphatic enumeration of the jewels and diamonds he poſſeſſed before that cataſtrophe.

When day began to appear, Theliſmar and Alphonſo went to the window, whence they had an extenſive, and moſt unuſual proſpect; how great was their aſtoniſhment, to ſee the houſe they lived in, and the garden, totally ſeparated from the land, and forming a ſmall iſland in the midſt of the ſea; they ſhuddered at the danger they had been

been in, and could not conceive by what means the houſe, which had been thrown ſeveral fathoms from the main land, could ſuſtain ſo violent a ſhock without being deſtroyed. It is no doubt, ſaid Theliſmar, the humble dwelling of a virtuous man, preſerved in ſo miraculous a manner by the juſtice of a divine Providence.

As Theliſmar was ſpeaking, his chamber-door opened, and the maſter of the houſe entered. This venerable old man as he approached Theliſmar, fetched a deep ſigh, and ſaid, I come to implore your protection, ſir——not for myſelf, but for my ſon. Though ſix years an exile from my native land, I have not forgot thoſe men which are an honour to it; your name, ſir, is not unknown to me. Our Monarch is the protector of genius and ſcience; he honours you with a particular eſteem, and I come to beg you will give me letters of recommendation for my ſon.

You intend to return into your own country then?

Yes, ſir.

What accident firſt brought you out of it?

I was

I was born in an humble condition; but, notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of my income, I found the means to give my ſon a good education, much ſuperior to my rank of life. This ſon anſwered my expectations and cares ſo well, that he obtained by his merit, at five and twenty, an honourable and lucrative employment. Some time after he fell in love with an amiable, rich young woman, and was upon the point of marrying her, when a dreadful accident obliged me to quit my country. There was a rich merchant who lodged in my houſe; this unhappy man was found one morning murdered in his bed, and his coffers broke open and robbed; all his ſervants were taken into cuſtody; and I, of my own accord, delivered myſelf into the hands of juſtice. The Wretch who had committed the crime was my accuſer; I had enemies, and the affair took an ill turn. Thanks, however, to the cares and Protectors of my ſon, as they had not ſufficient proof, I obtained my liberty; but I could not recover my character, I could not endure to live with ignominy, in a land where I had been generally beloved, and determined to become a voluntary exile; I endeavoured to conceal my intentions from my ſon; but he gueſſed them too certainly from my preparations. I ſold the little I poſſeſſed, and ſecretly departed by night; I regretted only the loſs of my ſon. I left him, however, in poſſeſſion of a good poſt; and knew that,

that, notwithſtanding our misfortunes, the young woman whom he loved ſtill preſerved her firſt affection. Conſoled by ſuch ideas, I endeavoured to ſupport the exceſs of my misfortunes. I travelled in a poſt-chaiſe, and at day-break perceived myſelf eſcorted, as it were, by a ſtranger galloping on horſeback at ſome diſtance from my carriage; I looked out——but what was my ſurprize at the ſight of my ſon; it is impoſſible to expreſs what I felt; I ſtopt, jumped out of my carriage, and was inſtantly in my ſon's arms. What haſt thou done, cried I?

My duty, anſwered he.

But what is thy deſign, ſaid I? bathing him with my tears.

To follow you, to conſecrate the life you gave to your ſervice.

But thy poſt, thy future fortune.

I have left them, abandoned all for your ſake; all, even the woman I love: you ſee me weep, yet do not ſuppoſe, my father, but that I gladly ſacrifice every thing to you.

Since

Since thou ſaweſt my fatal reſolution, wherefore didſt thou not oppoſe it; knoweſt thou not the aſcendant thou haſt over me?

Appearances condemn you; and though you are dearer than ever to me by your misfortunes, yet having loſt your honour, your preſent flight is neceſſary; be comforted, you are ſtill innocent and virtuous.

And doſt thou not complain of thy own fate?

My own fate! can it be happier! have not I now an opportunity to prove my gratitude and filial affection? To comfort my father in his diſtreſs? Shall not my hand dry his tears? Shall not my zeal and tenderneſs ſtop its ſource? Oh, yes, my father; ſuffer the love and reverence of a ſon to drive from your memory an unjuſt country, ungrateful relations and faithleſs friends. Heaven has deſtined me to fulfil the ſacred duties of nature in all their extent; and ſhould I, ſhould you, complain of my fate? No; you, my father, who are a model for parents, you ſhould enjoy the ſolid glory, the ſweet happineſs of having formed by your own inſtructions, and your own example, a ſon worthy of yourſelf.

You,

You, ſir, are a father, continued the old man, therefore can eaſily imagine how readily I reſigned myſelf thus ſupported to my deſtiny. We travelled for ſome time before we fixed our abode here. My ſon undertook ſome branches of commerce in partnerſhip, and bought this houſe, where we have lived in a contented mediocrity.

It was my intention here to have ended my days; but the intelligence which I received about two months ſince, has made me change this reſolution. My innocence at length is fully acknowledged; the Monſter, who had been guilty of the murder, having committed new crimes, was apprehended and condemned. Before his death he publicly acquitted me, by confeſſing himſelf to be the Murderer. We learnt, at the ſame time, the young lady my ſon loved was ſtill unmarried. This has made me wiſh once more to return to my native land. We intended to have departed in half a year; but the diſaſter of laſt night, and the loſs of my houſe, which though not deſtroyed, is no longer habitable, muſt haſten my departure. It is therefore I come to aſk recommendatory letters of you, ſir.

I will give them you with pleaſure, anſwered Theliſmar with emotion, and ſuch as I would give a dear friend or brother. Oh, yes; doubt not

not but our juſt and beneficent ſovereign will worthily reward the virtue of your ſon.

Oh, ſir! cried the old man, with tears of joy in his eyes, permit me to bring him hither that he may thank you himſelf.

So ſaying, he went out without waiting for an anſwer; and Theliſmar turning towards Alphonſo, ſaw him mournfully leaning over a chair, and covering his face with his hands. Theliſmar perceived he was weeping; wherefore, ſaid he, would you hide your tears from me? Let them flow freely, they are an honour to your heart.

Theliſmar was miſtaken; he attributed thoſe tears to compaſſion, which repentance and bitter remorſe made flow. How criminal did Alphonſo feel, when he compared his own conduct with that of the young man's whoſe hiſtory he had juſt heard. This touching recital had torn his very heart, and made painful and afflictive the ſweeteſt of all ſenſations, the admiration of virtue.

The old man returned, leading his ſon by the hand; Theliſmar claſped the young man to his breaſt, renewed the promiſes he had made his father, and diſmiſſed them, penetrated with gratitude and joy.

Several

Several inhabitants of the iſland ſoon arrived in light boats, to inquire the fate of thoſe who inhabited the ſmall houſe, which they had ſeen ſo ſuddenly thrown as it were into the ſea; they told Theliſmar, that all the neighbouring houſes had been deſtroyed, while that belonging to Zulaſki (for that was the name of the virtuous young man) had been thus miraculouſly preſerved.

Theliſmar and Alphonſo went on board the boats, and deſired to be conducted towards that part of the iſland which had ſuffered leaſt from the earthquake. Scarce had they made a quarter of a league, before they were petrified with aſtoniſhment, at beholding eighteen iſlands newly riſen from the bottom of the ocean (20).

Ye new creations of a juſt and beneficent God! cried Theliſmar; ye new born iſles, how does your aſpect move my heart! Human induſtry will ſoon make you fertile. Oh, may you never be inhabited but by the virtuous!

After having coaſted along ſome of theſe iſlands, Theliſmar landed, and was received in a houſe where Zulaſki came to rejoin him the ſame evening. As Zulaſki embarked on board a veſſel bound for Liſbon, in his return to Sweden, Alphonſo committed two letters to his care; the one

one for his father, in which was ſet down their route, and the places they meant to ſtop at, earneſtly conjuring him to write, and inform Alphonſo of his will and pleaſure; the other for a young man, who lived in the province of Beira, whom Alphonſo entreated to write him news of his father, and to whom Alphonſo likewiſe ſent an exact itinerary of his travels.

Zulaſki, after receiving theſe letters and thoſe of Theliſmar, departed without delay; and a few days after, Theliſmar and Alphonſo embarked for the Canary Iſlands (*a*). Theliſmar made a long ſtay at Teneriff; his firſt object was to go and admire the delightful diſtrict that lies between Ratava (*b*) and Rialejo: nature ſeems there to

(*a*) The number of theſe iſlands is ſeven; *Teneriff, Great-Canary, Gomera, Palma, Ferro, Lancerotta, and Fuerta-Ventura.* Their firſt diſcovery was ſtrongly conteſted by both the Spaniards and Portugueze, each of which nations claimed the excluſive honour. It is, however certain, the Spaniards, aſſiſted by the Engliſh, firſt ſubdued them. Beſide theſe ſeven, there are ſix ſmaller ones which ſurround Lancerrotta: the Canaries were not unknown to the ancients; they called them the Fortunate Iſlands.

(*b*) Two towns of Teneriff. Laguna is the capital of the iſland, and ſtands near a lake ſo named. At the time of the conqueſt, about 1417, the Spaniards called the natives Guanches; and the town of Guimar, in the iſland of Teneriff, is peopled chiefly by the deſcendants of theſe ancient Guanches.

have

have aſſembled all ſhe has of pleaſant, uſeful, and majeſtic. Mountains covered with verdure; rocks which caſt forth pure water; fertile meadows, fields of ſugar-cane, vineyards, woods, and ſhades for ever green (*a*). Theliſmar and Alphonſo knew not how to tear themſelves from the enchanting ſpot; they paſſed an entire day there, ſometimes walking, ſometimes ſitting beneath the ſhade of the plantain-tree, reading paſſages from Ovid, or Camoen's Luſiad.

Alphonſo's imagination full of the agreeable ideas of fable, wiſhed, before he quitted that charming place, to carve four verſes he had juſt written upon the bark of a tree: he, for this purpoſe, went to one much like the pine in appearance, drew his knife, began to cut, and ſaw the blood follow the wound (21); tempted to ſuppoſe he had wounded a nymph, metamorphoſed to a tree, he recoiled with terror, and the murderous weapon dropt from his hand. Theliſmar ſmiled, and encouraged him, by proteſting there was nothing miraculous, nothing wonderful, in this ſeeming prodigy.

Theliſmar paſſed ſome days at Laguna, a large and beautiful town, the houſes of which are moſt

(*a*) See Abrégé de l'Hiſtorie Générale des Voyages, par M. de la Harpe, Tom. I.

of

of them embelliſhed by parterres and terraces, interſected by immenſe walks of the orange and lemon-trees; it's fountains, gardens, and groves, it's lake and aqueduct, together with the cool winds by which it is refreſhed, render it a delicious habitation.

Theliſmar paſſed through ſeveral other towns, till he came at laſt to one called Guimar, where are ſtill found many families, the deſcendants of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of theſe iſles. Theſe people, though they have renounced the idolatry of their ſavage anceſtors, have yet preſerved much of their wild ſuperſtition, and many of their old cuſtoms.

One day, as Alphonſo was walking alone in the environs of Guimar, he ſtrayed thoughtleſsly into an unfrequented wood, in which he was ſoon loſt. In ſearching his way out, he got entangled in a thicket, which he could ſcarcely make his way through, and which led to a kind of deſert, without trees, ſhrubs, or verdure, a dry plain, covered with ſhells, and bounded by a mountain. As he beheld this diſmal place, he recollected that Theliſmar had more than once adviſed him never to walk in ſtrange places without a guide, but this recollection came too late.

Night

Night drew on, and Alphonſo walked a little farther; at laſt, overcome with fatigue, he ſtopt near a hill, ſurrounded with briars, underwood, and huge ſtones, heaped confuſedly on each other. In ſitting down on one of theſe ſtones, he deſtroyed the equilibrium of others, which began to roll with conſiderable noiſe. Alphonſo ſprang from his ſeat to avoid being hurt, and turning round, he obſerved that the ſtones, by being removed, had diſcovered a cavity large enough for a man to enter.

He again drew near, and looking down the cavity, ſaw, with ſurprize, ſteps like a ſtair-caſe: incited by unconquerable curioſity, he entered the ſubterraneous grotto, and deſcended by ſteps exceedingly ſteep: when at the bottom he looked upwards, but could no longer ſee the light of day. He was inclined to re-aſcend, had he not perceived a light very diſtinctly at a conſiderable diſtance. The ſight of this, determined him to accompliſh an enterprize which promiſed ſomething extraordinary, and he purſued his road. He proceeded to a kind of obſcure alley, at the end of which he found a ſpacious cavern, lighted by lamps ſuſpended from the roof. Alphonſo looked round, and ſaw himſelf in the midſt of two hundred dead bodies, arranged, ſtanding, againſt the walls of this dreary vault.

Into

Into what place of death has my temerity brought me? cried Alphonſo; it ſeems to be the cave of Polyphemus, or perhaps a robber, ſtill more inhumane, and the dead here, have no doubt been the victims of his monſtrous cruelty. Well, if I have not the prudence of Ulyſſes, at leaſt I have his valour.

Alphonſo drew his ſword, and determined to ſell his life dearly; he would not attempt to fly, leſt he ſhould be aſſaulted in the obſcure narrow paſſage; he thought he might more eaſily defend himſelf in the cavern; beſides, that he ſuppoſed it certain the aſſaſſins had already cloſed the mouth of the cave. A profound ſilence, however, reigned in the drear vault, and Alphonſo had time to conſider the diſmal and ſurprizing objects by which he was environed.

He remarked, that none of the bodies ſeemed to ſuffer putrefaction, or ſent forth the leaſt ſmell, but that they had all preſerved their features. Alphonſo was loſt in theſe reflections, when he thought he heard the trampling of feet; he liſtened attentively, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed the voices of people ſpeaking in an unknown tongue.

Alphonſo would not begin the combat, on a ſuppoſition that it might not be their intention to attack him, but placed his back againſt the wall,

hid his ſword, and was ſilent; he ſoon ſaw twelve men appear, walking ſlowly two and two, and cloathed after a ſtrange faſhion. Their peaceable and grave countenances did not announce any thing inimical; but no ſooner did they ſee Alphonſo, than, uttering ſhrieks of horror, rage and indignation blazed in their countenances. They drew the long daggers which they carried at their girdles, and fell inſtantly altogether on Alphonſo, who, brandiſhing his ſword, received them with intrepidity.

The combat was obſtinate and bloody; the addreſs and valour of Alphonſo triumphed over numbers, and though alone againſt twelve enraged foes, he was the conqueror. He received two ſlight wounds, but his ſword was mortal to moſt of his adverſaries, and the reſt fled, terrified and howling.

Once more alone in the cavern, Alphonſo tore his handkerchief, applied it to, and bound it on his wounds with his garter; then cutting with his ſword the thong by which one of the lamps was ſuſpended, he took that lamp, and returned without delay; he again followed the dark alley, arrived at the ſtair-caſe, haſtily aſcended, found the cavity, and leapt from this frightful gulph with tranſport.

He

He imagined himſelf leaving the gates of hell, and returning again to life, when he breathed the pure air, and once more beheld the ſtarry heavens. Oh! my father! exclaimed he; Oh! Dalinda! and you dear Theliſmar, ſhall I enjoy the happineſs of ſeeing you once again; you alone make life dear to me, and ſhould I not preſerve it, ſince with life I may perhaps attain what moſt I love.

It was the decline of day when Alphonſo entered the cavern, and near midnight when he left it; guided by the brightneſs of the moon and ſtars, Alphonſo fled this fatal cave, and after wandering full three hours, ſtopped, as day began to break, near a lake, adorned by the lemon-tree and poplar: tormented by exceſſive thirſt, the ſight of limpid water rekindled his power and courage; he drank heartily, and eat of the wild fruits; but found himſelf afterwards ſo feeble and exhauſted, he could no longer continue his route, he laid down upon the graſs, oppoſite to a mountain covered with verdure, and here and there a tree. He repoſed about three quarters of an hour in this wild and ſolitary place, when the heavens became cloudy, the wind began to riſe, and ſome drops of rain to fall; the rain ſoon ceaſed, but the wind continued with redoubled fury. Alphonſo roſe, looked towards the mountain, and ſaw a ſight that filled him with aſtoniſhment.

On the ſummit of the mountain he beheld an enormous pillar riſe, the colour of which ſeemed gold towards the baſe, and at the top a beautifully deep violet. This pillar deſcended with impetuoſity from the mountain, breaking and overturning the trees that ſtood in it's way, attracting and engulphing leaves and branches, and tearing up ſome by the roots; at the bottom of the mountain it paſſed over a ditch, which it filled with ſtones and earth; it's paſſage was marked by deep furrows, and during it's dreadful and rapid courſe, it made a noiſe like to the bellowing of a bull.

The formidable column directed it's way towards the Lake, pumping up the water, and leaving the vaſt baſin dry; then turning towards the north, it was loſt in a neighbouring foreſt (22).

To this phænomenon ſucceeded a deſtructive hail, the ſtones of which were enormouſly large; they ſeemed cut in the form of a ſtar, and were accompanied with long ſplinters of ice, like the ſharp blades of poniards (23). Alphonſo took refuge under a tree, and preſerved himſelf as well as poſſible with his hat, which he held at ſome diſtance from his head, though he received ſeveral wounds on his hands.

The

The tempeſt at length ceaſed, the ſky became calm, and Alphonſo, full of amazement, wounded, bruiſed, famiſhed, and fatigued, once more purſued his ſorrowful way. In about a quarter of an hour, he perceived with exceſſive joy a human habitation; it belonged to a Spaniard, who received him with humanity. Alphonſo informed him he had been attacked by aſſaſſins, and learnt in return, he was not more than two leagues and a half from Guimar.

Not in a condition to continue his route on foot, he determined to repoſe for a few days, and writ a letter to Theliſmar, which the Spaniard kindly undertook to ſend: after which Alphonſo, profiting by the kind offers of his compaſſionate hoſt, accepted food, ſuffered him to dreſs his wounds, and was put into an excellent bed made up for his reception.

After ſleeping three or four hours, he awoke, roſe, and dreſſed himſelf; the firſt perſon he met, at leaving the chamber, was Theliſmar; he ran to his arms, Theliſmar received him with a tenderneſs as ſincere as his heart could wiſh. He was going to begin the recital of his adventures, when Theliſmar interrupted him, by telling him he would hear nothing then, but muſt think only of his cure. A carriage waits for us, ſaid he; come, let

us take leave of the generous and hoſpitable Spaniard, and return to Guimar.

As he ſaid this the Spaniard returned, followed by the meſſenger, who had brought back Alphonſo's letter to Theliſmar; he gave it to Alphonſo, telling him that Theliſmar had juſt left Guimar as he got there. How then, ſaid Alphonſo to Theliſmar, did you know I was here, if you have not received my letter? Of that I will inform you another time, anſwered Theliſmar, ſmiling; at preſent it is time we ſhould depart.

Alphonſo turning now towards his hoſt, teſtified the warmeſt gratitude; then mounted the carriage with Theliſmar, and took the road to Guimar. Theliſmar would not allow him to exhauſt himſelf with ſpeaking, but as ſoon as they got home, put him to bed, where he ſlept twelve hours, and awoke in perfect health. Theliſmar then deſired an account of what had happened to him. Alphonſo began his recital, with informing Theliſmar the things he had to relate were ſo extraordinary and miraculous, he was afraid they might be thought fabulous; and yet Theliſmar heard the whole hiſtory of the cavern, without ſeeming to ſhew the leaſt ſurprize; which did not fail, however, greatly to excite the admiration

miration of Alphonſo, and which he could not refrain from teſtifying.

Dear Alphonſo, ſaid Theliſmar, had you a little more thought, and a little leſs vanity, you had not in the firſt place ran the terrible riſk you ſpeak of, and in the next it would ceaſe to ſurprize you.

I can eaſily imagine, anſwered Alphonſo, had I been more prudent I had followed your advice, and not have wandered in a ſtrange country without a guide; but which way has my vanity contributed to my aſtoniſhment?

Were it not for that, I repeat, you would not have been in any danger. In every place you have come to yet, I have ſeen you occupied by one ſole idea, that of being very deſirous to inform and aſtoniſh all the world by the recital of the wonderful things you have ſeen. We have met with many men of merit, Botaniſts, Aſtronomers, Mathematicians, and Mechanics, to whom you have ſpoken a great deal, and liſtened very little. When you come to a ſtrange country, if you find any perſon to whom you can make yourſelf underſtood, you are careful not to aſk them a ſingle queſtion, but very anxious they ſhould learn all you can teach them. This kind of folly gives no one an opinion of your great capacity, but

deprives you of the fruits of all your travels. If, for example, ſince you have been here, inſtead of amuſing yourſelf ſo repeatedly by telling what happened to you at the Azores, you had aſked the people concerning the curious things in their own country, and it's ancient inhabitants, you would have known your cavern had nothing miraculous about it, and that to enter it muſt be at the hazard of your life.

Which way, ſir?

By being told the cavern is one of the ſepulchral depoſits of the Guanches. Theſe ancient caves are diſperſed in the deſerts, and are only known to the Guanches, who carefully conceal the entrance to them. They viſit them only in ſecret; and if they find a ſtranger there, they hold him ſacrilegious, a victim devoted to death; and from motives of barbarous ſuperſtition, think it their duty to kill him (24).

Well, ſir, ſaid Alphonſo, a little piqued, I owe at leaſt to my ignorance and want of thought, the advantage of having ſeen one of theſe curious caverns.

I have killed no man in my own defence, anſwered Theliſmar; I have ſuffered neither hunger nor

nor thirſt; I have not lain in the inclement air, nor have I afflicted my friend by the moſt cruel anxiety; and yet I have, as well as you, been in a ſepulchral cave of the Guanches.

Have you! How did you get admittance?

I knew theſe caverns exiſted, had a ſtrong deſire to ſee them, found an opportunity of effectually ſerving a Guanch, and prevailed on him to ſecretly conduct and ſhew me one of them.

Alphonſo had nothing to anſwer, but held down his head, and was ſilent; recollecting himſelf a little after, he continued thus: I flatter myſelf, that what I ſhall farther relate may yet incite your wonder. After quitting the cavern, I ran at firſt where chance directed me: coming to the banks of a Lake——

You need ſay no more, interrupted Theliſmar, I know the reſt.

Know the reſt! how can that be! I was alone, and I have told nobody!

After drinking the water of the Lake, you gathered ſome wild fruits, laid down on the graſs, and a dreadful tempeſt aroſe.——

Good heavens! by what magic, what enchantment, can you tell all this?

The column deſcended from the mountain, the Lake was dried up, and——

What do I hear! exclaimed Alphonſo; condeſcend, ſir, to explain this new miracle; who can have told you theſe things?

No one; I beheld them all.

Beheld them! where were you?

Here at Guimar, upon my terrace.

That was three leagues diſtant from me!

Very true; and yet I repeat it, I ſaw you all the while.

I can no longer doubt! O Theliſmar! you are ſome ſupernatural being!

A man, my dear Alphonſo; and by no means one of the wiſeſt.

Explain then this ſtrange enigma!

A day

A day would not be ſufficient; I might eaſily teach you terms and names, and ſhew you certain effects, but this would be treating you like a child. If you wiſh to know cauſes, you muſt gain more ſolid inſtruction.

It is what I wiſh; inſtruction ſuch as your's, which can make me comprehend your actions.

Well, I will lend you books: and when you have read them with attention, we will converſe together. I will then begin to unveil ſome of thoſe myſteries at which you are ſo much ſurpriſed.

Oh give me thoſe precious books; ſee with what ardour I will ſtudy them; how utterly I will reject all other books.

I do not wiſh you ſo to do; but the contrary. You love poetry; cheriſh that predelection; but read none but good poetry; leave novels, and read books that ſhall teach you to know yourſelf; dedicate two hours a day to the books I ſhall give you; think much, ſpeak little, and be attentive to others; this is all I aſk.

Theliſmar then took Alphonſo to his cloſet, and gave him a few books; when you have read thoſe, ſaid he, I will communicate a treaſure to

you which will finish the work of instruction. Look at that chest; it contains the treasure I talk of.

Ah! said Alphonso, sighing, must I never hope for other reward!——He stopt and blushed, and the tears gushed in his eyes.

Alphonso, replied Thelismar, I do not pretend to deny that I love you; but to obtain the reward to which you aspire, you must become worthy of my esteem.

Oh my father! cried Alphonso, falling at the knees of Thelismar; yes! my father! permit me the use of a word so dear, and expect every thing from me; I will obtain that precious esteem, that esteem, without which I could not live: what must I perform? Speak.

Correct yourself of a thousand defects, and especially of your ridiculous vanity; rid yourself of ignorance, and acquire useful knowledge.

Every thing will be easy to me.

Know then, I have read your heart. I authorize your hopes; but I require you should never converse with me on that subject.

Never!

Never! Oh heaven!——Nor of the object of——

Never pronounce her name.

Dreadful ſentence!

To which you muſt ſubmit: and remember if you would gain my eſteem, you muſt begin by proving the empire you have over yourſelf.

Well; I ſubmit with joy——but ſuppoſe *you* mention her name?

You then may anſwer; otherwiſe never utter a word, which can be conſtrued into the leaſt reference.

I obey; happily you have not forbad me to think.

No; I permit you ſometimes to think of her.

Sometimes! Ever; not a moment of my life, but——

What retracting already?

Which way?

Have

Have not you promiſed me ſeriouſly to follow your ſtudies?

Moſt certainly.

And how may that be, if you always think of Dalinda?

Dalinda! heaven be praiſed! I did not firſt pronounce her dear name.

Is it thus, Alphonſo, you keep your engagement? Is it thus you will drive Dalinda from your imagination, every time we read or ſpeak together?

Not mention her! not think of her! how is it poſſible?

Every thing is poſſible to reaſon.

But the effort will be ſo painful, ſo cruel: however, I will endeavour; my ſubmiſſion to you is unbounded, for there is nothing you have not the right to exact, and the power to obtain.

Here Madame de Clémire broke off for the evening, and ſent her children to reſt, who dreamt all night of nothing but walking pillars and enchanted caverns; they ſuppoſed that Madame de Clémire

Clémire had told by this time, every thing ſhe could collect that was marvellous and extraordinary; but ſhe aſſured them, what they had heard was little in compariſon to what ſhe ſhould relate, for ſhe had reſerved for the denoument incidents ſtill more ſurpriſing. This aſſurance redoubled the extreme curioſity of her little family, which Madame de Clémire ſatisfied in the evening by thus continuing her tale:

Alphonſo, notwithſtanding the laws preſcribed by Theliſmar, thought himſelf the happieſt of mortals; his paſſion was authorized by the father of Dalinda, he might reaſonably entertain the fondeſt hopes. Nothing was wanting to his felicity, but a letter from Don Ramirez, containing a grant of the pardon he had implored.

Theliſmar did not leave the Canary Iſlands, without firſt viſiting the famous Peak of Teneriff (*a*); after which he embarked for the Cape de Verd Iſlands. During the voyage, Alphonſo followed with ardour the plan Theliſmar had pre-

(*a*) This mountain riſes in the form of a ſugar-loaf, in the middle of the iſland of Teneriff; its height is ſo prodigious, that the length of the road, which winds along the mountain to attain it's ſummit, is ſaid to be 15 leagues; and yet they ſay, the mountain called Chimbo-Rico, one of the Cordileries in Peru, is much higher.

ſcribed

ſcribed for his ſtudies; but he had great difficulty to ſuppreſs his continual inclination to ſpeak of his paſſion, he was prevented only by the fear of offending Theliſmar; and ſtill he would occaſionally hazard ſome indirect alluſions, the true ſenſe of which Theliſmar would not underſtand.

At laſt Alphonſo, unable longer to endure this conſtraint, imagined a means to break ſilence, which appeared to him ſublime. He preſerved the ſaſh of Dalinda, as a thing the moſt precious in his poſſeſſion; this, notwithſtanding the greatneſs of the ſacrifice, he determined to give back to Theliſmar; the ſuppoſition that he ſhould thus enjoy the pleaſure of ſpeaking of his paſſion, and of Dalinda, the hope that Theliſmar would conſider this act as proceeding from an eſtimable delicacy, and the poſſibility that he might therefore refuſe the ſaſh, were his inducements. Full of theſe ideas, Alphonſo entered one morning, with a triumphant air, the apartment of Theliſmar. I come, ſaid he, to make a confeſſion, which muſt be followed by a painful ſacrifice.

Of what nature?

You muſt firſt give me your permiſſion——to ſpeak of her——I only aſk to accuſe myſelf, to repair my fault.

Well,

Well, well, let us hear; explain, explain; though I dare engage the fault is not very important.

In my eyes it is; feelings the most forcible, the most affectionate, on which the destiny of my life depend.

Come to the point; what have you to tell me?

You know to what excess I love Dalinda.

Your preface displeases me, Alphonso.

But it is necessary; it leads to the confession of my fault. The day on which I first saw Dalinda, on which I received a new existence, after your cruel departure, overcome and lost in grief, I wandered like one distracted, seeking in vain some traces of the celestial Being I had beheld; conducted at last by some secret charm, I returned, approached the Fountain of Love, where chance, or rather the God of the Fountain, moved by my despair, gave into my hands a pledge the dearest, the most precious.

Dalinda's faith, you mean, interrupted Thelismar, I recollect she lost it.

Behold

Behold it here, cried Alphonſo, with emphaſis, drawing it from his pocket; behold that ſaſh, the ſole conſolation of an unfortunate lover: I poſſeſſed it without your knowledge; it was wrong; I have not the happy right to keep it; a well founded delicacy obliges me thus to ſurrender it.

Your ſcruples are very juſt, replied Theliſmar; give it me, give it me, added he, taking the ſaſh; and I promiſe to return it, Alphonſo, the very firſt proof I ſhall receive from you of real ſincerity and confidence.

How! cried Alphonſo, thunderſtruck, do you doubt my ſincerity?

I have great right ſo to do, at the very moment you employ artifice.

Artifice!

You bluſh, Alphonſo, and well you may; but I dare hope, had you ſucceeded in deceiving me, your confuſion would have been ſtill greater; had you ſeen me delighted with your candour, your delicacy, your generoſity, tell me how you would have looked, how you would have behaved, while hearing your own falſe praiſes?

Alas!

Alas! ſaid Alphonſo, and ſhed the tear of repentance, you know my heart better than I do myſelf; I own, I only ſought a pretext to ſpeak of Dalinda.

And you hoped I ſhould be your dupe; hoped I ſhould return the ſaſh.

I was deceived; convinced by falſe reaſoning.

No; 'tis now you are deceived; you never were *convinced*; we cannot hide from ourſelves, what is in it's own nature blameable: in vain would ſpecious reaſons gloze over actions, and call them noble, delicate, refined: the heart and the conſcience give ſuch reaſonings the lie.

What have I done! Oh Theliſmar! has this fault, the whole extent of which I now perceive, has it deprived me of your eſteem without return?

No; your ingenuous manner of acknowledging it; the ſincerity of your repentance, the neglected education you have received, and your conſequent want of reflection, all plead in your excuſe. Did I think cunning a part of your character, I ſhould then hold you paſt hope; but, notwithſtanding the unworthy ſubterfuge you have juſt been guilty of, I read frankneſs and candour in your

your bosom; and I am certain, Alphonso, you will yet vanquish your defects.

The concluding sentence gave a little satisfaction to Alphonso, who promised within himself to let no occasion slip of demonstrating his reformation to Thelismar.

Our travellers landed first at the island of Goree; from thence they went to Rufisco, and afterwards by land to Fort St. Louis, on the Senegal. They saw the Sereres, a Negro nation, whose hospitality, simplicity, and gentleness, they admired; these virtues are undoubtedly the effect of their love of labour and agriculture, which particularly distinguishes them from most other Savages, who are generally indolent, and disdain to cultivate the earth.

One night as Thelismar and Alphonso, with their guides and companions, were rambling in a sandy and desert place, they saw a miraculous tree, the height of which did not exceed sixty or seventy feet, while it's monstrous trunk was above ninety in circumference; it's lower branches projected almost horizontally, and as they were prodigiously large and long, their own weight bent them almost to the ground; insomuch that they found beneath this single tree, a vast and extensive

kind

kind of grove, which might eaſily give ſhelter to three or four hundred men (25).

After having admired this aſtoniſhing production of nature, our travellers continued their route. A few paces from the tree they beheld a Lion, extended on the ground, and ſeemingly dead. Alphonſo was determined to examine the animal nearer, and Theliſmar followed. When they came up to him, they found he ſtill breathed, but was without power and motion, and apparently expiring; his jaws were open, full of piſmires, and bloody.

Alphonſo pitied the creature, wiped away the inſects that tormented him with his handkerchief, then taking a bottle of water from his pocket, poured it all down his throat, while Theliſmar held the end of a piſtol to the entrance of that terrible jaw, in caſe of a too ſudden recovery. The lion was greatly relieved by the water, and ſeemed with his languiſhing eyes to thank with great expreſſion and gratitude the compaſſionate Alphonſo, who did not leave him till he had adminiſtered every ſuccour in his power.

Alphonſo and Theliſmar rejoined their ſmall company, and followed a path that led through ſome exceſſively high graſs. As Theliſmar was

walking on before, at the end of the meadow he fell into a kind of pit, and ſuddenly diſappeared. Alphonſo ran and ſaw him ſitting in the pit. Theliſmar ſaid he had got a ſprain, and that it was impoſſible he ſhould riſe and walk without his aſſiſtance. As Alphonſo was going to deſcend and take him in his arms, he ſuddenly heard a dreadful hiſſing, and ſaw a monſtrous Serpent, at leaſt twenty feet long, in the pit, with head erect, making towards Theliſmar, who, after an effort to riſe, fell helpleſs again among the graſs.

Alphonſo inſtantly leaped into the pit, placed himſelf between Theliſmar and the Serpent, drew his ſword, attacked the horrid Reptile, and with a vigorous and firm ſtroke, ſevered his head from his body; then turning to Theliſmar, he helped him up, and lifted him out of the pit.

Theliſmar embraced Alphonſo; you have ſaved my life, ſaid he, I could neither defend myſelf nor fly; the Serpent was coming to attack me, and his bite is mortal. I promiſe you, Dalinda ſhall be informed of this. Alphonſo was too much agitated to anſwer, but preſſed Theliſmar with tranſport to his boſom. Gently, ſaid Theliſmar, ſmiling, take care of my right arm, it is broken.

Broken!

Broken! cried Alphonſo; good God!

Had it not, do you think I would not have defended myſelf?

And you have not uttered the leaſt ſymptom of complaint or pain!

You, dear Alphonſo, have no right at leaſt to be ſurprized at the courage of others.

Oh my father! replied Alphonſo, I want the courage to ſee you ſuffer; come, let us join our company. He then raiſed Theliſmar gently on his ſhoulders, and, in ſpite of all he could ſay, carried him without ſtopping, to where their companions were waiting.

Theliſmar was obliged to remain in one of the Negro huts, where he was humanely received. He had a Surgeon with him, who ſet his arm, and in about eight or ten days he continued his route.

They came to the country of Foulis. The king of theſe Savages calls himſelf Siratick, and ſome travellers give this name to his kingdom. He entertained Theliſmar and his companions with great hoſpitality, and propoſed they ſhould accompany

company him to the chace of a Lion, which, within a few days had committed great ravages in his ſtates.

The King, young, courageous, and deſirous to ſhew the company his valour and addreſs, ordered his followers and the ſtrangers to ſtop; and, mounted on an excellent horſe, galloped to attack the furious animal, which perceiving him, leaped to the combat. The Siratick let fly an arrow, and the Lion, wounded, advanced with a dreadful bellow.

Alphonſo now forgot the orders of the King; he darted like lightning, thinking him in danger, and flew to his ſuccour: he had drawn his ſword, and galloping with incredible ſwiftneſs, paſſed near a tree, againſt which, by accident, his ſword ſtruck and ſnapped ſhort in two. Alphonſo himſelf, ſhaken by the violence of the ſhock, could hardly keep his ſeat: his horſe fell, and the ſame inſtant, the Lion ſeeing a new enemy coming armed, had abandoned the Siratick, and ruſhed towards him; his dreadful claws were inſtantly buried in the ſides of the horſe, and Alphonſo, diſarmed, and without defence, thought his death inevitable. The Negroes, fearing to kill him, durſt not ſhoot at the animal.

Theliſmar,

Theliſmar, the ſame moment that Alphonſo had galloped to the combat, would fain have followed; but the Negroes already irritated at the young man's diſobedience to the orders of their King, angrily and violently held him, notwithſtanding his cries, his fury, and deſpair. What were his feelings, when he ſaw the lion bounding to devour the overthrown Alphonſo? Oh! unhappy young man! cried he.

But, oh! what ſurprize! Oh! joy unhoped!

No ſooner had the lion beheld the face of Alphonſo, than all his rage was loſt; he crouched to him, and lifting up one of his bloody paws, wounded by an arrow, laid it gently on the hand of Alphonſo, and ſeemed to ſhew him his hurt, and aſk his aſſiſtance.

Alphonſo ſhudered, and remembering the adventure of the dying lion, cried, Oh noble animal! I recollect thee; may thy example ever confound ingratitude, and bring to ſhame thoſe who would eraſe from their memory the good which others have done them!——Yes, ſince thou haſt ſo nobly granted me my life, I will ſave thine in my turn, and defend thee, be the conſequence what it will.

Alphonſo then ſtaunched the blood of the wound, and tearing his handkerchief, made a bandage, which he faſtened round the paw.

Theliſmar and the Savages beheld this ſpectacle with aſtoniſhment. His chirurgical operations ended, Alphonſo roſe: his horſe lay wounded and dying. The lion once more appoached him, licked his feet, and careſſed him a thouſand times. Alphonſo retreated gently: the lion ſtopped, looked after him, then ſuddenly turned about, directed his courſe toward a neighbouring foreſt, and diſappeared, leaving the ſpectators of this ſtrange adventure motionleſs with amazement (26).

Theliſmar, after having preſſed Alphonſo to his boſom; after having embraced him with the dear affection of a father, reproached him for his temerity and imprudence. Had you, ſaid he, aſked the nature of this chace, or rather, had you liſtened to the account which others gave of it, you would have known the Siratick was in no danger; but that, uſed to theſe kind of combats, he waited for the lion to bury his javelin in his throat; that he would have afterwards leaped off his horſe, and ended him with his ſabre.

I promiſe, my father, ſaid Alphonſo, I will be more attentive another time, and more prudent;

at

at preſent I have ſaved the life of my lion, of my generous and noble animal, and I am happy.

Yes, replied Theliſmar, but the Siratick is little pleaſed with your diſregard of his orders; and though your motive was his preſervation, he will not pardon you, for having robbed him of the honour of the victory; it will be therefore prudent, not to ſtay long in his territories (*a*).

Accordingly the next morning, Theliſmar, and Alphonſo and their followers, quitted Ghiorel, and continued their paſſage up the Senegal, as far as the village of Embakana, near the frontiers of the kingdom of Galam; they afterwards croſſed the Gambia, traverſed the States of Farim (*b*), and, after having travelled a great extent of country, arrived at Guinea.

Here it was, that Alphonſo met with a thing which ſurprized him exceedingly. As he was walking through a wood with Theliſmar, their converſation turned on the immortality of the ſoul. Would you believe, ſaid Theliſmar, that there are men ſo deprived of ſenſe, as to maintain we have no other advantage over inferior animals,

(*a*) See l'Abrégé de l'Hiſtoire des Voyages, Tom. II.

(*b*) Or Saint Domingue.

than that of a more perfect conformation; and who have ſaid in plain terms, that if the Horſe (that intelligent animal) had, inſtead of a hoof, a hand like us, he would perform whatever we do (*a*).

What! would he draw? would he deſign?

What think you?

I do not think he could; he might, perhaps, trace ſome unmeaning imitations.

The Parrot, the Pye, the Jay, and various other birds, have the faculty of ſpeech; that is, can learn a few words, but can neither comprehend their meaning, nor, conſequently, apply them juſtly: beſides, there are many exiſting animals, the conformation of which, both interior and exterior, is perfectly ſimilar to that of man; they walk like him, have hands like his, and yet they neither build palaces nor huts; nay, they are even leſs induſtrious than many other animals.

(*a*) This ſtrange reaſoning is found in a work entitled De l'Eſprit.

*The Tranſlator cannot forbear to enter his proteſt here, againſt the inconcluſiveneſs of the arguments he is obliged in this paſſage to tranſlate; without meaning to inſinuate thereby any opinion of his own.* T.

Monkies you mean; in fact, they are very adroit. And pray what ſay thoſe authors to this, who deſire the Horſe to have hands?

They acknowledge that the Monkey might, from his conformation, be capable of doing the ſame things as Man, but that his natural petulance is an impediment; that he is always in motion; and could you deprive him of that reſtleſſneſs, that vivacity, he would be Man's equal (*a*).

And yet he does not ſpeak.

No; though in certain ſpecies the tongue and the organs of voice are the ſame as in Man; and the brain is abſolutely of the ſame form and in the ſame proportion (*b*).

The brain in the ſame proportion, how can can that be? The Monkey is ſo ſmall!

Do you think yourſelf acquainted with all the ſpecies?

Why——Yes.

(*a*) All this is found exactly in that ſame work De l'Eſprit.

(*b*) See M. de Buffon on Quadrupeds, Tom. XVI. Edition in 12mo.

Thoſe you have ſeen were reſtleſs and turbulent.

Certainly; for which reaſon, the objection of the authors you mention ſeems juſt; in my opinion, Beings which are perpetually in motion, however excellent their conformation, cannot learn, cannot become perfect.

But ſuppoſe the objection you think ſo ſtriking, ſhould originate only in a profound ignorance of things which are known to the whole world.

How! People who write books ignorant of things known to all the world!——

Your doubt, dear Alphonſo, proves how little you have read.

Juſt as Theliſmar ſaid this, Alphonſo gave a ſtart of ſurprize, and jogging Theliſmar, cried ſoftly, Look, look——there——right before you; what ſtrange creature is that ſitting under the tree?

Here let us break off, ſaid Madame de Clémire, interrupting her narrative, I feel myſelf a little hoarſe this evening.

This

This was sufficient to stop every entreaty to continue, though her young auditors were very desirous to hear an explanation of what this *strange creature* might be.

The next day, a quarter before nine, Madame de Clémire indulged the ardent curiosity of her children, by taking up her manuscript and reading as follows:

Theliſmar looked firſt at the animal, and afterwards at Alphonſo. What do you think of that figure, ſaid he?

It is a Savage, replied Alphonſo, but exceedingly ugly. He riſes! holds a ſtaff in his hand! he avoid us!

And you take it for a Man?

Certainly I do.

It is a Monkey.

A Monkey! what of that ſize! he is higher than I am; he walks upright like us, and his legs have the form of ours.

Notwithſtanding all which, it is a beaſt (*a*); " but an exceedingly ſingular one, and which man " cannot ſee without looking at, without knowing " himſelf, without being convinced, his body is " the leaſt eſſential part of himſelf (*b*)."

How you aſtoniſh me! but is this Monkey, who was ſitting with ſo much tranquillity at the foot of a tree, as reſtleſs and precipitate in his motions as the ſmall Monkies?

No; " his walk is grave, his actions circum- " ſpect, his temper gentle, and very different from " that of other Monkies (*c*);"——he has not the hoof of a horſe, he is higher than we are, formed as we are.——" The Creator would not form the " body of Man abſolutely different from all other " animals; but at the ſame time that he has given " him a material body, a form ſimilar to that of " the Monkey, he has breathed his divine ſpirit

(*a*) The Orang-Outang, ſome of which are above ſix feet high.

(*b*) M. de Buffon.

(*c*) In ſpeaking of a Monkey of another ſpecies, called Gibbon, M. de Buffon ſays, " this Monkey ſeems to us to " have a natural tranquillity, and gentle manners; his mo- " tions are neither too ſudden, nor too reſtleſs; he takes " kindly whatever is given him to eat, &c."

" into

" into this body; had he done the ſame favour,
" I do not ſay to the Monkey, but to that ſpecies
" of beaſt which ſeems to us the moſt ill orga-
" nized, ſuch ſpecies would ſoon have become
" the rival of Man; quickened by his ſpirit it had
" excelled others, had thought, had ſpoken.
" Whatever reſemblance there may be then be-
" tween the Hottentot and the Monkey, the in-
" terval which divides them is immenſe; ſince
" the Hottentot within is filled with thought, and
" without by ſpeech (*d*)."

Alphonſo liſtened to this diſcourſe with admiration. At preſent, ſaid he, I am deſirous to learn how thoſe authors, who pretend that it is our form only which makes us ſuperior to other animals, will anſwer theſe arguments.

They do not know the animal that we have juſt ſeen, nor many other ſpecies nearly like him, deſcribed by all travellers; yet their works are modern, and, as I have ſaid, theſe are facts known to all the world.

Theliſmar here ſat down near a Lake ſurrounded by rocks; their guide propoſed they ſhould wait for the reſt of the company, whom they had

(*d*) M. de Buffon.

left at a conſiderable diſtance. He had ſeated himſelf under the ſhade of ſome trees, and taking two books from his pocket, gave one of them to Alphonſo, pointing out a chapter, which he deſired him to read with great attention.

Alphonſo promiſed he would; adding, that he would go farther off and ſit down, to be free from all diſturbance. This he accordingly did, and ſat down at about two hundred yards diſtance on the banks of the Lake.

Inſtead of reading, he fell into a profound revery: the murmurs of the water, the freſh verdure, the rocks all retraced a ſcene which he had not the power to baniſh from his mind: it recalled to memory the Fountain of Love; the form of Dalinda was preſent, he could think of nothing but her, and at laſt could not refrain from repeating a name ſo dear.

Certain that Theliſmar could not hear him, he ſang in an under voice a ſong he had made to her memory. As he finiſhed the laſt line of his ſong, he heard foot-ſteps, and turning his head, ſaw Theliſmar coming; he took up his book and was ſilent, but the inſtant he had done, a ſoft though ſonorous voice ſeemed to iſſue from the rocks,

rocks, and again repeated the couplet he had ſung.

Theliſmar heard the name of Dalinda as he approached, and his aſtoniſhment was exceſſive, when he found it was not Alphonſo who was ſinging. As ſoon as the air was ended, he was going to queſtion Theliſmar concerning this prodigy, when another voice began the ſame couplet; ſcarce had this ſecond voice ceaſed ſinging, but a third, from the oppoſite ſide, again repeated the ſame words, and the ſame ſounds: ſilence then ſucceeded, and the concert ended (27).

What enchantment is this? cried Alphonſo.

We muſt confeſs, ſaid Theliſmar ſmiling, the Fawns and Sylvans of theſe rocks are dangerous confidants; the nymphs of the Fountain of Love were more diſcreet; but come, give me my book, and tell me if you are ſatisfied with the chapter I deſired you to read. Alphonſo bluſhed, and anſwered only with a ſigh; and Theliſmar changing the converſation, rejoined the reſt of the company.

Theliſmar continued his route by the Gold Coaſt, the kingdom of Juida, and the kingdom of Bennin: in this latter country he found the natives leſs ſavage, and more civilized than their

neighbours. He next traverſed Cango, and here it was that Alphonſo had like to have loſt his life, in conſequence of his natural imprudence and impetuoſity.

The ſmall caravan of travellers being on their march, Alphonſo was walking about two or three hundred yards before the reſt. They approached a large pond ſurrounded by the huts of Savages; and Alphonſo looking forward, thought he ſaw on the other ſide of the pond, a long brick Wall built upon the border: not conceiving what could be the uſe of this Wall, he haſtened forward to examine it; but as he drew near, perceived this imaginary Wall had motion.

He then thought, that inſtead of a Wall, he diſtinguiſhed Warriors clothed in red, and ranged in order of battle: he preſently after obſerved Sentinels ſtationed in advance, and ſoon ſaw he was diſcovered; for the moment the Sentinels perceived him, the alarm was given, and the air reſounded with a noiſe much like the ſound of a trumpet.

Alphonſo ſtopped, and while he was deliberating whether he ſhould proceed or go back, he ſaw the army begin to move, riſe from the earth, and at laſt to fly away. Alphonſo then learned with extreme ſurpriſe, that this formidable ſquadron was nothing

nothing but enormous red birds, of ſo bright a colour, that when they took flight, their wings abſolutely ſeemed inflamed.

Alphonſo had a gun, and being deſirous of taking one of theſe extraordinary birds to Theliſmar, he fired at the flock and killed one. Several Negroes, on hearing the firing, immediately came out of their huts which ſtood by the pond, haſtily running. As ſoon as they ſaw Alphonſo dragging away the bird he had killed, they ſent forth the moſt horrible cries, when inſtantly all the other Negroes left their habitations, and came in crouds to attack Alphonſo, who ſaw himſelf aſſaulted on all ſides by a ſhower of ſtones and darts.

Had it not been for the arrival of Theliſmar and the other travellers, Alphonſo could not have eſcaped with life; but at ſight of them the Savages fled, and he came off with a few ſlight wounds, and a ſevere reprimand from Theliſmar, who informed him, that the Negroes had the bird he had killed in ſuch veneration, they would not ſuffer any one to do it the leaſt injury, but thought themſelves obliged in conſcience to revenge the death of a creature which they held ſacred.

Alphonſo learnt alſo from Theliſmar, that the noiſe which he had compared to the ſound of trumpets,

trumpets, was nothing but the cry of the birds, which is ſo ſtrong and loud, that it is heard at more than a quarter of a league diſtance (28).

Theliſmar continued his journey, only ſtopping occaſionally among various hords of Savages, whoſe manners he wiſhed to know. Of all the barbarous people of Africa, the nation which he thought moſt intereſting was that of the Hottentots: their virtues ſurpaſſed their vices; they fulfilled in their whole extent, the duties of friendſhip and hoſpitality; and their love of juſtice, their courage, benevolence, and chaſtity, rendered them far ſuperior to other ſavages (*a*).

It is remarkable, that among the Hottentots, the education of youth is committed to the mothers till the age of eighteen, after which the males are received to the rank of manhood; but before that period, they have no communication with the men, not even with their own father (*b*).

During their ſojourn among the Hottentots, Theliſmar was walking one day with Alphonſo: their Guide carried a wallet with proviſions, it be-

(*a*) See l'Abrégé de l'Hiſtoire Générale des Voyages, Tom. III.

(*b*) See the ſame work, and the ſame volume.

ing

ing their intention to dine during their walk. As they were croſſing the ruſtic bridge of a ſmall river, the Guide let the wallet fall, and fearing probably the anger of the travellers, took to his heels and diſappeared. This event was very diſagreeable to Alphonſo, he being exceedingly hungry.

I am certain, ſaid Theliſmar, I can find my way; but before we walk any farther, let us reſt a little under the ſhade of theſe trees. They ſat down on the graſs, and Alphonſo continued to complain of having a great way to go, and nothing to eat, when Theliſmar cried ſilence, let us liſten. Alphonſo preſently heard a very ſhrill cry, which, to his great aſtoniſhment, Theliſmar anſwered in a graver tone: then riſing, ſaid, Since you are ſo very hungry Alphonſo, come with me, and I'll give you a dinner.

Theliſmar then uttered ſeveral ſucceſſive cries; and Alphonſo perceived a green and white Bird, which hovered round them. Let us follow this new Guide, ſaid Theliſmar, he will recompenſe us for the careleſſneſs of the other who has ran away.

Alphonſo knew not what to think, but walked ſilently, and looked attentively at the Bird, which

in

in a few minutes went and reſted itſelf upon a large hollow tree: Stop, ſaid Theliſmar, the Bird will come and ſeek us, if he has any thing good to diſcover. As he ſaid, ſo it happened, the Bird ſeeing they did not approach redoubled his cries, came back to them, then returned to his tree, where he fluttered and perched.

Come, ſaid Theliſmar, he invites us to dinner with ſo good a grace we cannot refuſe him. So ſaying, he went to the tree, and to the extreme aſtoniſhment of Alphonſo, found a Bee-hive in it full of honey.

While our travellers were eating the honey, the Bird, having fled to a neighbouring buſh, appeared greatly intereſted at all that had paſſed: it is but juſt, ſaid Theliſmar, to give him his ſhare of the booty: Alphonſo, therefore, left a ſpoonful of honey upon a leaf, which, as ſoon as they were gone from the tree, the Bird came and eat. In the courſe of half an hour, the Bird ſhewed them two other Hives; and Alphonſo, ſatiated with honey, merrily continued his route (29).

Theliſmar quitted the country of the Hottentots, and embarked for the iſland of Madagaſcar; afterwards he journied through all the Eaſtern Coaſt of Africa; then quitted that part of the world, and,

and, after a ſhort ſtay in the iſland of Socotora, landed in Arabia Felix. He viſited Mecca (30) and Medina (31), traverſed a part of the Deſert, entered Africa again by the Iſthmus of Suez, and came to Cairo (32); here he admired the famous Pyramids of Egypt (33), from thence he went to Alexandria, where he found a veſſel ready to ſet ſail for the iſland of Thera (*a*).

Theliſmar within the laſt two months, had ſeveral times read over with Alphonſo tranſlations of the Iliad and Odyſſey. Alphonſo, joyfully leaving the burning and barbarous climates of Africa, was delighted to find himſelf once more in Europe, beneath the azure ſkies of Greece, in places where all the pleaſant fictions of fable may be traced, and among people whoſe manners Homer had deſcribed.

Before they left Thera, Theliſmar and Alphonſo learnt that the Vulcano, which is ſituated in that iſland, began to give great uneaſineſs to the inhabitants, by appearing to re-kindle, ſmoke, and caſt forth ſtones.

The next morning our travellers roſe with Aurora, and were conducted towards the Vulcano;

(*a*) An iſland of the Archipelago, to the north of Candia; it is a part of the iſlands called Santorin, or Santorini, from Saint Irene, the patron of them.

when

when they were at a league's diſtance their Guide ſtopt, telling them he thought he heard a very uncommon noiſe; our Travellers liſtened, and heard a kind of bellowing, which ſeemed to ariſe out of the earth. They proceeded, however, about a quarter of a league farther; in proportion as they approached the bellowing increaſed, and was ſoon accompanied with frightful hiſſings; at the ſame time they obſerved, that the ſmoke of the Vulcano grew thicker, and became of a deep red.

Let us return, ſaid Theliſmar.

Scarce had he ſpoken, before a horrible noiſe was heard; and as they turned their heads to look, while flying towards the ſea-coaſt, they ſaw the mountain all on fire, covered with flames, which roſe to the clouds, and caſting forth on all ſides volumes of red hot ſtones, and blazing matter. The terrified Guide, loſing all recollection, led them aſtray, and took them a road which brought them back towards the Vulcano.

As they now ſtood fronting this fearful mountain, they ſaw, with horror, torrents of fire running impetuouſly down its ſides, and ſpreading over the plain: theſe deſtructive rivers burnt, and overthrew every thing that oppoſed their paſſage: at their approach the herbs and flowers withered, the

the leaves grew inſtantly yellow, and dropt from the trees; the brooks diſappeared, the fountains were dried up, and the birds dropt breathleſs from the ſcorching branches.

At the ſame time vaſt clouds of hot aſhes and cinders, burnt white, obſcured the air, and fell like rain upon the earth, breaking the branches, rooting up trees, and rolling with horrid din from the mountain to the plains, echoing far and near among the reſounding rocks.

Theliſmar and Alphonſo fled from theſe deſolate places, and after long wandering in unknown paths, came at length to the ſea-ſide; they judged, when at a diſtance, by the roaring of the waves, that the ſea was violently agitated. They judged rightly; it was dreadfully tempeſtuous, though the air was entirely calm.

They were conſidering this phenomenon with an aſtoniſhment, which was ſoon redoubled. Suddenly there appeared in the middle of the waves incredible volumes of flames, which, inſtantly ſpreading and diſſipating in the air, were ſucceeded by an innumerable quantity of burning rocks, that were projected from the deep abyſs of the ocean, and raiſed above the waters (34).

The

The tempeſt after this decreaſed, the ſea was appeaſed, and ſome of the Iſlanders, who paſſed that way, informed Theliſmar that the Vulcano no longer vomited flames. When the eruption was ended, Alphonſo and Theliſmar returned to their lodgings, and two days after this memorable event left that unhappy iſland.

From hence they went to the iſland of Policandro (*a*), where they found a Swediſh traveller, a former friend of Theliſmar's, who offered to accompany and guide them in their walks through the iſland. He brought them to his houſe, which he would partake with them; and after ſupper addreſſing himſelf to Alphonſo, ſaid, My dwelling you ſee is ſimple, devoid of ornaments; but if you love magnificence, I have the means of ſatisfying your taſte. I am ſo happy to ſee my old friend once more, that I have formed the project of giving him an entertainment in a Palace, the richneſs and brilliancy of which may well ſurprize you.

Frederic, for that was the name of Theliſmar's friend, then roſe, called his ſervants, who came with torches, and went forth with Alphonſo and Theliſmar.

(*a*) One of the Cyclades to the ſouth of Paros and Antiparos.

They

They came in about half an hour to an enormous maſs of rocks. Behold my Palace, ſaid Frederic: the aſpect it's true is a little wild, but we muſt not always judge from appearances. Stop here a moment, if you pleaſe, and let the ſervants enter firſt.

The ſervants then diſtributed torches to about a dozen men who had followed them, each of whom lighted his flambeau, and proceeded forward. When Frederic ſaw them at a certain diſtance, he and his company began to follow.

They had not gone above a hundred paces, before they perceived an immenſe arcade, and their eyes were immediately dazzled by the ſplendor of light. Come in, ſaid Frederic, this is the periſtyle of my Palace; what think you of it?

The queſtion was addreſſed to Alphonſo, but he was too buſy in conſidering the brilliant ſpectacle before him to reply. The walls of this vaſt periſtyle ſeemed covered with gold, rubies, and diamonds; the ceiling decorated with waving garlands and pendant ornaments of cryſtal; nay, the very floor on which they trod, was paved with the ſame rich materials (35).

Pardon

Pardon me, my dear mamma, cried Caroline, for interrupting, but I can hold no longer. Were theſe pure diamonds?

No; they only ſeemed ſuch; but the reſemblance was ſo perfect, as to deceive the eye moſt accuſtomed to conſider ſuch objects.

Well, that is very ſingular; and is it true, dear mamma, that ſuch a Palace once exiſted?

It exiſts ſtill.

Oh dear, ſtill!

Yes; in the iſland of Policandro.

Oh the charming iſland! Will you ſhew it us to-morrow, mamma, in the map?

Yes; willingly.

Mamma, if you will permit me, my next geographichal leſſon ſhall be to trace upon the maps all the travels of Alphonſo; for I can remember them all perfectly, and ſo I can all the extraordinary things he has ſeen.

So be it; but in the mean time, let us continue our tale.

Frederic

Frederic ſhewed Alphonſo how extenſive this ſuperb Palace was: and after having paſſed more than two hours in examining and contemplating the wonders before them, they once more returned to the houſe of their hoſt. Alphonſo learnt from Theliſmar, that the pretended Palace of Frederic was all the work of nature; and the knowledge of this increaſed his admiration.

Theliſmar having formerly made the tour of Italy, had no intention of returning thither; but his friend Frederic, who was going to Reggio, entreated his company; to which Theliſmar the more readily conſented, becauſe it was the only part of Italy he had not ſeen.

Frederic, Alphonſo, and Theliſmar left Policandro, and ſailed for the Morea (*a*). Here they beheld the ruins of Epidaurus and Lacedæmon. From the Morea they went to the iſland of Cephalonia, whence, once more embarking, they ſailed for Reggio (*b*). The day after their arrival in that city, our three travellers breakfaſted in the chamber of Theliſmar, the windows of which

(*a*) The large peninſula of ancient Attica.

(*b*) Appertaining to the kingdom of Naples, in Calabria Ulterior; there is another city of the ſame name in Italy, in Modena.

looked

looked towards the ſea; their converſation was interrupted by a thouſand ſhouts of joy, heard from every part. Alphonſo ran out inſtantly, to know what was the reaſon of ſuch noiſy and animated acclamations: he aſked ſeveral paſſengers, who all anſwered, ſtill running as they ſpoke, We are going to the ſea-ſide to ſee the *Caſtles of the Fairy Morgana.*

Alphonſo returned, and gave an account of this ſtrange anſwer; our travellers, therefore, opened their windows, and beheld a ſight, the beauty and ſingularity of which ſurpaſſed every thing they had hitherto ſeen.

" The ſea which bathes the coaſt of Sicily, " began to ſwell and riſe by degrees; in a little " while, the huge waves formed a perfect repreſen- " tation of an immenſe and dark chain of moun- " tains; while the ſurges which waſhed the coaſts " of Calabria, remained with a tranquil and ſmooth " ſurface, like to a vaſt and ſhining mirror, gently " inclining towards the walls of Reggio. This " prodigious looking-glaſs ſoon reflected a moſt " miraculous picture; millions of pilaſters, of " the moſt elegant proportion, and ranged with " the utmoſt ſymmetry, were diſtinctly ſeen, re- " flecting all the bright and varied colours of the " rainbow; ſcarcely did they retain this form a " moment,

" moment, before theſe ſuperb Pilaſters were bent " and changed into majeſtic Arcades, which like- " wiſe ſoon vaniſhed, and gave place to an innu- " merable multitude of magnificent Caſtles, all " perfectly alike; while theſe Palaces were ſuc- " ceeded by Towers, Colonades, and afterwards " by Trees and immenſe Foreſts of the cypreſs and " palm (36)."

After this laſt decoration, the magic picture diſappeared, the ſea reſumed it's ordinary aſpect, and the people who ſtood upon the ſtrand clapped their hands in tranſport, a thouſand times repeating with joyous ſhouts, the name of the Fairy Morgana.

And ſo mamma, interrupted Pulcheria, we are at length come to our Fairy Tales again?

Indeed we are not: this laſt phænomenon, as well as all the others, is taken from nature.

But there is a Fairy called Morgana, you know, mamma.

I have only told you what the people of Reggio ſay, who are generally ignorant and credulous, are fond of fables, and eaſily adopt them.

But theſe magic pictures.

Are produced by natural cauſes.

I cannot conceive at preſent, why every body do not paſs their lives in travelling, reading, and acquiring knowledge, in order to underſtand and ſee things ſo curious and intereſting; but dear mamma, be pleaſed to continue your recital.

Alphonſo began to think like you; the aſtoniſhment which ſo many extraordinary events continually raiſed, excited an ardent curioſity and ſtrong deſire of obtaining knowledge; his trifling amuſements no longer pleaſed; he became thoughtful, ſpoke with reſerve, and liſtened with attention; but in proportion as his mind became enlightened, he diſcovered faults in his paſt conduct, every recollection of which made him bitterly repent.

He could not now comprehend, how it was poſſible he ſhould have forſaken his father. The obſtinate ſilence of Don Ramirez grievouſly afflicted him; he ardently deſired to arrive at Conſtantinople, where he expected to find letters from Portugal: and though he had a paſſionate attachment to Theliſmar, though he had almoſt a certainty of obtaining the hand of Dalinda, he yet determined

determined to quit the former in Turkey, and return to Europe, there to ſacrifice his hopes and happineſs to filial duty, if he received no intelligence of his father.

This reſolution plunged him into a ſtate of melancholy, of which Theliſmar ſearched in vain the cauſe; which he even augmented, in wiſhing to diſſipate it by marks of the moſt tender affection. He often ſpoke to Frederic, in his preſence, of Dalinda, to drive away his dejection; while theſe converſations, far from ſoftening the ſecret pangs of Alphonſo, but embittered them the more. Theliſmar at laſt took leave of Frederic, quitted Reggio, and returned to Greece; and travelling through it, came to Conſtantinople towards the end of April.

Alphonſo found a letter at Conſtantinople from Portugal, which he received with inexpreſſible anxiety; it was not from Don Ramirez, but informed Alphonſo his father had returned to Portugal, had paſſed ſome time at Liſbon, had left that city, declaring he was going to undertake a voyage of eighteen months. The letter added, that nobody doubted Don Ramirez had had ſeveral private converſations with the King, and that the purpoſe of his voyage was ſome ſecret negotiations; that they were in great expecta-

tions of ſeeing him once more in office, becauſe his ſucceſſor and enemy had been diſgraced, eight days after his departure.

The gentleman, who wrote an account of all this, ended his letter by ſaying, he had not ſeen Don Ramirez, as Alphonſo had deſired him to do, becauſe, being on a tour to France, he had not returned to Liſbon till three weeks after his departure.

From the date of this letter, Alphonſo calculated, that his father could not be in Portugal in leſs than fifteen or ſixteen months, he therefore abandoned his project of returning thither immediately: in fact, having no money, he had no means of ſubſiſtence in the abſence of Don Ramirez; and he was pretty certain his travels would be ended, and he ſhould return to Europe in leſs than a year. The ſilence of his father deeply afflicted him; but the aſſurances of his health and ſafety were great conſolations, and he did not doubt but time, and his future conduct, might again regain the affections of his father.

Alphonſo, now leſs ſorrowful, leſs abſent, converſed with Theliſmar as formerly; who appeared ſo ſatisfied with the change he had remarked in him, that Alphonſo thought he might venture to ſpeak

of

of Dalinda. At firſt Theliſmar was ſatisfied with gently reminding him of his promiſe; and Alphonſo, emboldened by this indulgence, ſeveral times fell into the ſame error; till, at laſt, Theliſmar was diſpleaſed, and Alphonſo was obliged to be ſilent, though he ſtill ſought occaſions to ſpeak his ſentiments indirectly, and to complain of the reſtraint impoſed upon him.

Frederic had given Theliſmar letters of recommendation to one of his friends, a Greek, who poſſeſſed a charming houſe on the canal of the Black Sea: this Greek, whoſe name was Nicandor, was not then at Conſtantinople. Alphonſo and Theliſmar, therefore, in about a fortnight went to Buyuk-Dairai, a village eight miles from Conſtantinople (*a*), where Nicandor and his family paſt a part of the ſummer.

It was the firſt of May, and ten in the morning, when our two travellers arrived at Buyuk-Dairai. As they entered, they ſaw the ſtreets full of young people, elegantly clothed, and crowned with garlands, ſinging and playing on various inſtruments; every houſe was decorated with flowers, feſtoons, and roſes, and adorned by a multitude

(*a*) The ſcite of this village is very pleaſant. Ambaſſadors, and various others, have country-houſes there. *Voyage litteraire de la Grece*, by M. Guys, Tom. I.

of young Grecian beauties, ſurrounded by ſlaves, magnificently clothed.

This ſpectacle delighted Alphonſo; and Theliſmar, acquainted with the cuſtoms of Greece, informed him, that it was thus they celebrated every firſt of May; that on this ſolemn day, young lovers fixed coronets of roſes over the doors where their miſtreſſes dwelt, and ſang their praiſes under their windows (37).

Alas! ſaid Alphonſo, they are happy, for they are heard. That favour, replied Theliſmar, is no proof of their happineſs.

But what happens when two rivals meet under the ſame window, or at the ſame door?

They faſten their coronets on each ſide, and ſing alternately.

After our travellers had ſtopt ſome time in the firſt ſtreet, they continued their way; and Alphonſo, perceiving at a diſtance a houſe more ornamented with flowers than the reſt, ſaid, certainly that is the habitation of ſome celebrated beauty; he was confirmed in this opinion, when coming nearer, he beheld two charming young virgins ſtanding in a large balcony.

The

The guide informed them this was the houſe of Nicandor, and they entered; the maſter came immediately to receive them, and after having read the letter of Frederic, embraced them both affectionately, and teſtified the livelieſt hopes that they would remain with him ſome time. Nicandor and all his family ſpoke French tolerably well: Theliſmar underſtood that language perfectly, and Alphonſo knew ſomething of it.

Nicandor called his ſlaves, who conducted the travellers into a ſpacious hall, the walls of which were Parian marble, where a bath was prepared (38).

After bathing, Nicandor came and conducted them into the apartment of his wife Glaphira; ſhe was ſeated upon a ſofa, with her two daughters Glycera and Zoë, and an old and venerable woman, the nurſe of Nicandor, who, according to the cuſtoms of the modern Greeks, the family called Paramana, a gentle epithet, expreſſive of gratitude, and ſignifying ſecond mother (39).

The daughters were ſuperbly dreſſed, both had long floating robes, white vails, decorated with gold fringe, and girdles richly embroidered, faſtened with buckles of emeralds (40).

Glaphira and Nicandor queſtioned Theliſmar concerning his travels, and prevailed on him to recount ſome of his adventures. After which they ſat down to table, and their repaſt being ended, Zoë brought her lyre, and accompanied ſeveral duets which ſhe ſung with her ſiſter (41).

This agreeable muſic being over, Nicandor propoſed a walk to his gueſts, which they readily accepted.

He lead them into the meadows, in one of which they beheld a multitude of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes clothed in white, and adorned with garlands of flowers, almoſt all holding in their hands branches of the green palm, the myrtle, and the orange-tree; ſome danced to the ſound of the lyre, while others gathered flowers, and ſang the praiſes and the return of ſpring.

Look, ſaid Nicandor, at that young virgin crowned with roſes, and finer than her companions; ſhe is their Queen; ſhe repreſents the Goddeſs of Flowers; and while called by the charming name of Flora, receives the homages of all the village throng; but her reign is ſhort, it is the Empire only of youth and beauty, and ends before the decline of day.

While

While Nicandor was ſpeaking, the young Queen gave a ſignal, and all the Shepherds aſſembled round her; one of her virgin companions then ſang a hymn in honour of Flora and the ſpring; at the end of each couplet of which, the Shepherds repeated in chorus this burthen:

"Welcome ſweet Nymph! bleſt Goddeſs of "the May."

After which they continued their dances (42).

After having at times walked round the meadows, Nicandor re-conducted his gueſts back to his houſe, where they found Glaphira and her daughters ſurrounded by their ſlaves, employed at embroidering, each in turn relating ſhort ſtories and moral fables (43). Though Alphonſo did not underſtand Greek, he was charmed with the picture he beheld. The youthful Zoë was ſpeaking, and Theliſmar conjured her to continue her recital; ſhe accordingly began again, with a grace which augmented the bloom of her cheeks, and her modeſt diffidence.

Zoë related the hiſtory of a young virgin on the eve of her marriage, quitting the paternal manſion. She told her tale with equal truth and feeling, and painted the intereſting and deep grief of

a tender and grateful daughter tearing herſelf from the arms of her beloved family. Glycera liſtened to the detail with extreme emotion; involuntary tears then bathed her down-caſt eyes, and watered the flowers ſhe embroidered: her mother, who obſerved her, called her with a broken voice, and held out her arms. Glycera roſe, ran, and threw herſelf at her mother's knees melted in tenderneſs.

The hiſtory is interrupted; Nicandor approaches Glycera, kiſſes her affectionately, claſps her to his boſom: the lovely Zoë quits her work, and flies to her ſiſter's arms: the Slaves teſtify their feelings at this touching ſcene; and Nicandor, in a few moments, taking Alphonſo and Theliſmar into another apartment, explained the cauſe of what they ſaw, by firſt telling them the ſubject of Zoë's fable, and then informing them, that Glycera was herſelf at the eve of marriage.

The very ſame evening the young man, choſen to be the ſpouſe of Glycera, ſent large baſkets magnificently embelliſhed, containing ornaments and nuptial preſents for Glycera and the family. The next day the young Greek came, attended by his parents and friends, to the houſe of Nicandor; the beauteous and affecting Glycera appeared, ſhe had on a ſilver robe, embroidered with

gold

gold and pearls, and faſtened with a girdle of diamonds; her treſſes floated upon her ſhoulders, and a Hymeneal crown adorned her head while ſhe wept, and hid herſelf in her mother's arms.

Glycera received the parental benediction kneeling, which Nicandor pronounced with great tenderneſs, but with a ſolemn and firm tone; while the feeling mother, incapable of articulating a word, raiſed her ſwimming eyes to heaven, and preſſed between her trembling hands the hands of her daughter. After this moving ceremony, the two families united, followed by all their Slaves, walked to church; this ſuperb train was preceded by a band of vocal and inſtrumental muſic: after them came the young virgin, ſupported by her father and mother; her pace was ſlow, timid, and trembling; her down-caſt eyes were evidently wet with tears, that ſhe vainly endeavoured to retain. According to the ancient uſage of Greece, the Torch of Hymen was carried before her, and her ſlaves, huſband, parents, and friends cloſed the proceſſion, in which order they arrived at church.

After the ceremony, the Bride and Bridegroom were re-conducted in pomp to their houſe, the front of which was illuminated, and ornamented with flowers and foliage; cups of wine were

given to all the guests, and the young people received nosegays bound with threads of gold, the person who presented them saying, *Go you and marry also.* These words roused the attention of Alphonso, who looked at Thelismar. A banquet succeeded, and the dancing continued till midnight (44).

Alphonso left this feast in a sorrowful mood; the remembrance of Dalinda, and the fear of never, perhaps, tasting a happiness such as he had been a spectator of, afflicted him deeply. This melancholy continued several days, but it was insensibly dissipated by the new and agreeable objects that surrounded him, and especially by the tenderness of Thelismar.

Thelismar and Alphonso every day after their walk, went regularly to the embroidering room, whither Glycera, and the young friends of Zoë always came; Nicandor explained in a low voice to the strangers, the subjects of the tales related by these young Greeks; and when Zoë spoke, Alphonso became particularly attentive: he often would change places with Nicandor or Thelismar, the better to see them embroider, and he remained longest always at the frame of Zoë: he praised all their performances, but he only looked at that of Zoë; he began once more to design flowers, and

and offered every day a new pattern to Zoë for her embroidery; at laſt he began continually to vaunt of the manners and cuſtoms of Greece, and thought Buyuk-Dairai the moſt delightful place he had ever ſeen.

One morning when he was alone with Theliſmar, the latter began to praiſe him highly for his conduct. I am quite enchanted with you, continued he, dear Alphonſo; I ſee you begin to acquire a command over yourſelf.

Do I?

Yes; and I cannot conceal my ſatisfaction; for theſe three weeks paſt you have learnt to hide and overcome that melancholy, at which I was ſo uneaſy; you are obliging, amiable, and attentive in company; and what muſt have coſt you more than all the reſt, you ſpeak no longer of Dalinda; be aſſured I feel the value of this effort.

So ſaying, Theliſmar embraced Alphonſo, who ſuffered his embrace with a cold and mournful air, without making any reply; a moment's ſilence ſucceeded. Alphonſo walked thoughtfully about his chamber, then ſuddenly turning, No, Theliſmar, ſaid he, I muſt not deceive you; I ſhould be

be unworthy of your kindneſs, were I to leave you in an error——he ſtopt and bluſhed.

What would you ſay? anſwered Theliſmar.

Perhaps, exclaimed Alphonſo, I am going to ruin myſelf.

Ruin yourſelf! what, by being ſincere! and to me Alphonſo! Can you ſuppoſe it?

Know then, that though my heart is always the ſame; though Dalinda alone has touched it, and though, were it not for the hope of becoming your ſon, life would be a burthen——yet—— if I have ceaſed to ſpeak of her, if I have ſeemed chearful, do not attribute this conduct to the efforts of reaſon, but on the contrary to——

Come to my arms, interrupted Theliſmar, come noble and dear Alphonſo, this proof thy candour and confidence juſtifies my affection for thee.

Oh my father! Oh my indulgent friend! cried Alphonſo.——

See, continued Theliſmar, how fleeting a ſenſation love is, dear Alphonſo, when not confirmed by an affectionate and ſolid friendſhip: two large

large black eyes, an ingenuous countenance, a ſweet ſmile, and five or ſix ſtories which you did not underſtand, have made you, in three weeks, forget the object of that paſſion which you pretended was ſo violent.

It is true, that the young Zoë amuſed and intereſted me; it is true, ſhe baniſhed my ſorrows from my mind, and that Dalinda was leſs frequently preſent to my imagination, but ſhe was ever in my heart.

Do not deceive yourſelf, Alphonſo, you have yet no real attachment to Dalinda, becauſe, at preſent you know nothing of her but her form.

But that form proclaims a ſoul ſo pure, ſo ſuperior! Beſides, I know Dalinda by her letters, her acquirements, her tenderneſs for you; in a word, Dalinda is the daughter of Theliſmar, and is not that enough to make her paſſionately beloved?

All that is not a ſufficient foundation for a deep and durable attachment, which cannot exiſt without mutual confidence and friendſhip; but let me aſk you a queſtion concerning Zoë; how has it happened, that you have not perceived the impreſſion ſhe has made upon you?

It muſt certainly be a want of reflection.

Imagine then, for a moment, the conſequence of wanting ſuch reflection. I have more than once obſerved, that Nicandor and Glaphira do not approve your exceſſive reſpect for Zoë; ſo many attentions, a preference ſo marked, muſt ſoon injure the reputation of the young virgin to whom they are paid. You have riſqued troubling the repoſe of, and bringing ſorrow into a houſe, where their treatment demands all our gratitude.

Heavens! you make me ſhudder——but henceforth I will think, I will each day ſeverely examine my actions, my ſenſations, and, what may be more effectual, I will every day conſult you, and never more will I conceal my thoughts from you.

And now, ſaid Theliſmar, I muſt quit myſelf of a promiſe which I have not forgotten. So ſaying, he opened a caſket, took out the ſaſh of Dalinda, and gave it Alphonſo. It belongs to you, ſaid he, you have a right to it, ſince I promiſed it to you on the very firſt proof of your ſincerity.——

Oh Theliſmar, ſaid Alphonſo, greatly affected, what a moment have you choſen! And am I permitted to receive a pledge ſo dear in this houſe!

Yes;

Yes; if it ſtill continues dear to you; if you have ſtill the ſame ſentiments.

Then I dare accept it——Alphonſo then threw himſelf at Theliſmar's feet, received the ſaſh of Dalinda kneeling, and kiſſed with tranſport the hand that gave it.

Remember, Alphonſo, ſaid Theliſmar, this, from a father, is no light, no trifling gift; from this moment our engagement is mutually ſacred. I have adopted you as a ſon; I promiſe you an amiable and virtuous companion for life; of whom you muſt become worthy, not by a romantic paſſion, but by a ſtable and uniform virtue. Continue to inform your mind, and improve your temper and underſtanding; it is thus you muſt prove your love for Dalinda, and ſhew your gratitude for my affection.

Nicandor came and interrupted their converſation, and Alphonſo, too much moved to ſupport the preſence of a third perſon, retired: he wiſhed for ſolitude, that he might indulge, without conſtraint, the tranſports of his heart. It is needleſs to obſerve, that from that day forward he deſigned no more patterns for Zoë, paid her no other attentions than ſuch as good breeding demanded, and avoided going into the embroidering room.

The

The family of Nicandor, however, met an unexpected affliction; one of their friends, lately returned from the Isle of Calki (*a*), to which he had made a short voyage, fell ill and died in four days time. Nicandor related many interesting particulars of the friend he had lost; and told how he had renounced the riches and honours which he had a right to expect, that he might yield himself, without controul, to the delights of friendship and study.

This Sage, continued Nicandor, who had retired to a pleasant house (45) near mine, distributed the greater part of his income to the unfortunate; he consecrated the rest to the embellishment of his habitation: his heart was virtuous, and his temper simple; he cultivated his garden himself, watered his flowers, and bred birds, for which he made an extensive aviary. Such were his innocent amusements. Beloved by his friends, adored by his slaves, he had a sister worthy of himself, who lived with him, went with him every where, and who never can forget his loss. To-morrow, continued Nicandor, we shall perform

(*a*) It is the ninth of the Propontidæ Islands, anciently called Dæmoneri, or the Isles of the Genii. M. d'Anville mistakenly calls them *Les Isles du Prince*, which name is given by the inhabitants only to the fourth. *This Note is by M. Guys.*

the

the laſt duties of friendſhip; his ſiſter will conduct the funeral rites.

But how will ſhe have the courage, ſaid Theliſmar?

You are a man, anſwered Nicandor, who wiſh to know our manners, to ſtudy nature; come and ſee this ſorrowful ceremony; you will there behold the workings of deſpair. Grief among us is never repreſſed, it is ſeen in all it's energy. Among a people who are ſlaves to appearances and cuſtom, ſorrow is mournful and mute, but here it is eloquent and ſublime.

This converſation excited the curioſity of Theliſmar, who did not fail, with Alphonſo, to follow Nicandor to the funeral of his friend. They went firſt to the houſe of Euphroſine, the name of the ſiſter above-mentioned, and entered a chamber hung with black, where the corpſe, magnificently clothed, and with the face uncovered, was laid in his coffin; the ſlaves were kneeling round, and venting their grief by tears and groans. Among them Theliſmar diſtinguiſhed an old man, ſtill more profoundly afflicted than the reſt, to whom Nicandor went and ſpoke.

Theliſmar queſtioned Nicandor concerning this old man, who anſwered his name was Zaphiri. He was preſent at the birth of him we lament, ſaid Nicandor; he is almoſt paſt the uſe of his limbs, and the impoſſibility of following the burial, adds to his grief: he has juſt told me, there is but one remaining pleaſure for him on earth, the feeding of the birds, and the culture of the flowers, which once were his dear maſter's delight.

Nicandor was ſpeaking, when Alphonſo and Theliſmar felt their blood run cold at the broken accents and dolorous cries they heard: it is the wretched Euphroſine, ſaid Nicandor. Immediately a woman appeared, in long mourning garments, with diſordered hair, pale cheeks, and bathed in tears; ſhe was ſupported by two ſlaves, and ſeemed ſcarcely able to drag her ſlow ſteps along; the auguſt and affecting picture of a grief ſo profound, made her natural beauty more ſtriking, more majeſtic; and her ſhrieks, her lamentable groans, were uttered in an accent ſo penetrating and ſo real, that it was impoſſible to hear them, and not at once feel aſtoniſhment, terror, and the moſt heart-rending pity.

The Patriarch and his attendants ſoon after arrived. The corpſe was taken up, and a funeral dirge

dirge began. After paſſing through the village, and proceeding leſs than a mile into the country, they came to a place over-ſpread with Cypreſs-trees, Tombs, and Sepulchral-Columns.

Euphroſine ſhrieked, and hid her face in her vail, as ſoon as ſhe perceived at a diſtance the Sepulchre prepared for her brother. They came at laſt to the grave, the proceſſion ſtopt, the Patriarch pronounced the burial-ſervice, kiſſed the dead, and retired.

Euphroſine then raiſing up her vail came ſuddenly forward, and fell upon her knees by the ſide of the coffin.

Oh my brother! cried ſhe, receive the laſt farewel of thy unhappy ſiſter: Oh, my dear, my affectionate friend! Do I then look upon thee for the laſt time?——My brother!——Is this my brother?——Alas! yes, here are his features ſtill; but, oh, inſupportable thought! While I bathe him with my tears, while I call him, while my heart is torn with deſpair, his countenance ſtill preſerves the ſame unalterable gloom, the ſame mournful tranquillity——Oh dreadful ſilence!—it is the ſilence of death——my brother is but a ſhadow; it is his image only Euphroſine kiſſes ——what then have I for ever loſt thee!——ſhall I never

I never ſee thee more!——Never!——never!——No——I cannot ſubmit to this——this eternal ——this horrible ſeparation. No, I will not ſuffer the hand of cruelty to tear thee from my arms, and plunge thee in the tomb——ſtop Barbarian, ſtop, forbear to dig his Grave——pity my grief, or dread my deſpair.

The Patriarch again advanced to take away the body. Euphroſine ſent forth a dreadful ſhriek; her ſlaves flew to her aſſiſtance, and, in ſpite of her ſtruggles, held her at ſome diſtance from the grave, while ſhe, quite beſide herſelf, rent her garments, and tore up her hair by the roots to ſcatter on the coffin.

Her tears then ſuddenly ſtopt: motionleſs and ſtupid her eyes were fixed upon the coffin, as they were lowering it in the tomb. But when ſhe ſaw them place the marble over it, by which it was to be for ever hid, ſhe ſhuddered dreadfully, and ſhrunk back. Oh God! cried ſhe——Is it then done!

So ſaying, the colour left her lips, her eyes cloſed, and ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into the arms of her Slaves. They bore her away from the tomb; and as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf, her friends and relations,

relations, according to cuſtom, conveyed her home.

To get to the houſe, it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould croſs the garden; here, as ſoon as ſhe entered, ſhe met the old ſlave Zaphiri, holding in one hand a hoe, and in the other a watering-pot; ſhe looked and ſhuddered; it was the occupation of the deceaſed; ſhe ran towards the Slave, What art thou doing Zaphiri, cried ſhe?

Alas! I am tending the flowers my maſter loved ſo much.

Miſerable old man, ſaid ſhe, ſeizing the hoe, thy maſter is no more; this place muſt be evermore the place of ſorrow, of deſolation; let all that embelliſhes it die; be it's pleaſures annihilated; open the nets; give liberty to thoſe birds, whoſe warbling and mirth diſtract my heart; and theſe flowers, nurtured by my brother's hand, let them periſh with him.

So ſaying, Euphroſine wildly and rapidly ran, cutting down, and trampling on all the flowers in her path (46).

This affecting ſcene made a ſtrong impreſſion on the heart of Alphonſo; tell me, ſaid he to Theliſmar,

Theliſmar, when they were got home, how does it happen that ideas ſo oppoſite, may be the reſult of the ſame feelings? Why does this old man delight to cultivate the flowers of his maſter, while Euphroſine on the contrary, finds a kind of conſolation in their deſtruction?

Which of theſe two actions do you prefer? aſked Theliſmar in his turn.

That of the old man appeared moſt natural, and yet the other affected me more.

Common feelings produce only common effects, while a deep ſenſibility naturally begets extraordinary ideas and actions: thus, for example, if the woman, who has intereſted us ſo much, if Euphroſine had reaſon, taſte, and diſcernment, as well as ſuch ſtrong paſſions, and if ſhe were then to write, her works would certainly poſſeſs originality, energy, feeling, and truth.

And is it not the poſſeſſion of theſe qualities which conſtitutes genius?

Undoubtedly! If genius did not originate in the ſoul, would it be a gift ſo precious, ſo deſirable, or could it ſo powerfully excite envy?

Theliſmar

Thelifmar and Alphonfo paſſed ſome few more days at Buyuk-Dairai; after which they took leave of Nicandor and his amiable family, quitted Greece, and entered Aſia by Natolia. They ſtaid a little while at Bagdad (*a*) and Baſſora (*b*), and ſtopped at the iſland of Bahrein, in the Perſian Gulf, where they ſaw the famous pearl fiſhery (47). From thence they departed by ſea for the kingdom of Viſapour.

During this voyage Theliſmar and Alphonſo were one evening walking the deck, and converſing on the wonders of nature. I think at preſent, ſaid Alphonſo, I know them all.

Dear Alphonſo, ſince you are ſo learned, replied Theliſmar, explain the meaning of the phænomenon which at this moment appears; look this way, on yonder waves.

Alphonſo went to Theliſmar, and looking as directed, beheld the veſſel encircled by fire, to which the total darkneſs of the night gave an

(*a*) Bagdad is a great city, on the eaſtern borders of the Tigris; it was taken by the Turks ſomewhere about 1638.

(*b*) Baſſora is a fine city, below the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates; the Turks have been maſters of it ever ſince 1668: it is 100 leagues from Bagdad.

additional brilliancy; the ſurface of the ſea was entirely covered with ſmall ſparkling ſtars, and every wave, as it broke, caſt forth a ſhining light.

The wake of the veſſel was of a luminous ſilver white, interſperſed with dazzling azure ſparks (48).

I confeſs, ſaid Alphonſo, this is a glorious ſight, and abſolutely new to me.

Come let us go to bed, replied Theliſmar; and ſhould you happen to awake in the night, I am perſuaded you will make ſome ſolitary reflections on that preſumption, which is but too natural to you, and which perſuades you of the extent of your knowledge, when every day proves the contrary.

Alphonſo made no reply, but embraced Theliſmar, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he been aſleep half an hour, before there was a noiſe in his cabin that awaked him: he had put out his light, and was frightened at opening his eyes, and perceiving fire on the partition oppoſite his bed; he roſe haſtily, and his ſurprize increaſed at beholding, in large legible letters

letters of fire, theſe words written upon the boards:

*Learned Alphonſo, your terror is ill founded, this fire burns not* (49).

Aſhamed and aſtoniſhed, Alphonſo put his hand upon theſe fiery characters, and felt no heat: Oh Theliſmar! cries he, what ſurprizes me the moſt is, that you have the art to render the leſſons which wound ſelf-love agreeable. Theliſmar immediately appeared, with a light in his hand, ſmiling; and after having explained to him the nature of this ſeeming fire, retired, and Alphonſo once more went to ſleep.

It is alſo time that we ſhould go to ſleep, interrupted the Baronneſs, for the evening has been much longer than uſual.

The next evening Madame de Clémire again continued her hiſtory of Alphonſo.

Our travellers being arrived at Viſapour, viſited the diamond ruins (50), and afterwards went to the Court of the great Mogul. Theliſmar having obtained an audience of the Emperor, was permitted with Alphonſo to ſee the Palace: they paſſed through many apartments, and found in

all of them, beautiful women in magnificent habits, armed with lances, who formed the interior Guard of the Palace. They came to a vaſt magnificent hall, hung with gold brocade, where the Monarch was ſitting on a Throne of Mother of Pearl, entirely covered with rubies and emeralds; four Columns, all beſpread with diamonds, ſupported a canopy of ſilver, embroidered with ſapphires, and ornamented with feſtoons and pearls; a ſuperb Trophy, compoſed of the Emperor's arms, his quiver, bow, and ſabre, garniſhed with jewels, and connected by a chain of topazes and diamonds, was ſuſpended to one of the columns; the Emperor himſelf was in cloth of gold, and in the centre of his turban was a diamond of prodigious brightneſs, and ſo large, that it extended almoſt all over his whole front: various rows of fine pearl formed his bracelets and collar; and an infinity of precious ſtones, of various colours, enriched his girdle and his buſkins: before him was a table of maſſive gold, and all the great lords of his court, in moſt magnificent robes, were ſtanding ranged round his throne.

Theliſmar preſented to him ſeveral mathematical inſtruments, of which, by means of an interpreter, he explained the uſe. The Emperor ſeemed pleaſed with the preſents and converſation of Theliſmar; told him, it was his birth-day; that

that the whole empire celebrated the feſtival, and invited Alphonſo and Theliſmar to ſpend the evening in his palace.

Evening came; wine was brought in vaſes of rock cryſtal; every body was ſeated, fruits were ſerved in plates of gold; the muſicians entered, and the hall ſoon reſounded with cymbals and trumpets. The Emperor filled a Goblet of wine, and ſent it to Theliſmar; the Goblet was of gold, enriched with the turquoiſe, the emerald, and the ruby. When he had drank, the Emperor deſired him to keep the cup as a mark of his friendſhip.

When the repaſt was almoſt ended, two large baſins of rubies were brought the Emperor, which he threw among the courtiers, who all ſcrambled for them. Soon after two other baſins were brought full of gold and ſilver almonds, which were thrown and ſnatched with the ſame avidity.

Theliſmar and Alphonſo, as you may well ſuppoſe, ſat ſtill, aſhamed of, and contemning the covetouſneſs and meanneſs of the Mogul lords.

The Emperor alſo diſtributed pieces of gold-ſtuff and rich girdles to ſeveral of the muſicians, and ſome of the courtiers; after which the drinking began. Theliſmar and Alphonſo were the only

people who remained ſober; the Emperor, unable to ſit upright, hung his head and fell aſleep, and then every body retired.

When Alphonſo and Theliſmar were alone, Theliſmar ſaid to the former, What do you think of this Court?

I think, replied Alphonſo, he is the richeſt and moſt magnificent Sovereign upon earth.

And the happieſt, and moſt reſpectable likewiſe?

I know not if he be happy, for I know not if he be beloved, if his reign be peaceable and glorious: but I confeſs there is nothing auguſt in his perſon, nothing which enforces reverence; there is not a ſingle Prince in Europe, who has ſo little the air of Majeſty.

And yet there is no European Sovereign, who may be any way compared to him for pomp and ſhow. Gold, pearls, diamonds, and all the Aſiatic oſtentation, do not then of themſelves impreſs any real reſpect. What muſt we think then of thoſe frivolous Europeans, who affix ſo great and imaginary a value on theſe ſhining trifles? I wiſh the European women, who are richeſt in ſuch poſſeſſions, and who are ſometimes properly enough,

enough, by way of deriſion, called queens of diamonds, I wiſh they could be tranſported here for twenty-four hours. What would one of them ſay, at ſeeing herſelf totally ſurpaſſed in ſuch bright bawbles, by the very Slaves of the Emperor's wives?

For my part, anſwered Alphonſo, bluſhing a little, I ſhall no more mention the diamonds that my father loſt during the earthquake at Liſbon. But pray tell me how it happens, that the great Lords of this Court, who ſeem ſo rich, are yet ſo covetous? How meanly did they huſtle one another for the gold and jewels the Emperor threw.

Their whole emulation is that of being more ſuperbly dreſt than others; they only ſeek to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſilly outſide ſhew; and you ſee how much this kind of vanity, carried to exceſs, can make men capable of the moſt degrading acts. But to return to the Emperor, you ſay you are ignorant if he be happy; can you ſuppoſe a Monarch ſo ignorant, ſo debaſed, happy.

If he be good, he may be beloved.

We do not love whom we deſpiſe; ought he not, for the good of his people, to be well informed, juſt, and eſtimable; beſides, this Mo-

narch has no ſubjects, they are only Slaves, and he is a Deſpot; he exerciſes a tyrannical power outwardly, while he is inwardly tormented by all the fears and terrors, which ever were the juſt puniſhments of tyrants. The homage paid him is forced; and while Adulation offers him incenſe, Hatred is ſecretly conſpiring his deſtruction; his life is paſt in ſuſpicion, or the puniſhment of traitors; he is in continual fear of all that approach him; and to complete his miſery, his very children are ſuſpected.

The next day, Theliſmar and Alphonſo went early to the Palace; the Mogul was then at war with the Sovereign of Decan, and was going to viſit the Camp where his troops were aſſembled. His wives were mounted on Elephants that waited at their doors; Theliſmar counted eighty of theſe animals all ſuperbly equipped; the little towers they carried were plated with gold, and embelliſhed with Mother-of-pearl; the ſame metal too formed the bars of their grated windows; a canopy of cloth of ſilver, with taſſels hung with rubies, covered each tower.

The Emperor was carried in a palanquin of gold and Mother-of-pearl, ſet with pearls and precious ſtones: many other palanquins followed that of the Emperor, and a vaſt number of trumpets, drums,

drums, and other inſtruments, mixed among a crowd of officers, richly clothed, who carried rich canopies, and umbrellas of brocaded gold, hung with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, led the proceſſion.

Our travellers, after having admired the magnificence of his Camp, quitted the Court of the great Mogul (51), and went to the kingdom of Siam. Here they ſaw the famous white elephant ſo much revered in India: his apartment is magnificent, he is ſerved kneeling, and in veſſels of gold (*a*). "Theſe attentions", ſays an illuſtrious Philoſopher (*b*), "theſe reſpects, theſe offerings, "flatter him, but do not corrupt; he has not "then an human ſoul; and this ſhould be ſufficient "to demonſtrate it to the Indians."

There was now but one part of the world unknown to our travellers, America, for which they embarked, and came to California; from thence they went to Mexico; and as they were on their route to the town of Tlaſcala, Theliſmar looking at his watch, ſtopt his carriage, and alighted; telling his ſervants to wait, and carefully look to

(*a*) They have the ſame reſpect for white elephants at Laos, Pegu, &c.

(*b*) M. de Buffon.

the horſes; for, added he, night will ſuddenly overtake us.

How! ſaid Alphonſo, laughing, night! not ſo ſuddenly, for it is only noon.

Theliſmar made no reply, but ſeeking the ſhade, turned towards ſome trees at a little diſtance. Alphonſo, as he followed, perceived an animal, the extraordinary figure of which raiſed his attention; it was nineteen or twenty inches long, without reckoning the tail, which was at leaſt twelve, and ſcaly, like a ſerpent; it's ears were like thoſe of the ſmall owl, and it's hair erect.

The animal ſtood ſtill, and Alphonſo wiſhed to examine it; he obſerved it was waiting for it's young, which were running towards it; as they came up, it put them one after another into a bag or pouch beneath it's belly, then ran towards the trees.

Deſirous of obſerving ſo ſingular an animal nearer, and finding that it could not run faſt, Alphonſo purſued it; he had juſt overtaken it when it came to the foot of a tree, up which it ran with ſurprizing agility, and ſeizing the end of one of it's higheſt branches with it's tail, twiſted it

it round, and there remained ſuſpended, apparently motionleſs (52).

Alphonſo was going to mount the tree, when he heard on every ſide of him a loud crackling, which redoubling, ſeemed like the diſcharge of artillery; at the ſame inſtant he was covered with an innumerable multitude of ſmall black grains, darted on him from all parts (53). He haſtily drew back, and hid his eyes with his hands, which were conſiderably hurt by the grains that had ſtruck them.

The pain was ſo great, that he was obliged to keep them ſhut for ſome minutes; at laſt he opened them, but no ſooner had he done ſo, than he cried out, Oh heaven! I am blind! Oh Theliſmar! Oh Dalinda! I ſhall never ſee you more. ——Theliſmar, Theliſmar, where are you?—— Do not abandon the unhappy Alphonſo.

As he ſaid this, he heard pretty near him a burſt of laughter, and knew it was the voice of Theliſmar. What then, continued he, does Theliſmar inſult my miſery? No; it is not poſſible.

He then recollected that Theliſmar, when he got out of his carriage, had told his ſervants that night approached; he began therefore to take

courage, and doubt the truth of his blindneſs, notwithſtanding the midnight darkneſs that ſurrounded him; he followed the ſound of Theliſmar's voice, till he found and ſeized him in his arms.

I cannot at preſent, ſaid Theliſmar, ſerve you as a guide, Alphonſo, for I am as blind as you are.

Thanks be to heaven, replied Alphonſo, that I am acquitted for the fright only; I find now, that the cauſe of my fear is nothing but an eclipſe of the ſun; but I did not think that eclipſes ever produced ſuch total darkneſs, nor can I conceive by what art you could foretel, with ſo much preciſion, the exact moment of this phænomenon.

While Alphonſo was ſpeaking, the ſun, once more beginning to appear, diſſipated the fearful obſcurity that had blackened every object; the profound ſilence, the midnight calm, ſoon ceaſed, and nature ſeemed to revive; the birds with freſh animation, thinking they ſang the return of Aurora, gave notice by their loud and lively warblings, of the birth of day (54).

Theliſmar and Alphonſo now regained their carriage, and the Eclipſe, the Animal, and the ſtrange Artillery, furniſhed our travellers with ſubjects

jects for converſation, which were not exhauſted when they arrived at Tlaſcala.

Quitting Mexico, Theliſmar and Alphonſo embarked for St. Domingo; here Alphonſo flattered himſelf he ſhould find a letter from his father; he was miſtaken, but he received news from Portugal, though ſuch as gave him great affliction.

He learnt, that Don Ramirez had not returned to Portugal; that the public opinion was totally changed concerning his being again taken into favour, and ſent on an embaſſy; moſt people even ſuppoſed him exiled, but were totally ignorant to what part of the world he was retired.

This intelligence overwhelmed Alphonſo with grief; uncertain now of what might be his father's fate, his remorſe became more keen than ever.

Theliſmar came to ſeek him, juſt as he was in the midſt of theſe melancholy thoughts. I come to tell you, ſaid Theliſmar, you will ſee Dalinda much ſooner than you hoped; ſhe is at Paris with her mother; they will wait for us there: to-morrow we will depart for Surinam, from thence we will embark for France, whither we ſhall go directly. But in the mean time, added Theliſmar, before

before you ſee Dalinda, I will ſhew you a preſent I have juſt received from her. Here, open this, do you recollect that form?

Heavens! cried Alphonſo, it is the portrait of Dalinda! What a wonderful picture! What a ſtriking likeneſs! How perfect is the Painter's art!

This picture will intereſt you ſtill more, when you know it is the work of Dalinda herſelf.

Dalinda! Has ſhe then every talant as well as every charm? Oh permit me once more to look on this precious painting.——Yes; behold her angelic features; look, there is her enchanting ſmile. How happy, Theliſmar, are you in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a treaſure!

And yet I deſire another picture of her; I would have her paint herſelf once more, but with her huſband by her ſide; and when, Alphonſo, ſhe ſhall give me that, I promiſe you ſhall have this.

Alphonſo only replied by tenderly preſſing the hands of Theliſmar, and watering them with his tears.

Far from feeling a joy pure and unmixed, he looked upon it as his indiſpenſible duty to return to Portugal, hoping there to find ſome ſort of information

formation concerning his father: he was unalterably determined to declare his reſolution of going thither to Theliſmar; but this reſolution was too painful, not to cauſe the moſt violent agitations in his mind.

He had never had the courage to confeſs a fault, for which he juſtly and bitterly reproached himſelf; he wanted the power to tell ſo dear a friend he had left Spain clandeſtinely, without his father's conſent; and this firſt diſſimulation, had obliged him to diſguiſe the truth in a thouſand other inſtances: at laſt, however, he firmly purpoſed to expiate all his wrongs by his ſincerity, without reſerve, and if neceſſary, by the moſt painful ſacrifices; and in this diſpoſition left Saint Domingo. They arrived at Surinam (*a*) about duſk, and were ſtruck by a moſt brilliant ſpectacle at their firſt entering that country. The coaſt ſeemed covered with an infinity of chandeliers, hung without order at unequal diſtances. Theliſmar and Alphonſo were admiring this agreeable illumination, when they perceived many of the lights were in motion, and advancing towards them.

A moment after, they plainly diſtinguiſhed eight or ten men who walked nimbly, though they

(*a*) Surinam is a Dutch colony, of about 30 leagues extent, along the river of Surinam, in Guiana.

ſeemed

ſeemed covered with ſmall lighted candles; ſome on their bonnets, ſome on their ſhoes, and ſome in their hands. This viſion greatly ſurprized Alphonſo, who wanted to come near theſe men; but they paſſed haſtily by, and, as Alphonſo did not underſtand the language of his guides, he could not ſatisfy his curioſity.

When they came to the houſe where they were to lodge, they were ſhewn into a pretty chamber, as clear as day; but, as Alphonſo remarked that the lights were placed in two ſmall glaſs lanterns, he wiſhed to ſee them nearer; he then diſcovered with aſtoniſhment, they were nothing but green flies, of a bright emerald colour, which gave all this light.

We have now an explanation of the thing we wanted, ſaid Theliſmar; the trees being in a conic form, are covered with theſe flies, and reſemble at a diſtance, girandoles and chandeliers hung in the air; the men we met, had faſtened theſe ſhining inſects on their bonnets and feet, and carried them in glaſs tubes in their hands.

The very ſame evening, Alphonſo learnt theſe beautiful flies were more than one way uſeful. When he was in bed, they were taken from their little lanterns and let fly about the room, in which he

he was informed they would kill the knats, which might otherwiſe diſturb his reſt.

Alphonſo, however, a prey to inward grief and chagrin, could not cloſe his eyes the whole night; he roſe before day-break, determined no longer to defer opening his heart to Theliſmar, but to inform him of all his faults and all his ſorrows.

He went to walk upon the ſea-ſhore till Theliſmar ſhould riſe, and after ſtraying a conſiderable time, ſat down at the foot of a tree, where he fell into a vague and painful revery; preſently his eyes became heavy, he began to doze, and in a few moments was aſleep. He was awaked by a piercing and ſorrowful cry, and opening his eyes, ſaw himſelf in the arms of Theliſmar, who was bearing him away.

Alphonſo endeavoured to ſpeak, but could only utter ſome broken and plaintive ſounds; pale and faint, he could not ſupport himſelf, he wanted even the power of thought. Theliſmar laid him down on the graſs, ran towards the ſea, filled his hat with ſalt-water, and made Alphonſo drink it; after which, with the help of ſome ſervants, he raiſed, and took him home.

Alphonſo

Alphonſo came to himſelf by degrees. Where am I, ſaid he, as he felt his ſtrength returning?

Oh my ſon, ſaid Theliſmar, have I not ſpoken to you of this fatal tree? Have I not told you, that to ſleep beneath it's perfidious ſhade is to die (55)?

It is true, cried Alphonſo, with a languiſhing voice, I recollect it now.

Providence be praiſed, you are out of danger; but had not my fears for you brought me where you lay, the very inſtant they did, I ſhould have loſt you, Alphonſo.

And do you weep for me, my father? For me! Oh moſt affectionate of friends! beſt of benefactors! wherefore have you ſnatched me from the arms of death? I had then been regretted by you. Theliſmar, while weeping for the miſerable Alphonſo, would then have been ignorant of his worſt errors.

What do you mean, Alphonſo?

I am overpowered by your favours, penetrated by your bounties; my affection for you is the reigning

reigning ſentiment of my heart, and yet I am the moſt unfortunate of men.

Heavens! Which way? how?

A ſingle word, Theliſmar, may make you judge of my ſituation; I cannot follow you to France!

And why not?

Sacred duty dictates my return to Portugal: Oh! that by this painful ſacrifice I could expiate my fault!

What fearful remorſe is it that overwhelms you?——But——no——thou art incapable of wickedneſs or meanneſs; ſpeak, be confident, open thy heart to thy friend.

Alphonſo ſhed tears of gratitude and joy at hearing this, was ſilent a few moments, then taking courage, owned, without reſerve, how he had deceived Theliſmar, when he aſſured him that Don Ramirez approved his travels; related the circumſtances of his flight, and painted, in the moſt moving manner, his remorſe, and uninterrupted inquietude concerning the fate of his father.

When

When he had finiſhed his recital, Theliſmar, with a ſoftened heart, looked at him, and ſaid, No, I will not abandon thee; I myſelf will conduct thee to Portugal.

Theſe words inſpired Alphonſo with gratitude ſo ſtrong, ſo paſſionate, he could only expreſs it by falling at the feet of his generous friend.

Yes, continued Theliſmar, we will find this unhappy father; I will enjoy the pleaſure of giving thee again to his arms; for I dare aſſure him, thou now wilt make him happy. We ſhall arrive ſomewhat later in France, but Dalinda will ſee thee reconciled to heaven and thyſelf, and honoured with thy paternal benediction. Don Ramirez will certainly conſent, without ſcruple, to your union with Dalinda. My fortune is not immenſe, but it is more than ſufficient; the ties which attached Don Ramirez to Portugal, are all broken; it will be no difficult thing to engage him to look on Sweden as his country, and my houſe as his own.

This is too much, ſaid Alphonſo; Oh Theliſmar! let me breathe; my heart cannot expreſs it's feelings towards a benefactor ſuch as you; gratitude becomes a paſſion; words are weak; I cannot tell you what I think.

This

This converſation delivered Alphonſo from one part of his troubles; the indulgence and tenderneſs of Theliſmar aſſuaged the bitterneſs of remorſe, and gave birth to the ſweeteſt hopes.

Before they quitted Surinam, Theliſmar and Alphonſo were invited on a fiſhing party, and roſe on the day appointed early in the morning. In their way to the ſea-ſide, they croſſed a marſh full of extraordinary trees; from their flexible branches, bundles of filaments hung down, lay upon the ground, took root, grew, and formed other trees, as beautiful as thoſe to which they were united, and of which they were only ſhoots, which again multiplied after the ſame manner; inſomuch, that a ſingle tree might become the parent ſtock of a whole foreſt.

But what moſt ſurprized Alphonſo was, that theſe trees were covered with ſhell-fiſh! A multitude of oyſters were fixed to their branches (56).

Theliſmar was explaining the cauſe of theſe ſingular things, when they arrived on the ſtrand; they went on board; the fiſhing began, the net was thrown, and the haul was a good one.

Alphonſo ſeeing an exceedingly large fiſh, very like an eel, went and touched it with a little ſwitch that

that he had in his hand; no ſooner had he done ſo, than he felt ſo great a pain in his arm and hand, that he gave a loud cry before he could recollect himſelf. The fiſhermen all began to laugh; and Alphonſo, piqued and aſtoniſhed, remained motionleſs a while.

Recovering himſelf, he went again to the fiſh, and ſaid, I do not know how the touching this fiſh can cauſe ſo violent a ſhock; but I will ſhew you at leaſt, that though I may be ſurprized, I am not to be intimidated.

So ſaying, he ſtooped down and touched the fiſh with his hand. He did not cry out this time; but he received ſo terrible a ſhock, that if Theliſmar had not ſtepped forward, and catched him in his arms, he would have fallen; and was ſo ſtunned by the violence of the ſtroke, that he almoſt loſt the uſe of his ſenſes.

As ſoon as he was perfectly recovered, I will ſhew you, ſaid Theliſmar, a ſtill more aſtoniſhing effect produced by this fiſh. We are fourteen people in all, let us form a circle, and each hold the other by the hand; I will ſtand firſt, and you laſt; I will touch the fiſh with a ſtick, and although ſeparated from me by twelve people, you ſhall yet feel the ſame ſhock as I.

The

The experiment was made, and confirmed all that Theliſmar had predicted (57).

The day after this adventure, our travellers quitted Surinam and America, and embarked for Portugal. During the voyage, Theliſmar in return for the confidence Alphonſo had placed in him, ſatisfied a curioſity he had long entertained. Alphonſo could not conceive how Theliſmar might reſolve to quit his country for four years, and tear himſelf from a family ſo dear to him, for ſo long a time.

Theliſmar informed him that his Sovereign, being the protector of literati and learned men, had engaged him to make this ſacrifice: the favours of my King, continued he, my love of ſcience, and the particular delight I take in natural hiſtory, have determined me to undertake an enterprize, the fatigues of which my friendſhip for you has made me chearfully ſupport; the care of forming your heart, and enlightening your mind, together with the affection you have inſpired me with, alone could ſoften the uneaſineſs and chagrin I have often felt, and which are inſeparable from the feeling mind abſent from it's native home.

After

After a favourable voyage our travellers landed in Portugal, where all the information that Alphonſo could procure, relative to Don Ramirez, was very feeble and inſufficient. They aſſured him, that his father had not been ſeen there during the laſt two years, and, after an infinity of reſearches, Alphonſo was perſuaded Don Ramirez was either in England, or in Ruſſia. The intereſts of his family required Theliſmar ſhould go to England; this Alphonſo knew: therefore in quitting Portugal, he had the conſolation to think he ſhould not ſtay in France, but follow Theliſmar and Dalinda to a land in which he hoped to find his father.

NOTES,

# NOTES,

## REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

## IN VOL. II.

(1) A FAMOUS Floriſt in Holland, told me he had given 6800 livres (263 l.) for a root; adding, that he had ſeen others far dearer. Many Amateurs will not allow there are more than ſix ſpecies of Flowers worthy the care of cultivation: theſe are the Hyacinth, the Tulip, the Auricula, the Ranunculus, and the Anemony: the Hyacinth is one of the moſt beautiful, but leaſt various colours; it is leſs common too than the others. The Ranunculus is ſaid to have been brought from Syria, during the time of the Cruſades; the Anemony was tranſported from America in the laſt century, by M. Bachelier; and they pretend, that the Hyacinth is a native of the Cape of Good Hope; the moſt beautiful Hyacinth is the Ophir; it is yellow, interſected with purple ſpots on the inſide.

(2) The Earthquake which happened in Sicily 1692-3; the Hiſtory of which is given by Mr. Hartop, Father Aleſſandro Burgos, and Vin Bonajutus, is one of the moſt terrible ones in all Hiſtory: it ſhook the whole iſland; and not only that, but Naples and Malta ſhared in the ſhock. It was of the ſecond kind mentioned by Ariſtotle and Pliny, viz. a perpendicular pulſation or ſucceſſion. It was impoſſible, ſaid the noble Bonajutus, for any body in this

country to keep on their legs on the dancing earth; nay, thoſe that lay on the ground were toſſed from ſide to ſide, as on a rolling billow, and high walls leaped from their foundations ſeveral paces, &c. *Phil. Tranſ.* No. 207. The miſchief it did is amazing; almoſt all the buildings in the countries were thrown down; fifty-four cities and towns, beſides an incredible number of villages, were either deſtroyed or greatly damaged. We ſhall only inſtance the fate of Catania, one of the moſt famous, ancient, and flouriſhing cities in the kingdom, the reſidence of ſeveral Monarchs, and an Univerſity. This once famous, now unhappy Catania, to uſe the words of Fa. Burgos, had the greateſt ſhare in the Tragedy. F. Anton. Serrovita, being on his way thither, and at the diſtance of a few miles, obſerved a black cloud, like night, hovering over the city; and there aroſe from the mouth of Montgibello, great ſpires of flame which ſpread all around; the ſea, all of a ſudden, began to roar and riſe in billows; and there was a noiſe, as if all the artillery in the world had been at once diſcharged; the birds flew about aſtoniſhed; the cattle in the fields ran crying, &c. His, and his companions horſes ſtopped ſhort, trembling, ſo that they were forced to alight. They were no ſooner off, but they were lifted from the ground above two palms; when, caſting his eyes towards Catania, he, with amazement, ſaw nothing but a thick cloud of duſt in the air. This was the ſcene of their calamity; for, of the magnificent Catania, there was not the leaſt footſtep to be ſeen. S. Bonajutus aſſures us, that of 18,914 inhabitants, 18,000 periſhed there. The ſame Author, from a computation of the inhabitants before and after the *earthquake*, in the ſeveral cities and towns, finds that near 60,000 periſhed, out of 254,900.

(3) The

(3) The greateſt part of Liſbon was, in fact, deſtroyed by incendiaries; who, during this dreadful diſaſter, ſet fire to the houſes that they might pillage them with more impunity. The unfortunate inhabitants, who were the victims of this unheard of wickeneſs, found relief in the humanity of a generous nation. No ſooner were the Engliſh informed of this terrible event, than they haſtened to ſend them every ſuccour of which they ſtood in need. This benevolent act coſt the Engliſh ſix millions, but it gave them new claims to the eſteem of all Europe.

(4) I find, in an Engliſh work, as inſtructive as entertaining, a ſingular Anecdote, little known, relative to Catalonia.

"From that period, the Emperors, Kings of France, "governed Catalonia, by appointing Counts, or Vicegerents, "removeable at pleaſure, till the government was rendered "hereditary in the family of Wilfred the Hairy: whether "this happened by a conceſſion of Charles the Bald, or by "uſurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It con-"tinued in his poſterity for many generations. This Prince "having been grievouſly wounded, in a battle againſt the "Normans, received a viſit from the Emperor, who dipping "his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, "drew four lines down the gilt ſhield of Wilfred, ſaying, "Earl, be theſe thy armorial Enſign. Four Pallets, Gules, "on a Field, or; remained from that time the Coat of "Arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Arragon; when "Raymund the fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and "heireſs of Ramiro, the ſecond King of Arragon."—*Travels through Spain, in the Years* 1775 and 1776, *by Henry Swinburn, Eſq.*

(5) The following is what a French Traveller ſays on the ſubject of the Caſcades I mention.

" One is aſtoniſhed, while traverſing theſe threatening " rocks, to meet delicious vallies and fine verdure, and " trees in the boſom of ſterility; to ſee natural caſcades " precipitate themſelves from their rude pinnacles, and " trouble the ſilence which reigns in that aſylum, only to " render it more intereſting."

*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tome I. Page* 35.

And here follows what an Engliſh Traveller ſays on the ſame ſubject:

" The greateſt hardſhip here is a ſcarcity of good water. " Except one ſpring at the Pariſh, and another at the Con- " vent, they have no other than ciſtern water, and that bad " enough. This, in ſummer, is a terrible inconvenience, " and gives the lye to the florid deſcriptions I have read, of " the purling ſtreams, and beautiful caſcades, tumbling " down, on every ſide, from the broken rocks. The want " of water is ſo great, that neither wolf, bear, or other " wild beaſt is ever ſeen on the mountain."—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Eſq; London, 4to.—Page* 58.

This quotation is ſtriking enough, and were pains taken to compare the accounts of Travellers, I believe many ſuch like might be found. For my part, I have taken a liberty which many Hiſtorians have likewiſe taken, that of chuſing the moſt agreeable; however, I do not diſſemble my motives of preference, and readily confeſs, that the name, reputation, and works of the Engliſh Traveller, ought to inſpire the greateſt confidence.

(6) Among

(6) Among the combats between the Spaniards and the Moors, was one, in which the women of Tortosa gained great renown. They exposed themselves on the ramparts of the town, and performed such prodigious acts of valour, that Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted in 1170, the Military Order of La Hacha, or the Torch. They obtained many other honourable privileges, which now no longer exist, except that of taking the right-hand of the men, be their rank what it will, in their marriage ceremonies.

The History of Germany affords a similar Anecdote. In the year 1015, the Poles besieged the town of Meissin, which must have been taken, had it not been for the heroism of the women, who partook all the labours of the siege. The Emperor Henry II. to perpetuate the memory of the women of Meissin, who had, on that occasion, shewn greater courage than their husbands, ordained an Anniversary Festival for the deliverance of the town, and that the women alone should go in procession to the church, as a testimony that Meissin owed it's safety to them. This procession was continued with great pomp till the sixteenth century, when the Lutherans abolished the Romish religion.

*Hist. Gener. d'Allemagne, by M. Montigny, Tome IV.*

During the war between John I. King of Castile, and John I. King of Portugal, the English having besieged Valancia, in the kingdom of Leon, which was then without men, the Nobility having all followed the Prince to the field, the ladies defended the town, repelled the assault of the enemy, harrassed them by sallies, and obliged them to retire. John, in recompense of their valour, permitted them to wear a Scarf of Gold, and granted them all the privileges of the Knights of the Scarf. The date of this

Order is uncertain, but is ſaid to be between 1383 and 1390.——*Encyclopédie, at the word* ECHARPE.

(7) The town-houſe of Toledo, near the Archbiſhop's Palace, is ſtill admired; the colonadeal Architecture is very beautiful. On one of the walls of the ſtair-caſe are Spaniſh verſes, of which the following is a tranſlation:

"Noble and judicious Men of Toledo, leave your paſ-
"ſions on this ſtair-caſe; here leave love, fear, and covet-
"ouſneſs; forget private and public good; and ſince God
"has made you the pillars of this auguſt Palace, remain al-
"ways firm, upright, and unſhaken."

*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tom. I.*

(8) Theſe Mountains abſolutely deſert, ſerved many ages as an Aſylum to robbers and wolves. In vain had ſome Patriots propoſed to grub and clear them. M. Olavides, however, after having peopled the deſerts of Andaluſia, covered the Siera Morena with Coloniſts and Labourers. Government favoured the eſtabliſhment, and it proſpered; but, notwithſtanding the attentions, benefactions, and repeated exemptions of Government, there are many diſcontented Spirits among theſe people; their complaints generally ill-founded, are the conſequence of man's inquietude, who wiſhes for eaſe and independence without making uſe of the means by which they are procured.

*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tom. I.*

The chief place in the Colony is called Carolina; both the French and Engliſh traveller have given charming deſcriptions of this eſtabliſhment. Thoſe of the latter are delightful.

(9) In

(9) In the days of the Muſſelmen this Moſque was a ſquare building, with a flat roof, upon arches. It wanted proportion, for it was only thirty-five feet high, while it's breadth was four hundred and twenty, and it's length five hundred and ten. The roof was borne up by near a thouſand columns, and by ſeven hundred and eighty according to others. The Moſque had twenty-four gates, and 4700 lamps were lighted in it every night, which annually conſumed near 26,000 pounds of oil.

At preſent a part of the Moſque only exiſts, which is turned into a church that has ſeventeen gates, and is 510 feet long, and 240 broad (*a*); and in one part of it ſtand a vaſt number of columns, marble, but of various ſpecies, forming a vaſt quincunx.——*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Eſq; page* 297.

(10) Grenada is ſituated at the foot of Sierra Nevada, or Mountain of Snow, and is built on each ſide of the Dauro, The Xenil bathes it's walls, and theſe two rivers are formed from the melting of the ſnows, with which the Sierra is always covered.——*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tom. I.*

(11) The moſt remarkable monument of Grenada is the Caſtle of the Alhambra, an ancient Mooriſh Palace, in the centre of which is ſeen one more modern, built by Charles V. which yet is in ruins, with only four walls remaining. It's extent was not great, the better to preſerve the Mooriſh Palace, which was deſtined to be a ſummer habitation. In the Alhambra are found the remains of prodigious magnificence, Colonades of Marble, Fountains, Baſs Reliefs, a

(*a*) The French Traveller ſays, 600 long, and 250 broad. *Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tome I. page* 285.

prodigious number of inſcriptions, &c. Among others the ſuperb Court, called the Court of the Lions, is greatly admired: the Generaliph is another Mooriſh Palace, which communicates with the Alhambra. It is built on a great elevation, and watered from every part. The gardens are in the form of an Amphitheatre; the ſituation is charming, and preferable to that of the Alhambra.

*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tom. I.*

(12) In the days of Boabdil, or Abouabdoulah, the laſt King of Grenada, the Alabeces, Abencerages, Zegris, and Gomeles, were the moſt powerful families in that City; they filled moſt of the great employments about Court, and ſcarce a brilliant atchievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of ſome Knight of theſe four houſes. High above the reſt towered the Abencerages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerages more accompliſhed, more diſtinguiſhed, than Albin Hamet, who for his great wiſdom and valour ſtood deſervedly foremoſt in the liſt of the King's favourites. His power roſe to ſuch a pitch, that it excited the moſt violent envy in the breaſt of the Zegris and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from this poſt of ſuperior eminence. After concerting many ſchemes for his deſtruction, none appeared to them more effectual than one propoſed by a conſummate villain of the Zegri family. He ſeized an opportunity of being alone with the King, whoſe character was as yet frank and unſuſpicious; aſſuming an air of extreme anguiſh of mind, he obſerved to the Prince how very weak his conduct appeared to all wiſe men, by repoſing ſuch unbounded confidence in, and truſting his perſon with ſuch traitors as the Abencerages, who were well known to be laying a ſcheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Abouabdoulah of his life and crown.

Nay

Nay more, he, and three men of honour, had ſeen the Queen in wanton dalliance with Albin Hamet Abencerage, behind the lofty cypreſſes in the gardens of the Generalif, from whence Hamet had returned inſolently crowned with a garland of roſes. Theſe calumnies rouzed all the furies of jealouſy in the breaſt of the credulous Monarch, and the deſtruction of the whole lineage of Abencerage was planned in the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were under ſome pretence or other, ſummoned one by one to attend the King in the Court of Lions. No ſooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was ſeized by the Zegris, lead to a large alabaſter baſon in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-ſix of the nobleſt of the race had already periſhed before the treachery was diſcovered. A Page, belonging to one of thoſe Noblemen, having found means to follow his maſter in, and to get out again unſeen, divulged the ſecret of this bloody tranſaction. The treaſon once known, all Grenada was in an inſtant up in arms, and many deſperate combats enſued, which, by the great havock made amongſt the moſt valiant of it's chieftains, brought the ſtate to the very brink of ruin. Theſe tumults being appeaſed by the wiſdom of Muſa, a baſtard brother of the King, a grand council was held, in which Abouabdoulah declared his reaſons for the puniſhment inflicted on the Abencerages, *viz.* their conſpiracy, and the adultery of the Queen. He then ſolemnly pronounced her ſentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if within thirty days ſhe did not produce four Knights to defend her cauſe againſt the four accuſers. The Queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their ſcimitars in the audience-chamber, and reſcuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Muſa, who obſerved to them, they

might by violence ſave the life of the Sultana, but by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world; which would certainly look upon that cauſe as unjuſt, which refuſed to ſubmit to the cuſtomary trial. The Queen was immediately ſhut up in the tower of Comares. Many Grenadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of expoſing their lives in her quarrel, but none were ſo happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived ſo high an idea of the Chriſtians, from the valour ſhe had ſeen them diſplay in a great tournament lately held at Grenada, and the treachery of the Zegris had her with ſo diſpicable an opinion of Mooriſh honour, that ſhe was determined to reſt her defence upon the gallantry of the Spaniſh Knights. In hopes of rouzing their noble ſpirits to action, ſhe diſpatched a truſty meſſenger with a letter to Don Juan de Chacon, Lord of Ca.thagena, entreating him to eſpouſe her cauſe; and like a true Knight, bring with him three brave warriors, to ſtand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for anſwer, that he ſet too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Grenada was buried in the deepeſt affliction, to find that their beloved Queen had been ſo remiſs as not to have named one of her defenders. Muſa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, preſſed her, in vain, to accept of their ſwords, or thoſe of ſeveral other warriors willing to aſſert the juſtneſs of her cauſe. The Sultana relying on the Spaniſh faith, perſiſted in her refuſal; upon which the judges conducted her down from the Alhambra to a ſcaffold in the great ſquare, hung with black, where they ſeated themſelves on one ſide. At the ſight of this beauty in diſtreſs, the whole place reſounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the ſpectators could be reſtrained from attacking

her enemies, and refcuing her by main force. Scarce were the Judges ſeated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accuſers, who advanced armed cap-à-piè, mounted on the fineſt courſers of Andaluſia. Over their armour they wore looſe veſts, with plumes and ſaſhes of a tawny colour. On their ſhields were painted two bloody ſwords, and theſe words: *For the truth we draw them.*—All their kinſmen and adherents accompanied them to their poſt within the liſts. In vain did the crowd caſt a longing eye towards the gate, through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon. The Sultana's courage began to fail her; and when four valiant Moors preſented themſelves to ſue for the honour of drawing their ſwords to vindicate her innocence, ſhe promiſed to truſt her life in their hands, if, within two hours, the perſons ſhe expected ſhould not appear. At that inſtant a great noiſe was heard, and four Turkiſh horſemen came prancing into the ſquare. One of them addreſſed the Judges, requeſting the favour of ſpeaking to the Queen; which being granted, he knelt down, and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the deſign of trying their ſtrength againſt the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that hearing of this ſolemn trial, they had changed their reſolution, and were now arrived at Grenada, to devote their firſt eſſay of arms in Spain to her ſervice, and hoped ſhe would approve of them for her champions. As he ſpoke, he let drop into her lap the letter ſhe had written to Don Juan; by the ſight of which, ſhe diſcovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the Lord of Carthagena, who had brought with him as companions in this dangerous conflict, the Duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova. The Queen accepted of their pro-

posal; and the Judges having solemnly declared her voice, gave orders for the charge to sound. The onset was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length Don Juan overthrew Mahandon Gamel, and the Duke slew Alihamet Zegri; Mahandon Gamel fell by the sword of Aguilar; and the last of all, the arch-traitor Mahomed Zegri, disabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with loss of blood, sunk at the feet of Don Ferdinand; who, setting his knee on the Infidel's breast, and holding his dagger to his throat, summoned him to confess the truth, or die that instant. "Thou needest "not add another wound," said Mahomed, "for the last "will prove sufficient to rid the world of such a monster. "Know then, that to revenge myself of the Abencerages, "I invented the lye that caused their destruction, and the "persecution of the Sultana; whom I here declare free "from all stain or reproach whatsoever, and with my dying "breath implore her forgiveness." The Judges came down to receive this deposition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterwards announced to the people, who expressed their joy by the loudest acclamations. The day ended in festivity and rejoicing. The Queen was escorted back in triumph to the Palace, where the penitent Abouabdoulah fell at her feet, and with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime, but to no purpose: for the Queen remained inflexible, and, retiring to the house of her nearest of kin, refused to have any further intercourse with him. The four Knights left Grenada, without discovering themselves to any other person; and soon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerages abandoned the city, and, by their secession into Castile or Africa, left Abouabdoulah destitute of able Officers, and entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who in the course of a few months deprived him of his kingdom.

(13) This

(13) This globe of fire was a meteor, and ſimilar appearances have been obſerved in the remoteſt ages. It was this kind of meteor which formerly ſpread terror in Rome, which Ariſtotle, Seneca and Pliny have deſcribed. It was anciently called, and is ſo ſtill by the vulgar, flaming ſword, and firey dragon. I have not invented any circumſtances relative to this phænomenon in my tale, as may be ſeen by the following account.

" The Globe of fire which was the ſubject of the *Memoire* " of M. le Roy, was obſerved the 17th of July, 1771, " about half paſt ten in the evening.——There ſuddenly ap- " peared in the north-weſt a fire like to a great falling ſtar, " which augmenting as it approached, ſoon took the form " of a globe, that afterwards had a tail, which entrained " all after it. This globe having traverſed a part of the " heavens, became ſlower in it's motion, and took the form " of Batavian Tears, when it ſhed a moſt powerful light; " it's head appeared enveloped in ſparks of fire, and it's " tail edged with red contained all the colours of the rain- " bow. At length it burſt, ſhedding a vaſt number of " luminous particles like the *brilliance* in fire-works.

" The 12th of November, 1761, M. le Baron des Adretz, " one league from Ville Franche, in Beaujolois, ſaw a bright " globe of fire, which ſeemed ſwiftly falling and increaſing " in ſize as it fell. A train of fire marked it's route; after " it had traverſed nearly an eighth of the horizon, it ſeemed " as large as an exceedingly large tun, cut horizontally in " half.——It turned up-ſide down, and out of it came a " prodigious quantity of flaming ſparks, like the largeſt of " thoſe ſeen in fire-works.

" In

"In the town of Beaune, this meteor gave a light equal "to that of noon-day.

"The 3d of November, 1771, at half past nine in the "evening, a very extraordinary meteor was seen at Sarlat (a). "The Heavens became so light, that they thought day again "was going to break. A most luminous globe of fire ap- "peared, from which came large sparks, like artificial stars, "and the circle by which it was surrounded, was formed "of differently-coloured rays.——When this enormous "globe was about six fathoms high, two species of volcano "came from it, which took the form of two large rain- "bows, one of which lost itself towards the North, and "the other towards the South."

*Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature, Tome II.*

(14) It must be remembered, that Alphonso's shoes were nailed, and that his staff had an iron ferrule.

"The Ancients, says M. de Bomare, knew the load stone "would attract iron; and if Pliny may be believed, it was "found out by a Shepherd, who felt that the nails of his "shoes, and the ferrule of his staff, stuck to a rock of load- "stone over which he passed; but they knew not it's "polar direction."

Alphonso, full of ignorance and remorse, and already terrified at the meteor he had seen, feeling himself fixed to the rock, believed it proceeded from the wrath of heaven, as a punishment for his flight. This idea redoubled his terror, rendered him motionless, and aided the effects of nature.

(a) A small town of Perigord, 120 leagues from Paris.

"The

" The Load-ſtone is ferruginous, and is found in iron-
" mines; it's colour varies with the country where it is
" found; it has five remarkable properties: 1. That of
" attracting iron, called *Attraction*. 2. That of tranſmitting
" it's virtue—*Communication*. 3. That of turning towards
" the poles of the earth—*Direction*. 4. It's variation,
" called *Declination*. 5. It's dipping as it approaches either
" pole—*Inclination*. All theſe ſingular properties, the
" effects of the nature of the Load-ſtone, are produced by
" ſome general property hitherto unknown. It is ſuppoſed
" there is a kind of atmoſphere round the Load-ſtone, which
" forms an active vortex, and is ſenſibly diſcovered by it's
" contrary effects, the one of attracting, the other of re-
" pelling iron. The attractive force of the Load-ſtone,
" juſt taken from the mine, is not great, for which reaſon
" it is obliged to be armed to augment it's power.—It
" may be remarked, that the ruſt of iron has ſometimes the
" effect of the Load-ſtone.

" Among the curioſities of the Engliſh Royal Society,
" is a Load-ſtone, weighing ſixty pounds, which does not
" lift weight in proportion to it's ſize, but which attracts a
" needle at nine feet diſtance. *L'Hiſtoire de l'Académie des*
" *Sciences*, ſpeaks of a Load-ſtone, which weighed eleven
" ounces, and raiſed twenty-eight pounds of iron; that is
" to ſay, more than forty times it's weight." *Dict. d'Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare.* Magnetiſm is the general name for the different qualities of the Load-ſtone. I have placed the adventure of the Load-ſtone Rock in Spain, becauſe it would have the moſt effect in the firſt moments of Alphonſo's flight; and there is ſufficient probability for a tale like this, in ſo doing, ſince, in fact, the environs of Loxe are full of rocks, and Spain contains many mines.

(15) " The

(15) " The pretended rain of blood happens only during " a ſtorm, and more eſpecially in Summer. It is not " aſtoniſhing, that the moſt part of inſects which feed on " trees, are ſwept off by winds and torn in pieces, ſo that " in falling they ſeem bloody, and it rains the blood of " inſects."——*Dict. d'Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Pluie.*

I confeſs this explanation does not ſatisfy me; for were it neceſſary only to produce this phænomenon, to have a high wind or rain in the months of July or Auguſt, every perſon muſt have ſeen it rain blood more than once, which they certainly have not ſeen.

" The waters of the Lake of Zurich, in 1703, ſays " M. de Bomare, ſuddenly became red like blood; and " on examination, it was found to proceed from currents " of bituminous waters, full of red ochre, which currents " fell into the Lake.

" There is alſo what they call ſulphur-rain, which is ſo " named, from yellow grains that ſeem to fall from the " clouds, mingled with the water. This is nothing but " the yellow duſt from various ſpecies of plants in bloom, " and which is the cauſe of this pretended ſulphur-rain, " that ſo frequently falls in the neighbourhood of moun- " tains. This phænomenon often happens at Bourdeaux " in the month of April, when the Pine is in flower."

*Dict. d'Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare.*

(16) Quitting Loxe, Travellers croſs Mount Oreſpeda; and in the neighbourhood of Archidona, a city built in the very midſt of rocks, on the frontiers, Andaluſia is ſeen *la Pena de Los Enamoradoes*, (the Lover's puniſhment) a rock which

which this tragic adventure has rendered famous. A young French Knight was made priſoner by the Moors, when they were in poſſeſſion of Grenada. The Mooriſh King gave him his liberty, heaped favours upon him, and retained him at his Court. In return, the Frenchman ſeduced the King's daughter, and prevailed on her to fly ſecretly from her father's Palace. They made their eſcape in the night; but heaven purſued an ungrateful and vile raviſher, and a criminal and unnatural daughter. At day-break, they ſaw a company of Moors chaſing them, and they clambered up a prodigiouſly high rock. They were ſoon ſurrounded, and, torn by remorſe, reduced to deſpair, they flung themſelves from the ſummit of the precipice, which ſtill bears the name of the Lover's Rock.

*Eſſais ſur l'Eſpagne, Tome I. Page* 225.

(17) Poiſon known to ſome kind of Savages, Mountaineers of Peru, was brought to Europe in 1746, by M. de la Condamine, which was moſt ſubtle and mortal. It's effect is ſo prompt, that a monkey or parrot pricked to the quick by ſmall arrows, which the Savages ſhoot from Sarba canes, immediately drop. M. de Reaumur had a bear of two years old, who becoming miſchievous, he determined to kill. The effect of the poiſon was tried on this animal; the point of a dart proper to ſhoot from a Sarba cane, was ſteeped in it, and the bear received the firſt dart above the ſhoulder, but without being apparently wounded; a ſecond was ſhot, and the animal made a bound, was convulſed, trembled, foamed, and fell dead in about a minute and a half. It muſt be remarked, that the monkies and parrots killed by this poiſon, which are eaten in Peru, without any precaution, contract no pernicious quality. Sugar is the moſt certain antidote to this powerful venom, and which

given

given to dogs and cats a quarter of an hour before they have been wounded, has prevented all it's effects.

This Note was given the Author, by a perſon who was a witneſs of the above experiments.

(18) Every body knows this experiment on Electricity was firſt made by Doctor Franklin.

(19) The key was electrified.

(20) " In the year 1755, when Liſbon ſuffered ſo much, " the Azore Iſlands were wonderfully agitated. In the " iſland of St. George, twelve leagues from Angra, the " earth ſhook ſo violently, that moſt of the inhabitants " were buried in the ruins of their houſes. Their terror " was next morning redoubled, when from the ſame parts " were ſeen eighteen iſlands newly riſen from the ſea. On " the other ſide a ſhock was felt, which threw portions of " earth into the ſea. On one of theſe was a houſe, ſur- " rounded by trees, the inhabitants of which did not, till " the next morning, perceive their change of place."—— *Dict. d'Hiſt. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Tremblement de Terre.*

(21) " This is vulgarly called the Dragon-tree, and by " Botaniſts is divided into four ſpecies. That of the " Canary Iſlands, reſembles the Pine, at a diſtance. It's " fruit is round, as large as fine peas, yellow, and a little " acid. It's trunk, which is rugged, opens in many places, " and ſheds, during the dog-days, a liquor like blood, " which condenſes to a red drop, ſoft at firſt, but after- " wards dry, and capable of being reduced to powder. " This is the Dragon's-blood of the ſhops. When an in-

" ciſion

" ciſion is made in the trunk of one of thoſe trees, the " liquor begins to run."

*M. de Bomare, au mot ſang de Dragon.*

(22) " This Pillar or Water-ſpout, is only a thick cloud, " compreſſed and reduced to a ſmall ſpace, by contrary and " oppoſing winds, which meeting, give the cloud the form " of a cylindrical whirlwind, and thus occaſions the water to " fall all at once under this cylindrical form. The quan- " tity of water is ſo great, and the fall ſo ſudden, that if " it happens on a ſhip at ſea, it ſinks it inſtantly. In the " month of July, 1755, a ſtroke of thunder beat down a " cloud in Bavaria, which directed itſelf perpendicularly, " and formed a kind of a Marine Water-ſpout. Paſſing " over a pond, it drew up all the water, raiſed it to a " prodigious height, and afterwards diſperſed it with ſuch " force, that it reſembled a thick ſmoke. The cloud over- " turned in it's paſſage ſeveral houſes and trees.

" Another ſingular phænomenon happened near the " Baltic, on the 17th of Auguſt, 1750. This was a column " of water, attached to a thick cloud, which the wind " carried along the earth. It attracted every thing it met " with, corn, buſhes, and branches of trees, raiſed them " about thirty feet high, intwined them, and let them fall " in ſmall parcels.——Some pretend, that firing of cannon " will break and diſſipate theſe water-ſpouts.

" There is yet another ſpecies, called Typhon, which " does not deſcend from the clouds, but raiſes water from " the ſea to the ſky. Theſe Typhons are cauſed by ſub- " terranean fires; for the ſea is ſeen to boil on ſuch occa- " ſions, and the air is full of ſulphureous exhalations."

*M. de Bomare, au mot Vent.*

In

In the *Memoires de l'Academie de Stockholm*, we read, that on the 17th of Auguſt, 1746, one of theſe columns was ſeen near Nyſtad, which attracted ſtubble and wheat-ſheafs, and tore up ſmall buſhes by the roots.

There was another more ſingular in 1727, at Beziers, of ſomething like a violet colour, which took up a quantity of young olive ſhoots, tore up trees, tranſported a large walnut-tree forty or fifty paces, and marked it's route by a well beaten track, on which three coaches might paſs a-breaſt; it was accompanied by a thick ſmoke, and made a noiſe like the roaring of a troubled ſea.

Another appeared in the ſame year in la Brie, which paſſing over a ditch, filled it with earth and ſtones, and marked it's paſſage by ſuch kind of furrows as a harrow might make.

A column of a conſiderable height, was ſeen at Carcaſſona, in the year 1776. It ſeemed to deſcend from a neighbouring mountain, of a deep marigold colour, from the bottom half way, while the reſt appeared inflamed. The noiſe of this meteor reſembled the bellowing of a herd of oxen. It threw itſelf into the river Aude, which it dried up for a conſiderable ſpace.

*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome II. mot Trombe.*

(23) In 1740, hail-ſtones fell at Rome as large as eggs. In Thuringia, a province of Germany, there fell hail-ſtones, in 1738, as large as geeſe eggs.

Vallade aſſures us, in his deſcription of the Orcade Iſlands, that in the month of June, 1680, there fell pieces of ice a foot thick, during a ſtorm. Morton obſerved at Northampton,

Northampton, in 1693, blades of ice which fell in a ſtorm, that were two inches long, and one inch thick. Beſides which, he obſerved ſpherical lamps an inch in diameter, in which were ſeen five different coloured rays, which formed a kind of ſtar.

In 1720, hail fell at Crembs, ſome of the ſtones of which weighed ſix pounds.

*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome I. mot Grêle.*

" Hail is a kind of rain condenſed and cryſtallized by " the cold, as it paſſes through the middle region of the " air, before it reaches the earth.——Nicephorus-Caliſtus " reports, after the taking of Rome by Alaric, hail-ſtones " fell in many places of eight pounds weight. In 824, " there fell near Autun, in Burgundy, among the hail, " pieces of ice, ſixteen feet long, ſeven wide, and two feet " thick.——In 1723, there were hail-ſtones fell at Leiceſter " of five inches.——In the famous ſtorm that happened in " Picardy, Auguſt, 1722, the leaſt hail that fell, accom- " panied with thunder and lightning, weighed a pound, " and the largeſt eight.——Many of the ſtones were forked " and pointed, &c."——*M. de Bomare, au mot Grêle.*

(24) " Edens, an Engliſh Traveller, relates, that having, " as a Phyſician, rendered conſiderable ſervices to the in- " habitants of the Canary Iſlands, he obtained of them the " liberty to viſit the Sepulchral Caverns; a favour they " grant to no one, and which cannot be obtained againſt " their will, without life being expoſed to the greateſt " danger.

" They have an extreme veneration for the bodies of " their anceſtors, and the curioſity of ſtrangers is to them " profanation.

" profanation.——These Caves are places anciently dug out " of the rocks, or formed by nature.—The corpse is sewed in " goats-skins, with thongs of the same, and the seams are so " equal and close, as to become very admirable; but what " astonishes most, is, that the bodies are almost all entire; and " in both sexes are equally found the eyes, (closed) the hair, " ears, nose, lips, teeth, and beard.——One day, when the " Author of this Account was taking rabbits by a ferret, " this little animal, which had a bell round it's neck, was " lost in a burrow, and disappeared, without their being " able to know how. One of the hunters, to whom he " belonged, seeking for him in the midst of rocks and " brambles, discovered the entrance to a Sepulchral Cave " of the Guanches, he descended, &c.

" If the account of the oldest of the Guanches may be " believed, there was a particular tribe amongst their " ancestors, who knew the art of embalming, and preserved " it as a sacred mystery.——This tribe composed the Priest- " hood, and did not intermarry with the others; but after " the conquest of the island, most of them were destroyed, " and their secret perished with them. Tradition has only " taught us a part of the ingredients necessary to that " operation."

*Abrégé de l'Hist. Gen. des Voy. Tome I. Per M. de la Harpe.*

Among the Ancients, the Egyptians, more than any others, practised embalming; and bodies have been preserved above two thousand years. In the breast of one of these corpse, a branch of rosemary was found, scarcely dried. This art has only been known in Europe during these latter ages; formerly they made deep incisions in the corpse, salted it, and enclosed it in a tanned ox's hide.——*Encyclopedie.*

(25) The

(25) The French called this tree Calebaſſier, and it's fruit Baboon's-bread. It grows at Senegal, and the natives call it Gooee, and it's fruit Booee; it's real name is Boabab. It's firſt branches, which project almoſt horizontally, are commonly ſixty feet long, and it's trunk about ſeventy-eight feet round; though many Travellers have ſeen them larger. Ray ſays, that between the Niger and the Gambia, ſome have been meaſured ſo monſtrous, that ſeventeen men, with extended arms, ſcarcely could embrace them. According to which, theſe trees muſt be about eighty-five feet in circumference. The Boabab, adds M. de Bomare, is probably the largeſt of known vegetables; though there are accounts, in the works of different Naturaliſts, of well known trees ſo prodigious, as to be reckoned vegetable monſters. Ray cites the account of Travellers, who have ſeen a tree in Brazil 120 feet round; and there are ſtill trees more marvellous, mentioned in late Hiſtories of China; one of which is in the Province of Suchu, near the town of Kian; it is called Licunich, that is to ſay, the tree of a thouſand years; and is ſo vaſt, that one of it's branches only will afford ſhelter to 200 ſheep. Another tree, in the Province of Chekiang, is nearly 400 feet in circumference.

*The Reference to the following Note ſhould have been in Page 166, but by accident was omitted.*

There is a Serpent called the Serpent of Damel, which is very common in that weſterly province of Africa. The Negroes, when bit, put powder on the wound, and apply fire; and if this operation is but a little while deferred, the poiſon gains ground, and death ſoon follows.——The Serreres, a Negro nation, take and eat them. Some of them are fifteen, ſome twenty feet long, and ſix inches in diameter.

There

There are ſome green, others black ſpotted, and ſtriped with beauteous colours.

On the Slave coaſt, in the kingdoms of Juida and Benin, all the Savages adore a kind of Serpent which they call the Fetiche. Theſe Serpents are very gentle, not venomous, and extremely familiar. It is death to kill them. The Negroes look upon them as benevolent Gods, and have particular rites for them; though they deſtroy, with great care, thoſe Serpents which are poiſonous.

(26) "The French of Fort St. Louis had a Lioneſs, "which they kept chained. The animal had a diſeaſe in "the jaw, that reduced it to extremity; and the people "of the fort, taking off the chains, threw the body into a "neighbouring field. In this ſtate it was found by M. Com-"pagnon, Author of the Voyage of Bambuck, as he re-"turned from the chaſe. The eyes were cloſed, the jaw "open, and already ſwarming with ants. Compagnon "took pity on the poor animal, waſhed the gullet with "water, and poured ſome milk down the throat. The "effects of this ſimple remedy were wonderful. The "Lioneſs was brought back to the Fort, recovered by de-"grees, but, far from forgetting the ſervice done her, "took ſuch an affection for her benefactor, that ſhe would "receive food only from him; and, when cured, followed "him about the iſland, with a cord about her neck, like "the moſt familiar dog.

"A Lion having eſcaped from the Menagerie of the "Great Duke of Tuſcany, entered the city of Florence, "every where ſpreading terror. Among the fugitives was "a woman with a child in her arms, whom ſhe let fall. "The Lion ſeized, and ſeemed ready to devour it, when

"the

" the mother, tranſported by the tender affections of Na-
" ture, ran back, threw herſelf before the Lion, and by her
" geſtures demanded her child. The Lion looked at her
" ſteadfaſtly; her cries and tears ſeemed to affect him, till at
" laſt he laid the child down without doing it the leaſt in-
" jury.——Miſery and deſpair then, have expreſſions intel-
" ligible to the moſt ſavage monſters; but what is yet more
" to be admired, is the reſiſtleſs and ſublime emotion, which
" can make a mother offer herſelf a prey to a ferocious
" animal, before which all fly: that loſs of reaſon, ſo
" ſuperior to Reaſon's Self, which can make a deſpairing
" woman recur to the pity of a beaſt breathing only death
" and carnage. This is the inſtinct of ſupreme grief, which
" always would perſuade itſelf it is not poſſible to remain
" inflexible to it's feelings."

*Abrégé, &c. par M. de la Harpe, Tom. II.*

" It is very certain, ſays M. de Buffon, that the Lion,
" when taken young, and brought up among domeſtic ani-
" mals, may eaſily be brought to live, and even play harm-
" leſs among them; that he is gentle to his maſters, careſſes
" them, eſpecially in the former part of life, and that
" though his natural ferocity may ſometimes break forth, it
" ſeldom is turned againſt thoſe who do him good.

" I might cite a number of particular facts, in which I
" own I have found ſome exaggeration; but which are ſuf-
" ficiently eſtabliſhed to prove, at leaſt by their union, that
" his anger is noble, his courage magnanimous, and his
" heart feeling. Often has he been ſeen to diſdain weak
" enemies, deſpiſe their inſults, and pardon their offenſive
" liberties. When reduced to captivity, though weary
" he is not peeviſh; but, on the contrary, becomes habi-
" tually gentle, obeys his maſter, flatters the hand that

" feeds him; ſometimes grants life to animals given him as " prey, and, as if attached to them by this generous act, " continues afterwards the ſame protection; lives peaceably " with them, gives them part of his ſubſiſtence, lets them " ſometimes take it all, and would rather ſuffer hunger " than loſe the fruit of his firſt benefit."

The circumſtances relative to the chaſe of the Lion, are taken from l'Hiſtorie des Voyages.

(27) There is a remarkable echo near Roſneath, a fine country-ſeat in Scotland, ſituated to the weſt of a ſalt-water Lake that runs into the Clyde, 17 miles below Glaſgow. The Lake is ſurrounded by hills, ſome of which are barren rocks, others are covered with trees. A good trumpeter, ſtanding on a point of land that gives an opening to the water towards the north, has played an air and ſtopped: the echo repeated the air faithfully and diſtinctly, but not ſo loud: this echo having ceaſed, another has done the ſame, and a third, as exactly as the two former, with no difference but that of becoming more feeble. The ſame experiment, ſeveral times repeated, had ſtill the ſame ſucceſs.

There was formerly in the Chateau de Simonette a windowed wall, whence what was ſaid was forty times repeated. Addiſon and others, who have travelled in Italy, mention an echo which would repeat the report of a piſtol fifty-ſix times, even when the air was foggy.

In the Memoires of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, for the year 1692, mention is made of the echo at Genetay, two leagues from Rouen, which has this peculiarity, that the perſon who ſings does not hear the echo, but his voice only; and, on the contrary, thoſe who liſten do not hear the

the voice, but the echo, but with ſurprizing variations; for the echo ſeems ſometimes to approach, and ſometimes to retire; ſometimes the voice is heard diſtinctly, at others not at all; ſome hear only a ſingle voice, others ſeveral; one hears to the right, another to the left, &c.——This echo ſtill exiſts, but is not what it was, becauſe the environs have been planted with trees, which have greatly hurt the effect.

(28) This bird is called Flamingo, or Phenicoptera, or Becharu; which ſecond name among the Greeks, ſignified the bird of flaming wing, becauſe when it flies againſt the ſun it appears like a firebrand. The plumage, when young, is roſe-coloured, and at ten months old the colour of fire. "It's "beek, ſays M. de Buffon, is of a very extraordinary form, "it's legs exceſſively high, it's neck long and dented; it's "body ſtands higher, though it is leſs than the Stork's; and "it's form, ſomewhat odd, makes it diſtinguiſhable from "that of every other fiſhing bird.

"This bird is found on the old Continent, from the "coaſts of the Mediterranean, to the ſouthern part of "Africa; Flamingos are plentiful to the weſt of Africa, at "Angola and Congo; where, out of ſuperſtitious reſpect, "the Negroes will not ſuffer one of them to be killed."

The Flamingo is certainly a bird of paſſage, and are numerous at St. Domingo and the Antilles; they fly in ſociety, and naturally form themſelves into a line, ſo that at a certain diſtance they reſemble a brick-wall, and ſomewhat nearer, ſoldiers arranged in rank and file. They place ſentinels, which give the alarm by a very ſhrill cry, like the ſound of a trumpet, at which they all take flight. Their fleſh is much admired as food, and ancient Epicures were very fond of their tongues.

(29) " This bird, called *Cucullus Indicator*, ſays M. de " Buffon, is found in the interior parts of Africa, at ſome " diſtance from the Cape of Good Hope, and is famous " for indicating where wild bee-hives may be found; twice " a day it's ſhrill cry is heard ſounding *cherr cherr*; which " ſeems to call the honey-hunters, who anſwer by a ſoft " whiſtle, ſtill approaching. When it is ſeen, it flies and " hovers over a hollow-tree, that contains a hive; and if " the hunters do not come, it redoubles it's cries, flies " back, returns to the tree, and points out the prey in the " moſt marking manner; forgetting nothing to excite them " to profit by the treaſure it has diſcovered, and which " probably it could not enjoy without the aid of man; " either becauſe the entrance to the hive is too ſmall, or " from other circumſtances which the relater has not told " us. While the honey is procuring, it flies to ſome diſ- " tance, intereſtingly obſerving all that paſſes, and waiting " for it's part of the ſpoil; which the hunters never forget " to leave, though not enough to ſatiate the bird, conſe- " quently not to deſtroy his ardour for this kind of chaſe.

" This is not the tale of a Traveller, but the obſerva- " tions of an enlightened man, who himſelf aſſiſted at the " deſtruction of many bee-hives, betrayed by this little ſpy, " to the Royal Society of London. He procured two of " theſe birds that had been killed, to the great ſcandal of the " Hottentots, for in all countries the exiſtence of a uſeful " being is precious."

M. de Buffon adds, in a note, that the honey-hunter is ſometimes devoured by wild beaſts; whence it has been ſaid, that they and the bird underſtand each other, and that it allures their prey.

*Hiſt. Nat. des Oiſeaux, Tome XII. Edit. in* 12*mo.*

(30) Mecca

(30) Mecca is a town of Arabia Felix, about as large as Marſeilles. The magnificence of it's moſque, draws a prodigious concourſe of all the Mahometan ſects, who go thither on pilgrimages. It is the birth-place of Mahomet.

(31) Medina is a city of Arabia Felix, the name of which ſignifies, in Arabic, a city in general; and here *the city*, by way of excellence; for here it was that Mahomet fixed the ſeat of the empire of the Muſſulmans, and here he died. It was before time called Lotreb. In the midſt of Medina is the famous moſque, to which the Mahometans go in pilgrimage; and in this moſque are the tombs of Mahomet, Abubecker, and Omer. Medina is governed by a Scherif, who ſays he is of the race of Mahomet, and who is an independent Sovereign.——*Encyclopedie.*

(32) Cairo is the capital of Egypt; the Sultan Selim took it from the Maluks, in 1517; ſince which time it has been ſubject to the Turks. Old Cairo is three quarters of a league diſtant from it, on the borders of the Nile; the Cophtes have a magnificent church there (*a*).

(33) The Pyramids of Egypt, were built to ſerve as tombs for their conſtructors. The Egyptians of lower rank, inſtead of building Pyramids, dug Caves, in which every day Mummies are diſcovered. Each Pyramid has an opening into a long low alley, which led to a chamber, where the ancient Egyptians depoſited the bodies for which the Pyramids were built. Their conſtruction is very regular: each of the three remaining large ones is placed at the head of others, ſmaller and difficult to diſtinguiſh, they are ſo

(*a*) A Chriſtian ſet of Jacobites, or Monophyſites.

much covered with ſand. All are built on one ſole rock, hid under white ſand.

In all the Pyramids there are deep pits, cut ſquare in the rock; on the walls of ſome are hieroglyphics, cut alſo in the rock. The three principal Pyramids known to Travellers, are about nine miles from Cairo; and the fineſt of all is upon a rock, in a ſandy deſert of Africa, a quarter of a league diſtant, towards the weſt, from the plains of Egypt. This rock riſes about 100 feet above the level of the plains, but with an eaſy aſcent, and contributes much to the majeſty of the building.

The Pyramid contains chambers, galleries, &c. and thoſe who aſcend on the outſide, reſt occaſionally to take breath. There is a ſquare chamber, about half way up, which ſerves only for a reſting-place. When arrived at the top, a platform is found, whence a moſt agreeable landſcape is ſeen. This platform is ſixteen or ſeventeen feet ſquare, yet the Pyramid ſeems to end in a point; the deſcent, which is on the outſide, muſt be very dangerous.

(34) "The iſland of Thera, in the Archipelago, which "is twelve great leagues of France in circumference, was "thrown from the bottom of the ſea by the violence of a "volcano, which has ſince produced ſix other iſlands. "This volcano is not yet extinguiſhed, for in 1707, it "broke out with redoubled fury, and ſent forth a new "iſland, ſix miles in circumference. The ſea, at that "time, appeared greatly agitated, and covered with flames, "and from it roſe, with dreadful noiſe, ſeveral burning "rocks. The earth has been ſo rent and torn in theſe "latitudes, that veſſels can no longer find anchorage there.

"One

" One of the moſt violent eruptions of Veſuvius, (the " twenty-ſecond) happened on the 20th of May, 1737; " the mountain vomited from ſeveral mouths, huge torrents " of burning, melted, metallic matter, which overſpread the " country, and took it's courſe towards the ſea. M. de " Montealégre, who communicated the account to the " Academy at Paris, obſerved with horror, one of theſe " rivers of fire. It's courſe was ſix or ſeven miles before " it reached the ſea; it's breadth was fifty or ſixty paces; " it's depth twenty-five or thirty French palms; and in " certain bottoms or vallies, 120, &c."——*M. de Bomare.*

" The eruptions of volcanoes are uſually announced by " ſubterranean noiſes like thunder; by dreadful hiſſings, " and interior ſtrife. Hiſtory informs us, that during two " eruptions of Veſuvius, the volcano caſt up ſo great a " quantity of aſhes that they flew as far as Egypt, Lybia, " and Syria. In 1600, at Aréquina, in Peru, was an " eruption of a volcano, which covered all the neighbour- " ing lands, for 30 or 40 leagues round, with calcined ſand " and aſhes, which lay in ſome places two yards deep. The " lava vomited by Mount Ætna, has ſometimes formed " ſtreams that ran 18,000 paces.

" Volcanos often have been known to caſt from their " entrails boiling water, fiſh, ſhells, and other marine " bodies. In 1631, during an eruption of Veſuvius, " the ſea in part became dry; it ſeemed abſorbed by " the volcano, which ſoon after overflowed the country with " ſalt water.——Volcanos are found in hot as well as cold " countries."——*Encyclopedie.*

(35) The entrance to the Cavern of Policandro (or Policando) is grand, the bottom is covered with congelations,

formed from drops of water, which diſtil from the ſummit, but of a ferruginous nature, pointed and hard enough to wound the feet. The ceiling affords various and great beauties.—— Theſe congelations, though exceedingly elegant, are not the only ornaments the grotto has received from nature, for here is plentifully found a ſpecies of iron ore, in the form of ſtars, and ſhining like poliſhed ſteel. The pieces in ſome places have a red caſt, and as brilliant as diamonds.

In another part of the vault are ſeen large maſſes of round bodies, pendent like grapes, ſome red, others of a deep black, but perfectly bright and ſhining. The greateſt ornament of the ceiling conſiſts in the ſame ſpecies of congelation in the form of cryſtals; ſeveral are brought to a point, as if purpoſely ſo laboured; and what is more remarkable, ſome of them are naturally gilded, in as regular a manner as if they had juſt come from the hands of an able artiſt.

*Merv. de la Nat. Tome I.*

(36) Mr. Swinburne, an excellent Author already cited, has written another very intereſting work, entitled *Travels through the Two Sicilies*, where I have found a deſcription of the phænomenon, called by the country people *La Fate Morgana*; which name, Mr. Swinburne ſays, is derived from an opinion eſtabliſhed among the vulgar, that this ſpectacle is produced by a Fairy, or a Magician. The populace are enchanted at the ſight of the phænomenon, and run through the ſtreets to behold and invite others to behold it, with ſhouts and acclamations of joy. It ſeldom appears at Reggio: Mr. Swinburne did not ſee it, but ſays, it's cauſes are learnedly explained by Kircher, Minazi, and other Authors. Mr. Swinburne gives an exact deſcription of it, taken from the account of Father Angelucci, who was an eye-witneſs of the phænomenon; and it is from this ſame deſcription,

deſcription, by Father Angelucci, cited by Mr. Swinburne, that I have made a literal tranſlation, without embelliſhment, for my tale.

This phænomenon is mentioned but very ſuperficially in a French work, entitled *Tableau de l'Univers.*

(37) " Lovers, ſays Atheneus, an ancient Greek Author, " decorate with flowers the doors of their miſtreſſes, like " as they ornament the gates of a Temple; whence, no " doubt, the preſent cuſtom of the Greeks to adorn their " doors, and thoſe of the perſons they love, on the firſt of " May, is derived. They ſing and walk before the houſes " of their fair miſtreſſes, to draw them to their windows; " and ſuch were the gallantries they practiſed in the days of " Horace.——The young maidens dreſſed their heads with " natural flowers, with which too they made themſelves " garlands; and the young men who wiſhed to be thought " gallant, did the ſame."

*Voy. Lit. de la Grèce, 3d Edit. Tome I. par M. Guys.*

(38) " There was anciently a feaſt inſtituted in honour " of Hecate, who had hoſpitably entertained Theſeus, and " who had likewiſe offered up victims and vows for his " victory and ſafe return; hence ſhe obtained her rank " among the Goddeſſes."

" In ancient Greece, when a ſtranger arrived, the maſter " of the houſe took him by the hand, in token of confi- " dence, and his firſt duty was to lead him to the bath, and " preſent a change of raiment.——Among the moderns, " when a ſtranger arrives, the maſter of the houſe meets " and embraces him, then conducts him to his moſt com- " modious apartment, and interrogates him concerning his

" travels, while the ſlaves prepare the bath; where he " finds linen and clothes to change, and thoſe he has " left off are taken by the ſlaves, waſhed and repaired " while he ſtays."——*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(39) " Now, as anciently, the nurſe of the maſter or " miſtreſs, in all reſpectable Grecian houſes, is conſidered " as one of the family. Of old, a woman who had nurſed " a child, never quitted it, not even after marriage: and " among the moderns, as well as the ancients, the nurſe is " uſually a ſlave, purchaſed when the time of delivery " draws near."

" The attachment of nurſes to the children they have " ſuckled, is ſo ſtrongly interwoven with their manners, " that the modern name for nurſe is *Paramana*, a moſt kind " word, and even more expreſſive than the ancient appel- " lation, ſince it ſignifies *ſecond mother*. The nurſe is always " lodged in the houſe, when ſhe has ſuckled a child, and " from that moment is in a manner incorporated in the " family."

" Female ſlaves, now, as well as anciently, are treated " with much kindneſs and humanity by the Greeks, and, " after a certain time, are freed; ſome are adopted while " young, and theſe are called *Daughters of their ſouls.*"

" The maids and ſlaves work, as formerly, at embroider- " ing with their miſtreſſes, and do all houſhold duties. " When their miſtreſſes go abroad, they follow as they did " of old.——The Legiſlator, Zaleucus, to repreſs the " vanity and luxury of his time, ordained that no free " woman ſhould go abroad attended by more than one maid, " *at leaſt unleſs ſhe was drunk.*"——*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(40) " The

(40) " The Grecian ladies have always delighted to adorn " themſelves with jewels; they enrich their girdles, neck- " laces, and bracelets, with them; and while their heads " are decked with the moſt beautiful flowers of the ſpring, " the diamond is ſeen ſparkling beſide the jaſmine and roſe: " they dreſs themſelves thus when not going abroad, or " without an intention of being ſeen."

" Theſe ornaments are only ſacrificed to ſome ſtrong " cauſe for grief.——Almoſt all the Grecian women for- " bear to wear them in the abſence of their huſbands.—— " At preſent, when they go any diſtance, unwilling to " walk through the ſtreets with their jewels, they have " them carried, put them on before they enter the houſe " they are going to, and take them off when they return: " this likewiſe is a very ancient cuſtom."

" The uſe of the veil is very old; and now, as formerly, " is an eſſential part of dreſs, by which rank is diſtinguiſhed. " The veil of the miſtreſs and the maid, the free wo- " man and the ſlave, all are different.——The origin of " the veil is attributed by the Greeks to modeſty and baſh- " fulneſs, equally timid."

" The veil of the Grecian ladies of modern times is " muſlin fringed with gold."——*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(41) " The repaſt of the Greeks, however little ani- " mated, finiſhed always by ſongs. The modern lyre of " the Greeks reſembles that of Orpheus, according to the " deſcription of Virgil, and is ſometimes nipped with " fingers, and ſometimes touched with a bow (*a*).——The

(*a*) I cannot conceive how they can play the lyre with a bow.

" guittar and the lyre are the principal inſtruments in uſe
" among the modern Greeks. The ſhepherd plays indiffe-
" rently the muſette, the flute, or the lyre."

*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(42) The modern Greeks have preſerved dances in honour of Flora; the wives and maidens of the village gather and ſcatter flowers, and bedeck themſelves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, repreſents Flora and the Spring, which the hymn they ſing announces the return of; and one of them ſings,

" Welcome ſweet nymph, Goddeſs of the month of May."

In the Grecian villages, and among the Bulgarians, they ſtill obſerve the feaſt of Ceres. When harveſt is almoſt ripe, they go dancing to the ſound of the lyre, and viſit the fields, whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat-ears, interwoven with the hair.

(43) " Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian
" women; to the Greeks we owe the art, which is exceed-
" ingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the
" higheſt degreee of perfection.——Enter the chamber of
" a Grecian girl, and you will ſee blinds at the windows,
" and no other furniture than a ſopha and a cheſt inlaid
" with ivory, where are kept ſilks, needles, and their em-
" broidery.

" Apologues, Tales, Romances, owe their origin to
" Greece. The modern Greeks love Tales and Fables, and
" have received them from the Orientals and Arabs, with
" as much eagerneſs as they formerly adopted them
" from the Egyptians.——The old women love always to
" relate, and the young pique themſelves on repeating thoſe
" they

" they have learnt, or can make, from ſuch incidents as
" happen within their knowledge."

*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(44) " The Greeks, at preſent, have not a fixed time
" for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients, among
" whom the ceremony was performed in the month of
" January. Formerly the bride was bought by real ſer-
" vices done the father. This was afterwards reduced to
" preſents, and, to this time, that cuſtom is continued,
" though the preſents are arbitrary. The man is not obliged
" to purchaſe the woman he marries, but, on the contrary,
" receives a portion with her equal to her condition.

" It was on the famous ſhield of Achilles, that Homer
" has deſcribed a marriage proceſſion:

" Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt, delight,
" And ſolemn dance, and hymeneal right.
" Along the ſtreets the new-made brides are led,
" With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
" The youthful dancers in a circle bound,
" To the ſoft flute and cittern's ſilver ſound.
" Through the fair ſtreets the matrons in a row,
" Stand in their porches and enjoy the ſhow."

POPE.

" The ſame pomp, proceſſion, and muſic, are ſtill in uſe.
" Dancers, muſicians, and ſingers, who chant the Epithala-
" mium, go before; the bride, loaded with ornaments, her
" eyes down-caſt, and herſelf ſuſtained by women, or two
" near relations, walks extremely ſlow, &c.——Formerly
" the bride wore a red or yellow veil; the Armenians do

" ſo

" ſo ſtill. This was to hide the bluſh of modeſty, the em-
" barraſſment and tears of the young virgin.

" The bright torch of Hymen is not forgotten among
" the modern Greeks; it is carried before the new married
" couple into the nuptial chamber, where it burns till it
" is conſumed; and it would be an ill omen, were it by any
" accident extinguiſhed; wherefore it is watched with as
" much care, as was of old the ſacred fire of the Veſtals.

" Arrived at the church, the bride and bridegroom each
" wear a crown, which, during the ceremony, the Prieſt
" changes, by giving the crown of the bridegroom to the
" bride, and that of the bride to the bridegroom; which
" uſage alſo is derived from the ancients.——I muſt not
" forget an eſſential ceremony which the Greeks have pre-
" ſerved, which is the cup of wine given to the bridegroom,
" in token of adoption; it was the ſymbol of contract and
" alliance; the bride drank from the ſame cup, which after-
" wards paſſed round to the relations and gueſts.

" They dance and ſing ſtill all night, but the companions
" of the bride are excluded; they feaſt among themſelves,
" in ſeparate apartments, far from the tumult of the
" nuptials. The modern Greeks, like the ancients, on the
" nuptial day, decorate their doors with green branches and
" garlands of flowers."——*M. Guys, Tome I.*

M. Guys, the eldeſt ſon of him already cited, gives an intereſting account of a Grecian marriage, at which he was preſent.

" The young bride, richly dreſſed, wearing long treſſes
" of threads of gold, interwoven with her beautiful hair,
" after

" after the manner of the Greeks, deſcended from her " apartment; ſhe eagerly advanced to kiſs her father and " mother, who waited to receive her, at the head of ten " children.——Who, among us, could behold with dry " eyes, a tender and reſpectable mother, unable to detach " herſelf from a daughter, whom ſhe preſſed in her arms, " and whom ſhe bedewed with tears, which an exceſs of " joy and affection cauſed abundantly to flow on her ma- " ternal boſom?——The father wept alſo, but, with eyes " raiſed to heaven, pronounced, with a firm tone, a pater- " nal benediction on his daughter, and vows for the happi- " neſs of her and her huſband.——At their return, noſe- " gays, woven with threads of gold, were given to the " young men, ſaying, Go you and marry alſo."

M. Guys terminates the recital by ſaying, the bride's mother conducted her daughter into an apartment ſuperbly furniſhed; the tapeſtry and bed of which, embroidered on a ground of white, adorned with beautiful flowers, were the work of this good mother. " She had laboured at them " privately, adds M. Guys, for ten years, without the know- " ledge of any one."——*M. Guys, Tome II.*

(45) " The Grecian houſes are divided into two parts, " by a great hall, which takes up the centre and whole " width. In this hall they give feaſts, and perform all " ceremonies that require room, &c."——*M. Guys, Tome I.*

(46) " A Grecian woman weeps for the death of her " huſband, her ſon, &c. with her female friends, for ſeveral " days, who ſing their praiſes and regrets.——Their man- " ner of ſhewing grief is now, as formerly, by plucking " up their hair, and tearing their garments. Fathers and " mothers follow their children, when carried to the grave; " and

" and the body is now, as of old, washed before it is buried. " If it is the corpse of a young virgin, they clothe it in it's finest " robes, crown it with flowers, and the women throw roses " and scented water from their windows upon the coffin as " it passes. The ancients adorned the dead with crowns of " flowers, to indicate they had at length overcome the mi- " series and vexations of life.——The funeral repast is not " neglected by the modern Greeks; the nearest relation " undertakes the charge, and with this the ceremony ends. " ——Fathers and mothers in Greece, wear mourning for " their children (*a*), and this mourning is very long; which " is also an ancient Grecian custom——The Greeks have " preserved the usage of dressing the dead in their best " habits, and of carrying them to the grave with their " faces uncovered (*b*)."

In this same work, by M. Guys, is a letter from Madame Chenier to the author, (*c*) which first gave me the idea of the Episode of Euphrosyne. I shall only cite such passages from this letter as I have profited by, the rest have no relation to my Episode.

" A Grecian lady, equally distinguished by her rank and " the beauties of her mind, and who to the charms of her " sex added those of a good education, lived with a younger " brother, who, from excess of virtue, had renounced " honours and emoluments, to which his alliances and rank " might naturally have taught him to aspire. For his sister " he had all the affection of a brother, and all the friend-

(*a*) They do the same in Italy.

(*b*) The same custom is observed in Italy.

(*c*) Tome I. Page 283.

" ship

" ſhip of a congenial mind. This dear brother was attacked " by a malignant fever, and died.——His ſiſter, according " to the cuſtom of the country, accompanied the proceſſion, " preceded and followed by a part of the Grecian Nobility. " Every thing announced the dejection of an affectionate " heart; the diſorder of her veil and dreſs, the negligence " of her hair, added new traits to the grief viſible in her " countenance.——After the cuſtomary prayers, they per- " formed the ceremony which the Greeks have preſerved, " which they call the laſt farewel. When the Patriarch " has embraced the corpſe, the relations, and thoſe who walk " in the proceſſion, do the ſame. This ſcene, which the " idea of an eternal adieu rendered but too affecting, be- " came more ſo, when the ſiſter, with ſtreaming eyes, at- " tending only to her cauſe of grief, rent her garments, " and tore her hair up by the root, to ſtrew over the coffin " of a brother, whom ſhe was ſoon no more to ſee. Efforts " were uſed to ſhorten this gloomy ſcene, and bring back " the afflicted ſiſter to her houſe; ſhe then became leſs agi- " tated, and her grief more calm."

After this detail, Madame Cheniér ſuſpends her narration, in order to deſcribe the garden of the deceaſed.

" The ſea was ſeen from this garden, which was orna- " mented by beautiful flowers, fruit-trees, and an area full of " birds; there was likewiſe a reſervoir of water, re- " cruited by the ſea, in which all ſorts of fiſh were kept. " This garden, theſe birds and fiſh, were the amuſement " of the Sage, who juſt had been torn from his ſiſter and " friends.——*Where is my brother?* ſaid this deſpairing ſiſter, " as her eyes wandered over the garden.——*He is gone*—— " *has paſſed away like a ſhadow*——*Ye flowers which he cul-* " *tivated with ſo much pleaſure! ye have already loſt the freſh-* " *neſs*

" *neſs his hand beſtowed!——Periſh with him!——Droop and*
" *wither, even to the root!——Ye fiſh, ſince ye have no longer a*
" *maſter nor a friend, to watch over your preſervation——*
" *return ye to the great waters!——Return and ſeek uncertain*
" *life!——And ye little birds! if ye may ſurvive your grief!*
" *accompany my ſighs with your plaintive ſongs!——Thou*
" *peaceful ocean, whoſe ſurface begins to be diſturbed, art thou*
" *alſo ſenſible to my ſorrows (a)?*——Then turning towards
" her ſlaves ſhe ſaid, *Weep, my children, weep! Ye have loſt*
" *one who was kinder than a father to you!——My brother is*
" *no more!——Cruel Death has dragged him from us!——*
" *He has diſappeared like a ſhadow, and we ſhall ſee him no*
" *more!——Theſe haunts, which his preſence rendered ſo de-*
" *lightful, muſt now become the reſidence of gloom and affliction.*

" The tombs of the Greeks, like thoſe of the Turks,
" and other Eaſtern people, are ſituated near the highway;
" and though without incloſure, are not the leſs ſacred. The
" Greeks and Armenians plant elm-trees round them; which
" tree the ancients choſe, becauſe it bears no fruit, and
" therefore the repreſentative of the dead. They likewiſe
" uſe the cypreſs.——Beſides the ſtones which cover the
" tomb, there are little ſepulchral columns, which, as for-
" merly, bore the name of the interred; and this cuſtom is
" adopted by the Turks.

" The Grecians come occaſionally and weep over the
" tombs.——At Eaſter, which the Greeks celebrate with
" great rejoicings, feaſts, and public dances, there is one
" day on which they go in multitudes to viſit the tombs,

(a) The ſea in the channel is ſmooth, evening and morning, and only begins to be agitated about ten o'clock and till ſun-ſet. The time of day muſt juſtify the allegory.——*M. Guys.*

" where

" where they weep for their relations, their friends, and " perhaps, the loſs of their liberty.——At preſent, the " Grecian women are ſatisfied with tearing up their hair, " though they formerly cut off their long treſſes, and ſtrewed " them over the tombs of thoſe they lamented."

*M. Guys, Tome I.*

Of all the people on earth, none are more magnificent in their funerals than the Chineſe.

" The idea of death ceaſes not to torment them; it ap- " pears, however, leſs cruel, if they can purchaſe a coffin, " and erect a tomb on the ſide of a hill, in an agreeable " ſituation. They expend exceſſive ſums on their funerals, " which are ſometimes performed ſix years after death, with " unexampled magnificence. They hire men, and dreſs " them in white, for mourning, to weep in the proceſſion " for ſeveral ſucceſſive days; they carry the deceaſed by " water to the ſound of inſtruments, while the boat which " bears the body, and thoſe which accompany it, are ſo " illuminated, that the different coloured lights form deſigns " even to the maſt-head."——*Voyages aux Indes Orientales & à la Chine, fait par ordre du Roi, par M. Sonnerat, Tome II.*

(47) There are two ſeaſons of pearl-fiſhing in the year; the firſt in March and April, the ſecond in Auguſt and September: the more rain there falls in the year, the more plentiful are the fiſheries. In the opening of the ſeaſon, there appears ſomtimes 250 barks on the banks. In the larger barks are two divers, in the ſmaller one. Each bark puts off from ſhore before ſun-riſe, by a land-breeze, which never fails, and returns again by a ſea-breeze, that ſucceeds it at noon.

As ſoon as the barks are arrived where the fiſh lie, and have caſt anchor, each diver binds a ſtone, ſix inches thick and a foot long, under his body, which is to ſerve him as ballaſt, prevent his being driven away by the motion of the water, and enable him to walk more ſteady among the waves.

Beſides this, they tie another very heavy ſtone to one foot, whereby they are ſoon ſunk to the bottom of the ſea; and as the oyſters are uſually ſtrongly faſtened to the rocks, they arm their fingers with leathern mittens, to prevent them from being wounded, in ſcraping them violently off; and ſome even carry an iron rake for the purpoſe.

Laſtly, Each diver carries down with him a large net, in manner of a ſack, tied to his neck by a long cord, the end whereof is faſtened to the ſide of the bark. The ſack is intended for the reception of the oyſters gathered from the rock, and the cord is to pull up the diver when his bag is full, or when he wants air. In this equipage he precipitates himſelf above 60 feet under water. As he has no time to loſe there, he is no ſooner arrived at the bottom, than he begins to run from ſide to ſide, ſometimes on ſand, ſometimes on a clay earth, and ſometimes among the points of rocks, tearing off the oyſters he meets with, and cramming them into his budget.

At whatever depth the divers be, the light is ſo great, that they eaſily behold what paſſes in the ſea, with the ſame clearneſs as on land; and, to their conſternation, they ſometimes ſee monſtrous fiſhes, from which all their addreſs in mudding the water, &c. will not always ſave them, but they become their prey; and of all the perils of fiſhery, this is one of the greateſt and moſt uſual.

The

The beſt divers will keep under water half an hour, the reſt do not ſtay leſs than a quarter; during which time they hold their breath without the uſe of oils, or any other liquors, only acquiring the habit by long practice. When they find themſelves ſtraitened, they pull the rope by which the bag is faſtened, and hold faſt by it with both hands; the people in the bark take the ſignal, and heave them up into the air, and unload them of their fifh, which is ſometimes 500 oyſters, and ſometimes not above 50.

Some of the divers need a moment's reſpite to recover their breath, others jump in again inſtantly, continuing this violent exerciſe, without intermiſſion, for many hours. They unload their barks on ſhore, and lay their oyſters in an infinite number of little pits, dug four or five feet ſquare; then raiſe heaps of ſand over them, to the height of a man, which, at a diſtance looks like an army ranged in battle. In this condition they are left, till the rain, wind, and ſun obliges them to open, which ſoon kills them; upon this the fleſh rots and dries, and the pearls, thus diſengaged, tumble into the pit, upon taking the oyſters out.

After clearing the pits of the groſſer filth, they ſift the ſand ſeveral times, to ſeparate the pearls; but what care ſoever they take herein, they always loſe a great many. When the pearls are cleaned and dried, the ſmalleſt are ſold as ſeed pearls, the reſt by auction to the higheſt bidder.

Pearls of unuſual figures, that is, neither round nor in the form of a pear, are called *Baroguas*, and our's *Scotch Pearls*; thoſe of unuſal ſizes are called *Parangons*. Such was that of Cleopatra, valued by Pliny at centies H. S. or 80,000 l. ſterling; that brought in 1574, to Philip II. of the ſize of a pigeon's egg, valued at 14,400 ducats; that of the

the Emperor Rudolph, mentioned by Boetius, called *la Peregrina*, or *the Incomparable*, of the ſhape of a muſcade pear, and weighing 30 carats; and that mentioned by Taveraier, in the hands of the Emperor of Perſia, in 1633, bought of an Arab for 32,000 tomans, which, at 30 l. 9 s. the toman, amounts to 110,400 l. ſterling.——*Cyclopædia.*

(48) The ſhining of the ſea-water is a common phænomenon in ſome ſeas. The prow of the veſſel ploughing the waves, ſeems, during the darkneſs of the night, to ſet them on fire; the ſhip rides in a circle of light, and the wake leaves a long luminous track. This happens often on the coaſt of Malabar, and the Maldivia iſlands, where M. Godeheu obſerved the following appearances:

The ſea ſeemed covered with ſmall ſtars, the wake of the veſſel was of a lively bright white, ſtrewed with brilliant and azure points. He learned that the ſea, where moſt luminous, was full of ſmall living animalculi, which not only ſhone, but gave an oily liquor, which ſwam on the ſurface, and afforded that lively azure light. The animalculi could not be ſeen without a good microſcope, and the liquor they ſhed, remained on the ſtrainer through which the ſea-water paſſed, which by this filtration was deprived of it's luminous quality.——*M. de Bomare.*

(49) Natural Phoſphori, are matters which become luminous at certain times, without the aſſiſtance of art or preparation. Such are the Glow-worms, in our cold countries; and, in hot, Lantern-flies, and other ſhining inſects; rotten wood, the eyes, blood, ſcales, fleſh, ſweat, feathers, &c. of ſeveral animals; diamonds, when rubbed after a certain manner, or after having been expoſed to the ſun or light; ſugar and ſulphur, when pounded in a dark place; ſea-

water and ſome mineral waters, when briſkly agitated; a cat's or horſe's back, duly rubbed with the hand, &c. in the dark; nay, Dr. Croon tells, that, upon rubbing his own body briſkly with a well warmed ſhirt, he has frequently made both to ſhine: and Dr. Sloane adds, that he knew a Gentleman of Briſtol, and his ſon, both whoſe ſtockings would ſhine much after walking.——All Natural Phoſphori have this in common, that they do not ſhine always, and that they never give any heat.——*Cyclopædia.*

(50) Diamond, in *Natural Hiſtory*, by the ancients called *Adamant*, a precious ſtone, the firſt in rank, value, hardneſs, and luſtre of all gems.

*Diamonds* are found in the Eaſt-Indies, principally in the kingdoms of Golconda, Viſapour, Bengal, and the iſland of Borneo. There are four mines, or rather two mines and two rivers, whence diamonds are drawn. The mines are, 1. That of Raolconda, in the province of Carnatica, five leagues from Golconda, and eight or nine from Viſapour. It has been diſcovered about 250 years. 2. That of Gani, or Coulour, ſeven days journey from Golconda, eaſtwardly. It was diſcovered about 170 years ago by a peaſant; who, digging in the ground, found a natural fragment of twenty-five carats. 3. That of Soumelpour, a large town in the kingdom of Bengal, near the diamond-mine: this is the moſt ancient of them all. It ſhould rather be called that of Goual, which is the name of the river, in the ſand whereof theſe ſtones are found. Laſtly, The fourth mine, or rather the ſecond river, is that of Succudan, in the iſland of Borneo.

The moſt remarkable *diamonds* for ſize now known, are, that known in France under the name of *Grand Suncy*, by corruption

corruption of *cent fix*, which is one of the Crown Jewels, weighing 106 carats; Governor Pitt's *diamond*, purchaſed by the late Duke of Orleans for Louis XV. King of France, weighing 136¼ carats, and ſaid to be bought for 125,000 l. the *diamond* of the Great Duke of Tuſcany, which weighs 139½ carats; that of the Great Mogul, weighing 279 $\frac{9}{16}$ carats; and one mentioned by Mr. Jeffries, in a Merchant's hands, weighing 242 $\frac{1}{16}$ carats.

According to Mr. Jeffries's rule, that the value of *diamonds* is in duplicate ratio of their weights, and that a manufactured *diamond* of one carat is worth at a medium 8 l. the Great Mogul's *diamond* muſt be valued at above 624,962 l. this being the value of a *diamond* of 279½ carats.

(51) This account of the magnificence of the Great Mogul, is found in many Travellers.

(52) Opoſſum, or Poſſum, the name of a very remarkable American animal, the DIDELPHIS *marſupialis* of Linnæus. It's tail is round, and a foot long, and is of great ſervice to it, as it uſes it to twiſt round the branches of trees, hanging itſelf to them by that means; the tail is hairy, near the inſertion, but naked all the other part, covered with ſmall ſcales, and is partly black, partly of a browniſh white; it's hinder feet are conſiderably longer than the fore ones, and each have five toes; they much reſemble hands, and the nails are white and crooked, the hinder one being, as in the monkey kind, the longeſt.

What diſtinguiſhes this creature from all the other animals of the world, is, that it has a bag or pouch into which it receives it's young as ſoon as delivered; this is a ſort of open

open uterus, and is placed under the belly, near the hinder legs; in this the young are sheltered till they are able to shift for themselves; and when they begin to be strong enough, they frequently run out and return in again. The creature is of a stinking smell, like our fox or martin. It feeds on sugar canes and some other vegetables; but not wholly on these, for it frequently preys on birds, which it catches on the trees, and often plays the fox's trick of stealing poultry.

The male *Opossum*, as well as the female, has this kind of pouch under it's belly, and takes upon himself, at times, the care of carrying and preserving the young, in case of any impending danger.

The flesh of the old animals is very good, like that of a sucking pig; the hair is dyed by the Indian women, and wove into garters and girdles, and the skin is very fœtid.——*Cyclopædia.*

(53) "There is a tree, called the Devil Tree, which "grows in America; it's fruit, in a state of maturity, is "elastic; and when dried by the heat of the sun, noisily "splits and bursts, and darts forth it's grains. To this "sport of nature the tree owes it's name, for at the mo- "ment of bursting, the effect of small artillery is produced, "the noise of which succeeds rapidly, and is heard tole- "lerably far off. If this fruit be transported before it be "ripe to a dry place, or exposed on a chimney-piece to a "gentle heat, it will have the same effect, and produce "the same phænomenon."——*M. de Romare.*

(54) "Livy relates, how Sulpicius Gallus, Lieutenant "of Paulus Æmilius, in the war againſt Perſia, predicted "an eclipſe of the moon to the ſoldiers, which ſhould "happen the next evening; and thus prevented the terror "it would otherwiſe have cauſed.

"A total eclipſe of the ſun is a ſingular ſpectacle. Cla-"vius, who ſaw that which happened on the 21ſt of Au-"guſt, 1560, at Coimbre, tells us, that the obſcurity "was, as he might ſay, greater, or at leaſt more ſtriking, "than the darkneſs of night; people could not ſee where "to ſet a foot, and the birds fell with terror to the "earth."——*Encyclopædia.*

The Acudia is a flying and luminous inſect, found in America, and ſuſpected to be the ſame with the Cucuju or Cocojus.

"It is of the claſs of Scarabeus, of the bigneſs of the "little finger, two inches long, and ſo luminous, that "when it flies by night, it ſpreads great light. Some ſay, "that if you rub the face with the humidity which iſſues, "in ſhining ſpots or ſtars, from this little living Phoſphorus, "it will appear reſplendant. Before the arrival of the "Spaniards, the Indians made no uſe of candles, but "of theſe inſects to light their houſes; by one of which "a perſon may read or write as eaſily as by a lighted "candle.

"When the Indians walked in the night, they fixed one "of them to each toe of the foot, and others to the hand.

"When

" When taken, theſe inſects do not live above three weeks " at moſt; while they are in good health they are very " luminous, but their light decreaſes with their powers, " and after they are dead they ſhine no more. They are " doubly uſeful, for they fly about the houſes and devour " the gnats.

" It is uncertain whether the Acudia is not the ſame " inſect as the Lantern-fly; ſo called, becauſe the fore part " of the head, whence the light iſſues, has been called a " lantern.——Mademoiſelle Merian (*a*), who obſerved " this ſort of inſect at Surinam, ſays, their light is ſo ſtrong, " that one alone was ſufficient, at each ſitting, to paint the " figures of the inſects of the country, which are engraved " in her work.

" There are ſhining flies found in Italy, or rather a " ſpecies of Scarabeus, about the ſize of a bee, the belly

(*a*) Maria Sybilla Merian, daughter of Matthew Merian, a famous Engraver and Geographer, was born in Germany in 1647; and learnt, from Abraham Minion, to paint Flowers, Fruits, Plants, and Inſects, in which ſhe excelled. She underſtood Latin perfectly, and made Natural Hiſtory her particular ſtudy. She paſſed two years at Surinam, painting the inſects of the country; and compoſed a work in German, called, *A Hiſtory of the Inſects of Europe, with Deſigns after Nature; and an Account of the different Metamorphoſis of Inſects, and of the Plants on which they feed.* She died at Amſterdam, aged 70, leaving two daughters, whom ſhe had taught to paint. One of them, eſpecially, named Dorothea, was eminent for her knowledge and abilities.

*Vies de Peintres, Tome II.*

" of which is ſo luminous, that three of them, incloſed in " a tube of white glaſs, will light a chamber. M. l'Abbé " Nollet has proved, that the light of the inſect extends " over the place where it has been cruſhed (*a*)."

*M. de Bomare.*

The moſt ſingular Scarabeus is that deſcribed by M. Rolander. " The firſt time M. Rolander picked up this in- " ſect, which is Phoſphoric, there came a noiſe from it's " body like that of fire-arms, and a clear blue ſmoke. " Another time he pricked the inſect with a pin, and it went " off as many as twenty times ſucceſſively.—M. Rolander " opened the inſect, and found a vacant bladder in it's body, " but could not diſcover if this was its reſervoir for air, " or ſome inteſtine. This inſect may be called the Bom- " bardier (*b*)."——*Dict. de Merv. de la Nat. Tome II.*

(55) Machineel, *Hypomane*, in Botany, a genus of the *Monoecia Adelphia* claſs.

" The wood of this Tree is much eſteemed for cabinet- " work, being very durable, taking a fine poliſh, and, as it

(*a*) The ditches of Mantua are full of theſe inſects, and the graſs and trees are covered with them, which, by night, produces a moſt agreeable effect.

(*b*) The reference to this note on Phoſphoric Inſects is omitted, and ſhould have been inſerted Page 232, of this Volume.

" is

"is said, not being eaten by worms; but, the Tree abound-
"ing with a milky caustic juice, before it is felled,
"they make fires round the trunk to burn out the juice,
"otherwise those who fell it would be in danger of
"losing their sight, by this juice flying into their eyes.
"Wherever the juice touches the skin it raises blisters;
"and if it fall on linen, it turns it black, and it washes into
"holes. The like danger to the eyes is to be apprehended
"from the saw-dust: the workmen, therefore, generally
"cover their faces with fine lawn.

"The Tree produces fruit, somewhat like a golden pip-
"pin, which, if ignorantly eaten, inflames the mouth and
"throat to a great degree, and is very dangerous to the
"stomach, unless timely medicines are applied. Dr. Peys-
"sonel, in his observations on this fruit, informs us, that
"the savages use the juice of it to poison their arms, the
"wounds of which are thereby rendered mortal; that the
"rain which washes off the leaves, causes blisters to rise
"like boiling oil; and that even the shade of the Tree is
"fatal to those who sit under it. Timely evacuations,
"however, by purges and emetics, have prevented their ill
"effects."——*Cyclopædia.*

"The Cassada, or Cassava, is also a remarkable American
"shrub, from the root of which bread is made, though the
"juice expressed from the root to prepare it for bread,
"will kill any animal that drinks it crude; as will the root
"eaten with it's juice. Yet this juice may be boiled over
"the fire till a great part is evaporated; and the remainder,
"if it be far evaporated, will be sweet, and serve in the
"place of honey. If less evaporated, and set by to ferment,

"it

" it will make a very good and wholeſome Vinegar."—— *Cyclopædia.*

(56) The Mangle, or Manglier, is a Tree that grows in the Weſt-Indies, and chiefly in the Antilles, towards the mouths of Rivers.

" Bunches of filaments part from it's flexible branches, " and hang to the earth, where they take root, and grow " into new Trees, as large as thoſe to which they originally " belonged, which again multiply in the ſame manner; " ſo that a ſingle Tree may become a Foreſt. In the Iſle " of Cayenne, the marſhes are covered with them; and " oyſters attach themſelves to the foot and pendant branches, " by depoſiting their ſpawn on them, which adheres, grows, " and as the tide ebbs and flows, are ſometimes in water, " and ſometimes in air."

" There is another very ſingular Tree, called the *Fromager*, or *Saamona*, which grows in the Antilles as high as " the Pine. The top and bottom of the trunk are of the " thickneſs of common Trees, while the middle is more " than twice as thick. The roots, which are very thick, " ſhoot out of the earth ſeven or eight feet high, and form " a kind of buttreſſes around the trunk. It is called Fro- " mager, becauſe it's wood greatly reſembles Cheeſe; it's " fruit, when ripe, contains ſeed of a dark red colour, as " large as ſmall peas, and garniſhed with a kind of pearl- " grey cotton, extremely fine, ſhining, and ſilky to the " touch; but the filaments are ſo ſhort, it is very difficult " to ſpin. The Indians uſe it as we do Down, for their " ears and feet."——*M. de Bomare.*

(57) The

(57) The Gymnotus, or Electrical Eel, a kind of Torpedo, is a fish well known at Surinam. The common size is from three to four feet in length, and from ten to fourteen inches in circumference. Some, however, it is said, have been seen in the river Surinam, upwards of twenty feet long; and the stroke, or shock of which, was instant death.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.